

FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADERS



CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

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FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADERS

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Famous Cavalry Leaders

Through the Ages with the
Heroes of Sabre, Spur, and
Saddle; with faithful accounts
of their forced marches, dashing
raids, and glorious charges. ❁

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GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

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Through the ages with the Heroes of sabre,
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By
CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

Illustrated



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FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADERS

ATTILA, THE SCOURGE OF GOD

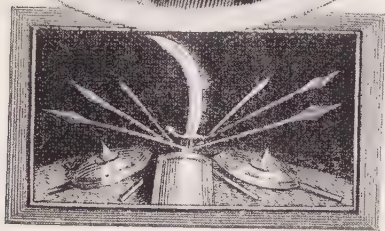
[A. D. 410—454]

FOUR hundred odd years after the beginning of the Christian Era, a savage monarch terrorized all the nations of Europe and Asia. This was Attila, King of the Huns, — known to all those upon whom he waged barbarous and cruel warfare, as the Scourge of God. So feared was he, that when a boy disobeyed his parents, he was not punished in the usual manner. Pointing to the North with an outstretched arm, the mother or the father of the disobedient child would say, “If you are not good, Attila will come down from the North with all his horsemen, and Attila, the terrible one, will get you.” This warning was usually sufficient to make the child behave, for Attila, the fierce ruler of Hunnish hordes, was dreaded far and wide among all those who loved a life of peace and harmony.

The father of this much feared chieftain was called Mundzuk, and of him the dim pages of history have given us little record. He could not have had a very pleasing

aspect, for the Huns were not a very handsome race of people. They had swarthy faces which they gashed with huge cuts in early childhood so as to prevent the hair from growing and to make them look more savage and ferocious. Their figures were squat, their eyes black, deep-set, and twinkling. By nature they were wild and blood-thirsty. From earliest years they were trained to ride on horseback and they became so perfect in this art that their bodies seemed to be moulded to the backs of their shaggy, little steeds. They lived, as much as possible, in the open air, and despised those who slept in houses.

About the year 400 A. D. we hear that they resided in the country lying north of Italy and Greece, but they had not always been in this part of Europe. Originally they had lived in the northern portion of what is now the Chinese Empire, and, starting from this barren waste, had overrun a large amount of territory. They were proud of these captured possessions and boasted that their kingdom stretched to the Arctic Ocean in the North, and to the Pacific in the East. So powerful were they and so feared, that in the third century before the Christian Era, a wall of fifteen hundred miles in length was constructed upon the frontier of China in order to defend the people from their inroads. This stupendous work can be seen to-day, but it could never keep them from plundering expeditions among the unwarlike Chinese. They would make frequent cavalry raids upon their neighbours, and the squadrons travelled with such swiftness that it was impossible to catch them after they had gained sufficient plunder. These forces frequently consisted of two or three hundred thousand men, armed with long lances, with bows, and



ATTILA, KING OF THE HUNS

with arrows. The soldiers managed their horses with the greatest dexterity and were hardened to stand the most severe changes of the weather. They never allowed themselves to be checked by torrents, precipices, rivers, or high mountains.

Living in the temperate climate of the North and feeding mainly upon raw and uncooked food, their fierceness was similar to that of the wild beasts which often surrounded their camps on the great plains of Siberia. To their flying squadrons of cavalry they would often add a goodly number of spare horses which they would use either to redouble their speed, or to satisfy the cravings of hunger. On quick marches they would provide themselves with a quantity of small balls of rolled cheese. These could be dissolved in water, and even this scanty diet would support their warlike spirits for a great length of time.

Gradually these wild Huns became more anxious for a better and richer country than the bare and rigorous territory which they occupied, so they determined to move with all their herds and families. The Chinese, too, had begun to give them more annoyance, and they had been frequently beaten back from the Mongolian border. Boldly they advanced into Eastern Europe, where they hoped to find more plentiful subsistence and a climate of greater mildness. It was a great emigration and it would have been impossible to move such a horde had it not been particularly easy because of the extreme coldness of the climate. As a result of this the broad and rapid rivers which flow into the Black and the Caspian seas, were frozen to the depth of three or four feet, and over these the advancing Huns safely transported their wagons,

cattle, and families. They marched with great energy and soon had taken possession of a new kingdom.

Their advance was, of course, fiercely combated by the people who were then inhabiting the land which they desired. Many bloody engagements took place, but all fell before the might of the greedy Barbarians. The Goths, — a people originally living in the country north of the Danube — were driven farther south into the confines of the Roman Empire, for the Romans then held sway over France, Germany, and what is now Turkey. The strength and cruelty of the Huns were felt, dreaded and much magnified by all who came in their victorious path, for suddenly the people saw their fields and villages consumed by flames, and their women and children slaughtered before their very eyes. Every one abhorred and detested the deformed Barbarians whose shrill voices, uncouth manners, and warlike conduct incited the greatest terror.

Attila was similar in features to the rest of the Huns. His head was large, his complexion swarthy, his eyes were small and deep-set. His nose was flat and a few hairs were upon his face in place of a beard. He had broad shoulders, a short, square body of great strength, and short legs. Descended from a regal line of ancient Huns who had formerly waged war upon the Emperor of China, he showed, by his haughty step and domineering manner, that he fully realized the fact that he was superior to the rest of mankind. He had a custom of rolling his eyes fiercely and it gave him the greatest satisfaction to see the terror which this inspired.

Accustomed from early youth to exercise upon horseback, the King of the Huns was perfectly at home in the

saddle and could throw the javelin and shoot with the long, Tartar bow, with splendid accuracy. Although surrounded with much barbaric splendour and handsomely dressed attendants, it was his custom to appear as often as possible in the simplest of raiment. In no way could he have been distinguished from his poorest followers save that his clothes were always clean, and of the newest texture. At the table he would eat from a wooden bowl when those about him dined from golden plates. Flesh was his only food. He never tasted bread and was usually most careful in eating and drinking. He insisted upon using a cup of ivy wood instead of the goblet of gold which one would expect such a powerful monarch to use.

Associated with Attila in the government was a brother, Bleda, and in the treaty concluded in the year of their joint accession, his name appears as co-administrator of affairs. But Attila could bear no interference with his sole direction of the kingdom, and soon his brother was forced to give up his position. He died, shortly afterwards; but whether from natural causes, or whether from poison, the ancient historians who have left records of the Huns on yellow parchment, can give us no clue. It was not long after this event that a simple-minded herdsman, who was tending cattle on the plain near the royal residence, noticed blood flowing from the foot of one of the heifers in the herd. Following the track with much curiosity, he discovered the point of a sword sticking upward from the grass. He dug deep into the ground and unearthed an ancient and rusty weapon which he presented to Attila, asserting that it was that of Mars — the God of War, a deity whom the Huns worshipped in the figure of a sword

— and that it was a certain indication that he alone should rule. Attila — much pleased — accepted this favour of the Gods, and then made claim to the government of the entire earth; asserting that his right was based on the will of The Most High.

Certainly we know that he actually did rule over a vast amount of territory. By some of the ancient writers he is spoken of as the Emperor of Germany alone, but by others he is said to have control of an Empire stretching into the very heart of Asia. It is even asserted that he made an alliance with the Emperor of China against their common enemies, and thus became part governor of the Chinese nation. It is certain, at any rate, that he controlled a great number of people of different blood and nationality. The chiefs, kings, and leaders of the numerous martial tribes who lived in the lands which he possessed and who served under the standard of this fierce Barbarian, were submissively ranged as guards and domestic servants around the person of their sovereign when gathered together for peaceful ends, or to discuss war. Thus his court was not only a most picturesque collection of retainers, but it consisted of a great number of persons. In time of peace, all these dependents, with their troops, attended the royal camp where they received advice and counsel from their master. Should warfare be waged and should Attila wish to collect a military force, he could put into the field an army of from five to seven hundred thousand men. These, for the most part, were mounted on horses.

At the beginning of Attila's reign, Theodosius, the younger, was Roman Emperor of the East. He was but twenty-five years of age and not a man of martial dis-

position. Instead of perfecting himself in the art of war he interested himself in religious controversies and spent much time in illuminating sacred manuscripts with skill and industry. Thus he was powerless to stop the savage onrush of the Huns, and to protect the Roman province from fire and slaughter, when Attila determined to invade his country. In 441 A. D. the horsemen of the warlike Barbarians ravaged nearly the whole of Europe and drove the Roman legions before them, whenever they came in contact.

Theodosius endeavoured to seek peace with this scourge of the Roman possessions, but, instead of treating him with kindness, the Hunnish retinue, with whom he parleyed, dictated harsh and humiliating terms. They refused to dismount from their horses when discussing the overtures of peace, for they wished to humiliate the pride of Rome. Theodosius had already paid a yearly tribute of seventy thousand dollars to Attila, but this was now raised to one hundred and forty thousand. The Huns insisted that there should be free markets at which they and the Romans should meet on equal terms, and that any tribe upon which Attila should choose to levy war should be excluded from the alliance of Rome, if such an alliance already existed. The Roman Emperor weakly gave in to all these demands, and, in order to further satisfy the will of Attila, two children of the royal Hunnish blood (who had escaped to the Roman province and wished to remain there) were given up to him by the Roman officers and crucified on Roman territory, by express order of the barbaric chieftain.

But this was no check to the ferocious Attila. In a few

years he had pushed south to Constantinople, behind the walls of which Theodosius and his unwarlike court took refuge. They were at his mercy, and soon the yearly tribute was doubled. Many hundred thousands in gold was also handed the Huns in settlement for past arrears. The timid Romans were powerless and were incapable of stemming the advance of this rapacious conqueror, who destroyed more than seventy of their cities; defeated the army of the Roman Empire in three battles; laid waste the country between the Black Sea and the Adriatic; from the Danube to the boundaries of Greece; and reduced the greater part of the inhabitants to abject slavery.

In this dire extremity the Romans were nearly freed of this fierce invader by the act of one of the court servants. The Emperor Theodosius persuaded Attila's Gothic Ambassador to attempt to poison his employer, and he endeavored to do so. But the plan miscarried, as the assassin repented just as he was about to execute the deed. In consequence, Attila demanded a great sum of money from Theodosius, which this weakling was afraid to refuse him. The timid Emperor did not long survive this humiliation. His inglorious reign was soon brought to a termination by a severe injury to his spine when thrown from his horse in the hunting field.

Theodosius was succeeded by his sister Pulcheria, who gave her hand in marriage to Marcian: a Senator sixty years of age; a good soldier; and a man of great tact and obstinacy. The new Roman executive determined upon a different course towards the Huns than had been pursued by his predecessor. He prepared for resistance and for the first time since he had come in contact with the

effete Romans, the Hunnish invader received a check to his aggressive demands. Attila had sent a retinue to the Roman court and with his usual effrontery had instructed his ambassador to say, "Attila, my lord and thy lord, commands thee, Marcian, to provide a palace for his immediate reception." But this demand was met with the reply that no longer could his Majesty at Rome be insulted with the mention of a tribute, that the Roman Emperor would reward the faithful friendship of the Allies with becoming liberality, but if the Huns insisted upon their unjust demands for gold, they would be repelled by all the force of arms which the Empire could muster.

Attila received this answer with insolent contempt. He affected to despise these Romans of the East who had so often been put to rout before his onslaught, and he declared, with much braggadocio, that he would suspend the easy defeat of Marcian's people until he had made a more important conquest. This was the subjection of Gaul, which lay to the West, and is now known as France. He had determined to conquer it and even desired to ravage Italy itself, for the Huns were attracted to this sunny land by the great wealth of the cities and the fertility of the soil. The province which he was about to overrun was a Roman dependency.

Although the brave Marcian, who was at Constantinople, was called Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, the real Emperor of the Romans was Valentinian, who lived in Rome. Before his attack upon Gaul, Attila made a formal demand for this ruler's sister, Honoria, stating that he would not advance upon the Roman province if she were presented to him. A curt and dignified refusal was, of

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course, given to this outrageous request. So, in A. D. 451 Attila gave orders for the vast horde of barbaric Huns to sweep down upon the hapless cities and towns of Gaul. From his royal village on the plains of Hungary and with seven hundred thousand marauders, mounted upon their shaggy ponies and followed by their wives and children in ox carts, he marched eight hundred miles to the conflux of the Rhine and the Necker. Here his force was joined by the Frankish army, which much increased its fighting strength. Making a bridge of boats, the mighty host swept, like a huge bird of prey, upon the Gallic provinces. Cities were razed to the ground. Citizens, priests, women, and infants were put to massacre. Fire and sword accomplished an awful butchery.

From the Rhine and the Moselle, this veritable Scourge of God advanced into the heart of Gaul, and, after a long and tedious march, the Hunnish invaders came before the walls of Orleans on the River Loire. But here the tide of advancing butchery was to be turned. Terrified at this atrocious march, the Visigoths and Romans united to stem the advance of the enemy. Aetius, with the Roman legions of Gaul, and Theodoric, with the Gothic host, joined two mighty armies below the Loire and speedily advanced to the relief of the beleaguered town. Attila feared to fight them where he was, and retreated before the courageous defenders of the province until he was behind the river Seine.

It was in the early days of July that the two antagonistic forces, at length, came together. The van of the advancing Goths and Romans had seriously harassed the rear of the retreating Huns, and, angry at the turn which affairs had

taken, Attila determined to give battle. Near the city of Châlons are vast, rolling plains called the Catalaunian fields, and here he drew up his Barbarians in battle array. The Romans and Goths had caught up with him, determined to beat off this horrible adversary and revenge the inhabitants of Gaul who had suffered from his atrocious march. What a picture it must have been to see these great armies confronting one another! Here were the horsemen of Attila, clad in mouse skins, knit together, and in hides of wolves and foxes. They were armed with lances and long, cruel swords, and seated firmly upon their half-tamed horses, eagerly awaited the conflict, while Attila, in the centre, with courageous voice and haughty gestures, urged on the attack. Aetius, with the Roman Legions, was on the left of the line opposed to the Huns, and Theodoric, king of the Visigoths, was upon the right. In the centre were the solid Roman phalanxes of veterans. The nations from the Atlantic to the Volga were opposed to each other in one great struggle for race supremacy.

Before the battle began, Attila (as is the custom of Barbarians) consulted the augurs about the outcome. He distrusted his own powers against such a strong adversary and secretly considered the expediency of flight. The priests of the augury first slaughtered some sheep, and, after a deliberate consultation and pondering over a number of the veins in some of the scraped bones, gave forth this decree, "Ill fortune to the Huns. They will be defeated, but the chief leader of the opposite side shall fall in the midst of victory, and so the triumph of his followers shall be turned to sorrow."

This pleased Attila more than one would expect, for he

supposed Aetius to be the chief leader of the enemy, and his death seemed to be well worth purchasing, even if his own army should be defeated. But he was naturally most anxious over the outcome, and, being a man of forethought in military matter, set the hour for fighting at about the ninth hour of the day (3 P. M.). So, if the tide of conflict turned too seriously against him, the fall of night would put an end to the enemy's attack.

The battle began with fury, and soon the troops were struggling for the possession of some rising ground. Attila had directed his men to gain the top of this hillock, but, foreseeing the danger of their own formation, Thorismund, the son of the Gothic leader; and Aetius, from an opposite side; fiercely struggled for its possession.

The fight was short and bloody. Soon the allies had conquered, and, from the summit of the hill, easily threw into confusion the advancing Huns as they rushed forward to a renewed attack. Attila saw that his followers had been worsted in this skirmish, and thought that it was time for an address. In a short speech, he endeavoured to bolster up their courage, and, after paying a tribute to their great valour as soldiers, said that they were to go forward with cheerfulness and attack the enemy, since, "they who struck the first blow, had the boldest hearts." He told his men to despise the jarring nationalities leagued against them. He advised them to concentrate the attack on the Alani, in the centre of the opposing forces, and concluded with the stirring words, "O ye Huns, raise your hearts battle high and let your wonted fury swell your veins. Now put forth all your cunning. Now use all your arms. Let him who is wounded seek still for at least one enemy's



A CHARGE OF ATILA AND HIS HUNS

death, let him who is unhurt revel in the slaughter of the foe. Him who is fated to conquer, no dart will touch, him who is doomed to die, fate will find in the midst of a slothful peace. I shall be the first to hurl my weapon against the enemy, and, if anyone can linger inactive when Attila fights, he is a thing without a soul and ought to be buried out of hand." The hearts of his followers were so warmed by this fiery address that they gained renewed courage and rushed with a loud shout upon the successful enemy.

The Huns penetrated the centre of the opposing line, and, beating the Alani to earth, concentrated their attack upon the Visigoths. It was a hand-to-hand fight of tremendous fierceness. Antiquity, with all its stories of bloody battles, has nothing to parallel this savage clash of arms at Châlons. The waters of the streams which coursed peacefully over the plain ran red with blood. Valiantly the Visigoths rallied to the defence of their line, and King Theodoric, while galloping back and forth to command and cheer his men, was thrown from his horse and trampled to death under the feet of his own soldiers. This was the event of which the augurs had told, but it was not Aetius, the Roman, who had fallen, as Attila had expected, for that General was busily leading the attack upon the flank and rear of the Hunnish army.

The tide of battle now began to turn. The Huns were forced from their advanced position, and Attila, himself, was nearly captured. He prudently fled behind the defences of his own camp, while Thorismund — son of the dead Theodoric — rushed forward with his valorous Visigoths, and bore so fiercely on the Hunnish line, that all were driven back to the ring of wagons which they had

placed about their camp. The allies were afraid to follow, and so the battle ended. Over one hundred thousand lay dead upon the plain. The once peaceful Catalaunian fields were covered with mutilated corpses.

To the Huns the outlook was certainly not favourable, and capitulation stared them in the face. Fearing this, Attila collected the saddles and furniture of the cavalry in a great funeral pyre, determined, if his intrenchments should be forced, to set fire to the mass of wood and perish in the flames, rather than suffer the humiliation of capture. But the victory was not pressed. Fearful, perhaps, that a complete rout of the barbaric host, meant Gothic dominion in the Roman province of Gaul, Aetius did not wish to renew the assault. He left Attila alone and so the great Hunnish army slowly retreated from whence it had come, across a country stripped of everything of value; devastated of homes and crops — almost a wilderness — for Attila had boasted that the grass never grew where his horse's feet had trot.

Although thwarted in his designs of conquering Gaul, Attila was now determined to enforce his claim to the hand of Honoria by invading Italy. He was angry with Valentinian, as an additional demand for the Princess and her treasures had had no effect upon the Roman Emperor. So the Barbarian again set his invaders in motion and entered Italy from the North with an innumerable host. He met with slight resistance, as the Alani and Goths, who had rallied to the defence of Gaul, would not again join to give him battle. A great outpost of the Roman Empire — the populous city of Aquilea — was the first to fall before the wrath of the Hun. After a nine months' siege, it was re-

duced to ruins and its inhabitants were massacred. Many other beautiful cities in northern Italy were also destroyed, for Valentinian made little effort to defend this country. When, at last, Attila proposed to march against Rome itself, the timid Emperor and the Senate resolved that if they could not fight at least they could sue for peace.

So an embassy was sent to the Hunnish camp in the endeavour to dissuade the invaders from further conquest. Among the ambassadors was Pope Leo I, who, when introduced to Attila, seemed to have more influence with him than had any other Roman. He was listened to with favourable, and even respectful, attention; for not only must the Barbarian have been greatly impressed by the logic and majesty of the Roman ecclesiast, but he must have been also influenced by the softened spirit of his followers. As a matter of fact, the warlike passions of the Hunnish soldiers had been much relaxed by the indolence of the warm, Italian climate. These wild savages of the North, accustomed as they were to a diet of raw flesh and milk, had indulged so deeply in wine and in cooked meat, that their valour was far less keen than before, and their bodies had become weakened by self-indulgence and disease. Attila realized this, and so determined to retreat to the North after he had secured as much money as he could from the frightened Romans. He demanded an immense ransom as the price of peace, and swore that he would return — more terrible than ever before — if the Princess Honoria were not delivered to him after a short time. This first demand was acceded to, but the second was refused with scorn.

Attila retreated north, and, in spite of his apparent desire

to marry Honoria, — determined to add a beautiful maid (Ildico by name) to the family of his innumerable wives. At his wooden palace beyond the Danube, the marriage was celebrated with barbaric pomp and magnificence. There was much feasting and drinking by all. Attila, himself, departed from his usual habits of temperance, and only retired upon his wedding-night after he had drained many goblets of sparkling wine. Next morning he was found insensible upon his couch, for a blood vessel had ruptured in his mouth during a deep sleep, and the suffocation that had ensued had caused instantaneous death. His remains were immediately enclosed in three coffins, — of gold, of silver, and of iron. Rich treasures were thrown into his grave — when buried next day — and, as is the custom of barbarians, the captives who were forced to dig the trench were afterwards put to death.

So died Attila, the first great leader of cavalry of whom the world has accurate knowledge. He was rightly named, “The Scourge of God,” for no man ever waged more ruthless and indiscriminate slaughter upon defenceless people, than he. At his death Europe and all Asia were delivered from the terror of massacre and invasion, and the wild riders of the northern plains had lost the only leader who has ever led the race to European conquest.

The Huns soon drifted back to the plains of Central Asia from which they had come, and from warriors and conquerors they returned to their nomadic lives as huntsmen and shepherds. Their glory was to pass into history.



SALADIN, SULTAN OF EGYPT



SALADIN: THE GREAT SULTAN OF EGYPT

[A. D. 1137 — 1193]

DURING the period of the Crusades — about the year of 1137 — there are two great characters which stand out far above the rest of the famous Frenchmen, Englishmen, Arabs, Turks, and Egyptians, who battled for the possession of Jerusalem. One was Richard Coeur de Lion, or the lion hearted: King of England and leader of a mighty host which swept over the plains of Palestine and endeavoured to wrest the Holy City from the Mohammedans. The other was Saladin: Sultan of Egypt and one of the most skilled and able fighters, and leaders of cavalry, that the world has ever known. Among the Arabs there was an inborn spirit of chivalry, just as there was among the English. The chivalrous Christian Knights who invaded Asia and Palestine, at this time, found a similar Mohammedan chivalry. Saladin is admitted by all to have surpassed the King of England in the true virtue of chivalry — bravery, devotion to his religious beliefs, and generosity to the weak and to the fallen.

The great Sultan of Egypt was born in a castle on the Tigris river in Syria where his father was governor of a province. He was not a particularly brilliant youth and was fond of wine and gaming, but he reformed his conduct

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when he grew older and became a model of honesty, courage and patriotism. His name was Yussuf, or Joseph, to which his family added Salah-ed-Din, meaning Safety of the Faith. Later on he assumed the title of Malek-en-Nasir, meaning Victorious King.

As a little boy the future leader of the Egyptian armies was taught to ride, shoot, and throw the javelin. He was taken upon hunting expeditions; was accustomed to the chase; to rapid riding; and was given a position in the army. Here he served under his father and under his uncle, whom he accompanied upon an expedition into Egypt against a certain Vizier who was at war with his own people. In this campaign the great city of Alexandria was captured and young Saladin was thought so highly of that he was left in charge of a garrison to defend the place against future attacks. This came very shortly from a party of Crusaders, but they had to withdraw after a long and weary siege. The youthful Saladin had won his first honours as a warrior.

So worthy a person was he considered to be at this time that he was made Vizier, or Governor of Egypt, by the Egyptian monarch, Noor-ed-Deen, who claimed to hold possession of this fertile country. But Noor-ed-Deen was a harsh fellow who wished to make his general obey him explicitly, and, as Saladin had a high and imperious spirit, he refused to follow the orders of his sovereign. So strong was he, indeed, that this Monarch was afraid to enforce his obedience, and so Saladin governed in peace and quietude, until the death of Noor-ed-Deen. Then the ambitious Saladin assumed the sovereign power and declared himself ruler of all of Southern Syria.>

The Christians, of Europe, held possession of Palestine, at this time, with their capital at Jerusalem, the home of Christ, from whom their religion took its source. Baldwin, the Leper, was in command of the troops stationed there to hold the city against invasion, and it was not long before the aggressive movements of Saladin brought him into contact with the white soldiers from far distant Europe. The Mohammedans advanced against the city, confident that they could carry it by assault. But, in this they were sadly mistaken. Baldwin, the Leper, marched to meet the invading army and fought such a spirited battle with the followers of Saladin, that they were completely defeated. The great Cavalryman, himself, was nearly killed in the fray, and fled from the field upon the back of a dromedary, after his horse had been shot beneath him. His army was almost totally destroyed, which was a sore loss for the ambitious Mohammedan and made him vow vengeance against these white people of the North.

Saladin retired to his own country, incensed against the foe, and determined to drive the Christians from Palestine so as to recover the city of Jerusalem. He was also angry at the manner in which a rough and warlike Frenchman, called Arnaud de Chatillon, had behaved on the borders of Arabia. This foreigner had attacked a caravan of pilgrims travelling to Mecca — the sacred town of those of the Mohammedan religion — and had massacred a large number of his friends and kinsmen, while making captives of those that remained alive. As there was an understanding between the Christians and Mohammedans that pilgrims should be allowed to go unmolested between their lines, this was a breach of the law, and such a severe one

that Saladin vowed to have revenge upon the Christian host. So, at the head of a large body of both cavalry and infantry, the great Sultan advanced into the country held by those of the opposite faith. His clouds of horsemen swept over the fields like a flight of locusts. They carried all before them and, at last, met the army of the Christians upon the plain of Tiberias. A savage and stubborn fight occurred which lasted from dawn until dark, and, as the light of day began to fade away, victory perched upon the banner of the wild riders from the Syrian deserts. The Christian King of Jerusalem was a prisoner in the hands of the Mohammedans, as was also Arnaud de Chatillon, who had broken the truce, for a safe passage of pilgrims; and against whom Saladin had sworn to be revenged. He was brought before the Sultan, placed with his neck upon a wooden block, and, with his own hand, the victorious General cut his head from his body. The plain about was covered with the dead, the banners, stained and bloody, lay trampled under foot, and the bodies of the slain were piled up like heaps of stones, as the great Sultan made good his furious oath. The desolation and wildness of the scene spread terror to the hearts of all the Christian host.

Four days after this great victory Saladin captured a second Christian city; then he besieged and captured Ascalon. Finally he laid siege to Jerusalem, where many Christian families had taken refuge after they had been driven from their own homes by the ravages of the wild horsemen under Saladin. When the great Sultan reached the defences, he sent for the principal inhabitants and said to them, "I know as well as you that Jerusalem is the house of God and I will not assault the walls if I

can get the city by peace and love. I will give you 30,000 byzants of gold if you promise me Jerusalem, and you shall have liberty to go where you will and do your tillage, to a distance of five miles from the city. Furthermore, I will have you supplied with a plenty of provisions. You may have a truce from now to Whitsuntide, and when this time comes, if you see that you have aid, then hold on. But if not, you shall give up the city and I will have you conveyed in safety to Christian territory; yourselves and all your property."

But to this offer the envoys would not consent.

"We will not yield up our city where died our God," they said, "and still less will we sell it to you."

The siege therefore began and lasted for two weeks, when the inhabitants saw that it would be impossible to keep out the invaders. So they sent an old Knight to parley with Saladin, who said to the great Sultan, "Pray give us the terms which you first offered us, good Sultan, and which we first rejected, for we now wish to make use of them."

The crafty Saladin laughed at this, and pointed to his own banner flying victoriously from several battlements. "It is now too late," he answered. "You surely see that the city is mine."

"Alas, we do see it," replied the Knight, "but we will ourselves destroy our city rather than have it fall into your hands. And when it is nothing but a heap of ruins we will sally forth with sword and fire, and not one of us will go to Paradise without sending ten Mussulmen to hell."

Saladin was much pleased with the reply, as he respected a brave enemy, and, as he did not wish to have the de-

struction of Jerusalem connected with his name, he consented to the terms of capitulation demanded by the Christian Knights. All Christians had to leave the city within four days, and the fighting men were allowed to go to Tyre, a city of some importance in the hands of the Christians.

When the day for leaving came, all the gates of the city were closed except one — the gate of Daird. Through this the people sadly filed away while Saladin sat upon a high throne, and, with much apparent delight, saw the people pass before him. First came the old men; then the clergy — much overcome with their grief; and carrying the sacred vessels and ornaments of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Then walked the Queen of Jerusalem who had remained in the city while her husband was a prisoner in the hands of the Mohammedans. Saladin spoke to her with much kindness and saluted her with respect, for he was too great a man to take pleasure in the humiliation of a noble personage. At last all of the Christian host had gone by and the doors were closed. A great shout of triumph followed the retreating forms of those of the opposite faith.

When the news of this disaster reached Europe, all were afflicted with feelings of shame, anger, and grief, for the capture of Jerusalem meant that the sepulchre of Jesus Christ had fallen again into the hands of the infidels, and the city which had been greatly improved by Christian labour, was now the seat of the Mohammedan government. The pride of the Christians was deeply wounded, for their vanity had been sadly smirched. Immediately the King of England, of France, and several princes of European monarchies took up the Cross and prepared expeditions

to penetrate into the Holy Land and recapture the sacred city. Soon great armies were in motion and a tremendous struggle for the possession of Palestine went on between the great Saladin and the flower of European knighthood and chivalry.

Saladin's unwavering passion was the expulsion of the Christians from the Holy Land and he believed in bending every effort for this end. "Behold these Christians!" he said. "How they are crowding in! How emulously they press on! They are continually receiving fresh reinforcements more numerous than the waves of the sea and more bitter to us than brackish waters. Where one dies by land, a thousand come by sea. The crop is more abundant than the harvest; the tree puts out more branches than the axe can lop off. It is true that great numbers have already perished, so that our swords are blunted; but we must gird up our loins and implore the help of the Lord."

He was as keen in the defence and worship of his own religion as the Christians were in theirs, and when he heard that a certain French Knight had nearly succeeded in an attempt to pillage the tomb of Mahomet, he wrote to his brother, "The infidels have violated the home and the cradle of our religion, they have profaned our Sanctuary. Let us therefore purge our land from these men who dishonour it, let us clear the very air which they breathe!"

The Sultan was also relentless to certain of his enemies whom he feared, such as the Hospitallers of St. John, and the Knights Templars. But, aside from this, he was gentle towards the weak and vanquished; just to his subjects; and capable of feeling admiration for those of his enemies in whom he saw superior qualities of courage, loyalty, and

loftiness of mind. For this reason the Christians greatly admired him, although they cordially hated his very name. They approved of his deeds of bravery; his courage; honesty; and patriotism.

The city of Acre had been captured by the Saracens, shortly after the fall of Jerusalem, and against this the Christians first directed their attacks. Saladin, himself, was not in the ramparts when its siege was commenced by Philip, King of France, but he kept his horsemen around the flanks of the Christian army, and avoided his enemies as much as he was able. The King of France was received with supreme joy by the troops, when he arrived before the walls of Acre, "as if he were an angel come from heaven;" and he vigorously pushed the siege. Many assaults were made upon the works. "The tumultuous waves of the French, rolled towards the walls of the city with the rapidity of a torrent; and the soldiers climbed the half-ruined battlements as wild goats climb precipitous rocks; while the Saracens threw themselves upon the besiegers like stones unloosed from the top of a mountain." In spite of the gallant defence of the Garrison, who fought like a mother wolf defending her cubs, Acre was finally surrendered and sixteen hundred prisoners fell into the hands of the Christians.

Richard the Lion Hearted had joined the Christian host during the progress of the siege and discord soon arose between him and the King of France. It increased as the fight proceeded. Finally, when the French wished to make an assault, King Richard remained in his tent and would not allow his men to join in the affair. It is stated that Saladin sent grapes and pears to him from Damascus, be-

cause of his high regard for his valour, and this did not please King Philip. It was rumoured that the Frenchman was jealous of the Lion Hearted, and that the latter, in turn, disliked the fact that he had to share the supreme command with another. At any rate, King Philip soon sailed away for France, and the struggle for Jerusalem was left to the hands of the English sovereign.

Five weeks after the surrender of Acre, the new commander of the Crusaders found that Saladin was not fulfilling the conditions of the capitulation with the speed which, he thought, it required. Consequently he put five hundred Mohammedan prisoners to death. The effect of this massacre was a bad one, for to retaliate, Saladin put to the sword all the Christians whom he took in battle, or caught straggling from the lines, and ordered them to be left without burial. Seeing that he had made a grievous error, and, in the endeavour to patch up a peace with Saladin, Richard now offered to end the struggle by uniting his sister in marriage with the son of the Sultan. But nothing came of this, save that while negotiations were in progress, the Mohammedan made stronger the defences of Jerusalem. Besides, the Christian Bishops and Clergy uttered the fiercest threats against the King of England for daring to suggest such an ill-assorted match of persons of unlike religious beliefs.

Richard was impatient to begin his march, so he left Acre and encamped in the neighbourhood, but his soldiers still loitered in the city. Finally the clergy had, by vigorous preaching, stirred up the spirit of the Crusaders to their former enthusiasm, and had painted the sad captivity of Jerusalem in such sombre colours, that the troops joined

the Lion Hearted Monarch and commenced the march towards Jerusalem. It was eighty miles to the Holy City. Saladin, who had been greatly reinforced with both horse and foot, harassed the march at every turn and camped in sight of the invaders, every night. Richard had divided his force into five divisions, while a great iron car was in the centre of the mass of men. This ran upon four wheels; was sheathed with iron plates; and had a flag of the Holy War suspended from a high pole, nailed to the fore-part. Should the army retreat, this was the rallying point, and during an engagement, such of the wounded as could be carried, were brought round this great engine of war. Every night, when the army came to a halt, the heralds cried aloud, "Save the Holy Sepulchre," and, at this, every soldier in the Christian host bent his knee, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and said, "Amen." When morning broke the troops would start out with the priests and monks chanting a psalm, or singing a hymn.

The road was cut with ravines, gullies, and steep defiles. At every turn the Saracens disputed the advance and often ambuscaded small parties of men. Saladin's followers carried a sword, a dagger, or a javelin, and a bow with arrows. Most were well mounted upon fleet, Arabian horses and they hovered about the Crusaders like a swarm of gnats. Some were armed with a club in which were sharp, steel points that could penetrate a coat of mail like a bullet. They fought rather disconnectedly, but, in spite of this, inflicted great damage upon the advancing host. Their archers often hid themselves behind trees, or among high reeds, and did great execution among King Richard's men. They were like a cloud of summer flies, which Sala-

Saladin constantly urged forward to renewed efforts and deeds of bravery. He, himself, was everywhere at once and exposed himself with such reckless daring that Richard had the greatest admiration for him. The great Sultan's spirit nerved his soldiers to exploits of the greatest heroism and courage.

Thus the two armies sparred with each other, marching only three or four miles a day, until Azotus was reached. Here the Sultan had collected two hundred thousand men to oppose Richard's further advance; and, before the fight began, swarms of Arabs collected on the flanks of their foe. The battalions of the Crusaders were in such a solid mass that an apple thrown among them could not have reached the ground without touching either a man or a horse, for Richard had ordered his five divisions to come close together and to fight a purely defensive battle. With a wild and blood-curdling cheer, the Saracens charged the army of the Crusaders and were beaten off like waves from a rocky shore. King Richard's mass of iron-and-steel-clad men moved onward with the precision of a battle-ship. Again the Mohammedans charged with greater force, but again they were repulsed and thrown into confusion. At this moment King Richard raised his battle axe and the compact mass of Knights, priests and soldiers, broke into five parts and charged upon the light-armed followers of Saladin. A furious fight ensued, and, whenever his men showed signs of wavering, there would King Richard be to urge them on to renewed efforts. Many thousands were slain; thirty-two Saracen chiefs were trampled underfoot, and, after being nearly captured himself, Saladin gave the order to retreat. His men had fought well, but, with their

light weapons and lack of protecting armour, they were no match for the steel-clad Crusaders.

After the battle, King Richard's army advanced to the City of Joppa and easily took possession of this fortified town. It was but thirty miles from Jerusalem, and, as the country was full of fugitives, the lion-hearted monarch was anxious to follow up his advantage, immediately. He would have done so, had his soldiers been as keen as he was himself to press the attack. But, as many of them were worn out by disease and by the intense heat, they refused to march further, saying that they must remain until the fortifications were restored. Meanwhile Saladin expected an immediate advance of the Christian army, and, in order to deprive the Christians of water, he drained all the cisterns within two miles of Jerusalem. "Let us die with our weapons in our hands," he said to his men. "And if you all have this resolution you will conquer the enemy. You have not merely undertaken the defence of these countries, but the Moslems of other countries depend upon your protection."

Finally the Crusaders again began their advance upon Jerusalem, while their priests raised a chant of praise, saying, "O Lord! Thanks be unto thee, for the time of the deliverance of the Holy City is now at hand!" It was at the end of May when the march began, and by the first of June they encamped in sight of the walls of Jerusalem. But Richard received news from England that various plots had been formed against his dominions. He became anxious to return; his soldiers too became dissatisfied with the campaign and began to quarrel among themselves. So a council was assembled, consisting of five Knights of

the Temple, five of St. John, five Barons of France, and five Christian Lords who had possessions in Palestine. After several days of deliberation they decided to march south and besiege Cairo—a city from which Saladin drew his supplies—and not to attack Jerusalem.

But when this counter march was begun, the soldiers became unmanageable and several French and German detachments, deserted entirely. So King Richard fell back upon Acre while Saladin's followers pursued him in vast multitudes, pouring through the passes in the mountains of Judæa like raging torrents through a narrow gorge. There were five thousand Christians in the town of Joppa, of which one-half were ill, and the rest thoroughly unskilled in the use and management of military arms. Saladin, with twenty thousand horsemen and a great number of foot, appeared before the walls of the town and surrounded it. Before long a part of the walls had been thrown down, great numbers of the defenders had been killed, and it seemed as if the city would surely be taken by the Mohammedans.

At this moment King Richard appeared with a host of Crusaders to aid the gallant garrison of the town. He came by sea, and when he sailed into the harbour and saw Saladin's standards on the walls, he thought that he had arrived too late to save the garrison. But a priest jumped down from the castle wall to the beach, and, being unhurt by his fall, ran into the sea. Swimming to one of the ships he informed Richard of the true state of affairs, and without more ado, the Crusaders rushed ashore to attack the victorious forces of Saladin. When the Mohammedans saw the banner of the King of England, they fled. The

Knights pursued them for three miles, until, overcome by the heat and the weight of their armour, they were forced to abandon the chase.

Saladin had formed a body of three hundred Arabs as a sort of scouting force, whose business was to steal into the camp of the Crusaders during the night and to seize horses, equipment, or anything which they could safely carry away with them. These, the great Sultan directed to attempt to carry off the King as he camped outside of Joppa with a few men in about ten tents. So they advanced to a position near the sleeping monarch, one evening, fully prepared to carry off the English ruler. But before they could settle among themselves who should go on foot to seize the King and who should remain behind to cut off his retreat from the town, day came and a Genoese Crusader discovered the glitter of their helmets on the horizon. He rushed into King Richard's tent, crying, "O my King, we are dead men." "Thou diest by my hand if thou art not silent," replied the English Monarch, and scarcely had he put on his coat of mail, when the followers of Saladin, in seven corps of one thousand men each, were upon him.

With seventeen Knights and a thousand other soldiers King Richard prepared to stem the attack. He made an animated speech to his followers, exhorting them to fight with valour, and stating, with a solemn oath, that he would strike off the head of the first man who turned and fled. Hardly had he said this when the Mohammedans charged with spirit, and, although attacking in close column, they were repeatedly repelled. For a long time the fight was kept up, until, at length Saladin's men retired, and the

King of England placed himself at the head of a charge of his own men. With lances before them they rushed upon the followers of the great Sultan, who, unable to withstand the shock of their savage advance, fled precipitously back to their own camp. Their attack had been a complete failure.

Saladin was not pleased with the exhibition which his own men had made. He rebuked them sternly for their cowardice, for it was said that Richard the Lion Hearted had ridden through their ranks from right to left without any one being bold enough to oppose him, and that he had calmly eaten his mid-day meal on the ground between the two armies. But, appreciating the valour of the English troops, the great Moslem soon forgave his men, invited the emirs, or commanders, to a banquet, and entertained them right royally. Meanwhile his army fell back towards Jerusalem and was soon joined by a corps from Egypt and by other troops from Syria.

Although Richard had won a great victory his soldiers were not fired by the same zeal which he himself possessed, and refused to advance. Saladin, on the other hand, soon came back at the head of his fresh consignments and harassed the outposts with his cavalry. In vain the gallant King of England endeavoured to rouse his troops from this lethargy — they refused to respond. So, despairing of another victory, he endeavoured to patch up a peace with Saladin, and, to his surprise, found that this great warrior was not adverse to such an arrangement, for his men were tired of warfare. After various meetings and harangues, a truce was settled upon for three years, with the provision

that the country from Tyre to Joppa, including the cities of Ramla and Lidda, should belong to the Christians; that all the Mohammedan States, including the principalities of Antioch and Tiberias, should be included in the truce; and that, finally, the pilgrims to Jerusalem should be free and untaxed. The departure of Richard, soon afterwards, freed the great Sultan from his most dangerous foe, but his constitution was broken by the constant toil to which he had for many years been subjected, and a bilious fever which had come upon him at Damascus, caused his death, not many months after the close of the war, on March 4th, 1192.

This eminent soldier had an ardent passion for this Holy War, his mind was always engrossed with it. With him, to wage war in God's name was a veritable passion; his whole heart was filled with it; and he gave his body and soul to the cause. He spoke of nothing else; all his thoughts were of the instruments of war; while his soldiers monopolized every idea. His desire to fight in what he thought to be a just cause forced him to leave his family, children, his native land, and all else that he possessed. Deserting all earthly enjoyments he contented himself with living in a small tent, shaken by every wind of the desert, and offering but a scant protection from the elements. One night, when on the plain of Acre, this blew down in a high wind and fell upon him, and had he not been in the alcove (a small wooden chamber in the tents of Mohammedans) he would have been instantly killed. But this accident, instead of frightening him, tended to increase his passion for war and to strengthen his purpose to defeat the Crusaders. Any one to ingratiate himself with the

Sultan had only to narrate to him stories connected with the Holy War.

The holy prophet, whom the Mohammedans worship, is reported to have said; "God loves bravery, even (if displayed) only in killing a serpent!" The Sultan was bravest among the brave and was distinguished by energy of soul, vigour of character, and intrepid courage. He was never terrified by the sight of the Crusaders, in fact, their more numerous forces only seemed to inspire him with renewed courage and desire for battle. He frequently was ill and suffered great pain, but always mounted his horse and directed his men. His reproaches to his followers, when defeated, often made them rally about him. He was conscientious about making his daily devotions to God, and, when travelling, used to get down from his horse at the appointed hours in order to pray. At his death his private gifts and charities had absorbed everything so that the sum which he left behind him was not large enough to pay his tax. The Great Sultan left neither houses, real estate, gardens, village, cultivated land, or other pieces of property.

During his life he administered the most rigid justice to even the meanest of his subjects who asked for redress, as this example of his generosity will show. After the capture of Jerusalem, when his soldiers wished to massacre the Christians, he is said to have remarked, "Spill no blood, for it will one day reach your own heads. Preserve the hearts of these people with loving care, for they are entrusted to thee by the will of God." No wonder that both Christians and Moslems accorded to him the highest praise for virtue, modesty, courage, honesty, and bravery; virtues

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which will ever distinguish those of great mind and accomplishment from those of mediocre ability. The death of Sultan Saladin deprived his race of not only one of their greatest leaders, but of one of the great men of history.



GENGHIS KHAN

GENGHIS KHAN: THE PERFECT WARRIOR

[1162 — 1227]

A PART from Saladin, history bears no record of a cavalry leader of note until eight hundred years after the death of the savage Attila. Then another chieftain of the Asiatic plains arose, whose record of conquest is nearly equal to that of the warlike Hun. This was Genghis Khan, a Mongolian savage, the events of whose life have been carefully preserved by several Chinese historians.

There is no doubt that in personal appearance, he nearly resembled the fierce ruler of the Huns. His face was undoubtedly copper-coloured, his eyes aslant, as are those of the Chinese, and his hair shaved to form a queue. Apparently he was of great personal strength, for it would be impossible for a man who lacked bodily vigour to hold his position among the wild riders of the plains. His temper was obstinate and his tastes were warlike and aggressive. For savage ferocity and inhumanity, his disposition was precisely similar to that of the barbarous Attila.

In the north-central part of Asia, Genghis Khan was born in the year 1162. His father was Yesukai, chief of a Mongol tribe, and a man of blood and iron. His mother, too, was of noble birth and royal lineage. It so happened that Yesukai was at war with some neighbouring tribes

when the future warrior first saw the light of day, and with his own good sword had slain the leader Temuchin. So when he had returned to his tent on the banks of the Onon River and found that he had been blessed with a son, he named him Temuchin, after the opponent who had gone down before his mighty blows. Little Temuchin later changed his name to Genghis Khan; Genghis meaning "perfect" and Khan, "king" or "warrior." This name was not ill-taken, for he was to be the most powerful monarch of all that country and one of the greatest campaigners with cavalry which the world has ever known.

Yesukai died when his little son was thirteen years of age, — too young to have an intelligent idea of ruling his rough people. Immediately trouble was in store for him, for the Taijuts and other tribes, which were formerly allied to his father, rebelled. When, with tears in his eyes, little Temuchin attempted to win them over to his allegiance, he was met with taunts and jeers. "The deepest wells are sometimes dry, and the hardest stone is sometimes broken, why should we cling to thee?" they said. With this remark, they rode away laughing. But when Temuchin's mother heard of this treatment, she was extremely angry, and taking up her dead husband's standard, she led her troops against those who had left. When she came up with the fugitives, she showed them scant mercy, and so, fully one-half of the rebellious subjects were brought back beneath the banner of little Temuchin.

But there were still troubles in store for the youthful ruler. Another tribe that had once been allied to his father also rebelled. These were people called the Chokes, and they swore they would put an end to the young stripling of

a despot before he lived to manhood. Their anger had been aroused by various depredations upon their herds by Temuchin's followers (rough fellows who were more fond of stealing than fighting) and so their leader marched to attack young Temuchin, then camping upon the plain called Turpunchowsu. But Temuchin was not to be terrorized by this show of strength. Advised by his mother to form his army into divisions, he drew his men up in thirteen parts and confidently awaited the attack of the enemy. Soon they came on and hurled themselves upon his ranks. A terrific fight ensued in which the curved Tartar bows and pointed lances were used to good effect. After a long and stubborn contest, the Chokes were driven from the field in wild disorder, and little Temuchin had begun to earn the title of Genghis Khan: the perfect warrior.

This successful battle gave him much fame and prestige among the rough tribes of the Asiatic plains. His reputation for courage and fairness-of-mind became so widespread that many wild riders flocked to his standard of their own free will. He was now grown to manhood, and, although fiercely vindictive against his enemies, was so kind to those who allied themselves with him, and so generous, that he was justly popular.

Soon the Taijuts and several other tribes joined themselves with him, so that he had a large army of horsemen at his command. It was not long before he was again forced to use them in a fight; for the Naimans, a tribe of Turkish horsemen, began to grow bold and aggressive on the frontiers of his dominions, to the west. Genghis Khan dispatched sixty envoys to a powerful neighbour, one Serchin Perke, demanding his aid and requesting that he allow

him some five hundred horse to assist in punishing the Naimans. But his neighbour refused his request, stating that he had enough for his own men to attend to at home. To add insult to injury, he put ten of the envoys to death and stripped the others of their clothes. Then he sent them back on foot, laughing derisively at their discomfort and hurling insults after their retreating forms.

When Genghis Khan heard of this, he was angry beyond reason. "Did not Serchin Perke flog my chamberlain and wound my overseer?" he roared. "And now he has further insulted me by stripping my poor emissaries of everything which they possessed. There shall be war, from now henceforth, and Serchin Perke shall rue the day that he dared to lay hands upon my peaceful followers." So he called together the chiefs of his cavalry divisions, told them to collect his horsemen, to see that their arrows were well pointed and their swords in good condition, and to march at daybreak against the camp of Serchin Perke. By morning everything was ready for the advance. Genghis Khan, wearing a long flowing robe and mounted upon a white charger, took the lead, surrounded by his generals. Behind, the coarse tribesmen were divided into three divisions, and these again into subdivisions of squadrons. They rode shaggy ponies, tough, sinewy, hardy. Their bodies were covered with skins and tanned hides, while here and again was a man with a corselet of steel, stolen from some dead enemy, who was of a tribe more skilled in the mechanical arts than their own. They chanted songs and sang joyfully as they crossed the wide plains, confident of victory and sure of an ultimate triumph. Nor was this to be denied them. Soon the enemy was sighted, drawn up upon a bare

plateau and awaiting their advance with a confidence equal to their own.

There is little record of the fight that ensued, but we can well imagine that it must have been severe enough. The squadrons met at full speed upon the level plain and struggled in a hand-to-hand encounter. Then personal prowess counted for something and fighting was not as it is in our day, when long-distance guns have made personal encounters almost impossible. The battle, we know, was long drawn out. But as the sun set upon the plain, the tide of conflict turned decidedly in favour of Genghis Khan. The followers of Serchin Perke, reeled, turned, and were soon broken and defeated. They were cut down by the cheering tribesmen of the Mongol army, who spared neither horse nor man. Serchin Perke himself escaped towards the mountains with a small remnant of his once powerful cavalry, and, for a time, eluded his pursuers. But a few months later he was surrounded, captured, and immediately put to death, by a squadron from the victorious army of the once despised Temuchin. The vengeance of Genghis Khan had been swift and sure.

From this time on the power and dominion of the Mongol leader increased. He seemed to be blessed by a divine fire, which brought success to his every undertaking, and he was always popular with both troops and administrators. So great indeed was his kingdom that it became impossible to administer his affairs without the aid of numerous counsellors. Add to these a host of under secretaries; and you will see that, in time, the court of Genghis Khan grew to considerable numbers. It was never stationary, but was continually shifted as necessity demanded. Starting with

but a small strip of land on the River Onon, with restless ambition he had eventually control over the territory from the China Sea to the Dnieper River. For a time his name was the most feared and respected in all Asia. Even Europe heard of his fame and Greek scholars have handed down records of his incessant campaigns and have pronounced his name to be the most important in Asiatic history.

A story which is told of him at this time well illustrates the affection which he inspired among those with whom he came in contact. Attached to him as a body-servant was one Muhule, a famous bow-man and distinguished for his intelligence and learning. So clever was he that he was called "The Great Hero." One day he accompanied his master in a retreat before a neighbouring tribe, with which they were at war, and it happened that as they hastily rode before the advancing enemy, they were caught in a terrific snow-storm. Muhule had a mat with him which he laid upon the ground and bade his master stretch himself upon it. Genghis Khan was soon asleep, while Muhule crouched down between him and the wind in order to protect his body from the snow. When morning came, the master rose refreshed, but the faithful Muhule was chilled through.

Admitting no feeling of discomfort to his master, they were again soon on their way and travelling through a narrow defile in the mountains. When Genghis Khan looked around him, he exclaimed,

"This is just the place for robbers; suppose we were attacked here, how should we defend ourselves?"

Muhule stepped beside him.

“ May it please you,” he replied. “ I would be responsible for them.”

Scarcely had he spoken, when a wild yell was heard from the side of the pass. A band of robbers was lying there and they sprang from their hiding-place with howls of defiance. Arrows began to fly from their long bows and so thick were they that it looked like a shower of rain. But now the gallant Muhule showed himself more than a match for them. He seized his own bow, shot three times at the robbers, and every time that he shot, a bandit fell to the ground mortally wounded, for his aim was deadly. This disconcerted the attacking party beyond measure and the leader cried out, “ Who are you that shoots with such accurate aim ? ”

“ Muhule,” came back the reply.

“ Muhule,” said one of the robbers. “ Muhule ? Then we have no chance against you.”

So they turned and fled from the mountain pass, for the reputation of the gallant Muhule was such as to strike fear into their hearts.

This Muhule's father had also been devoted to the fortunes of his master and had given up his life for him. Once in a campaign with a neighbouring tribe, he accompanied Temuchin in a hasty flight from a number of pursuing Tartars. They had ridden very far without sustenance, and Temuchin, as Genghis Khan was then called, became faint from loss of food. When his men saw this they were much disturbed, and Muhule killed one of the camels which he rode. Having dressed the meat and cooked it before a fire, he gave it to Temuchin and revived his fainting spirit. They then continued on their journey, but a misfortune

now befell them, for Temuchin's horse became completely exhausted and could go no further. Seeing this, the faithful Muhule got down from his own mount and put his master upon it, running beside him on foot, for the rest of the journey. Suddenly he became completely exhausted and fell to the ground, — dead. Temuchin was much overcome by this and had a monument erected to his faithful subject when he returned to his own camp. Such an example of unselfish service has seldom been met with in the annals of Asiatic history.

It was only to be expected that as the power of this mighty warrior grew, he would have many battles with neighbouring tribes. One of the most sagacious of his neighbours was Taiyin, chief of the Hung Koles, who determined to become his ally and so marched with a large force to meet him. While he was leisurely pursuing his journey, he was suddenly met by Hochar, the brother of Temuchin, who, thinking he had come to make war, vigorously attacked his vanguard. A desperate battle took place, which lasted from dawn until dark, and which terminated in the rout of Taiyin. As was only natural, he was infuriated by this reception, and determined, if possible, to wreak well-merited revenge upon Genghis Khan. With the object in view, he allied himself to Chamuka, the most bitter foe which Genghis Khan possessed, when, with a number of other tribes, he met in a great conclave at the River Keen. After a feast of friendship, they elected Chamuka General-in-chief and entered into an agreement to fight against Genghis Khan, the common enemy, saying, "Whoso betrays our plans may he be broken like the banks of this river and cut off like these trees." As they

uttered these words, they stamped upon the ground and cut down the saplings, which grew about them, with their battle-axes. Then they retired to refresh themselves for the coming battle.

Next morning this mighty host advanced to attack the forces of the Mongolian chieftain, but it happened that among their numbers was a soldier whose wife was a blood relation to Genghis Khan. Secretly leaving her own camp, the woman seized a picketed horse and escaped to the lines of the enemy, to whom she divulged the approach of the hostile army. Here the courage of this famous warrior was clearly shown. Realizing that to beat a retreat would destroy the spirit of his warriors and would impair their warlike valour, Genghis Khan determined upon an immediate advance. His own troops were far inferior to the foe in point of numbers, and the intrepid leader knew that if he did not throw himself upon the Allies, they would no doubt annihilate his own command through pure superiority of attacking power. So the army was up and ready long before the day-break.

Skirting some high hills, which hid the wild horsemen from the hostiles, Genghis Khan eventually drew near his enemy's line. It was at dawn and the lazy pickets were yawning before their camp-fires when the wild Tartars debouched from the hills, in whose misty shadow they were hidden. Sounding the harsh battle cry, they rushed, at full speed, into the camp, cutting down the guards and stampeding a portion of the horses. But they were not to have everything their own way, for soon they were charged in the flank by a detachment of mounted men and their easy conquest was severely disputed. The battle

waged for an hour or more and then turned in favour of Genghis Khan. Chamuka himself rode away for his life, followed by the remnants of his army, and Taiyin, seeing that all was lost, submitted his sword to the conqueror, swearing continual allegiance to him from henceforth.

The history of this man's life from now on seems to be similar to that of every great conqueror. He increased in the desire for power and dominion and let no chance go by where he could wage war against those who opposed his will. Nor were his enemies able to form alliances which were powerful enough to withstand him. Napoleon the First was eventually crushed by a combination of armies from territories which he had held in subjection, but such was not to be the fate of this terrible Mongol, whose lust for conflict seemed to be insatiable. Tribe after tribe was brought under subjection until he governed an empire of many millions of souls. But he was not only a conqueror. He made many good laws, and the courts of justice which he established were famed for their equality in settling disputes among his own people. It makes one shudder to read that, from 1211 to 1223, 18,470,000 human beings perished in China and Tangut alone because of this warrior, yet we learn that he governed those who did submit to him with great leniency. His creed seemed to be to raze all cities to the ground, for he deemed them the haunts of slaves and luxury, and in their stead, he wished to see green grass for his herds to graze upon. Siege works were always constructed outside the doomed walls of the towns which he attacked. These were armed with catapults and peasants were forced to work them day and night so that the beleaguered garrisons had no rest. A

siege was rarely abandoned, and sometimes lasted a year. At the end there was usually a massacre of those defenders who had withstood the assaults of his own fierce troopers.

Shortly after the fight with Chamuka, there was difficulty with Tayang Khan, chief of the Naimans. He was jealous of the growing power of Genghis Khan and so sent messengers to the chief of the White Tartar Tribe, asking him to assist in stemming the advance of this conqueror. "I hear that there has arisen in the East a chief who aspires to the title of Emperor," he said. "Now there is only one sun in the heavens, and there is only one supreme ruler on earth, so if you will send supports to my right wing I will undertake to rob him of his bows and arrows."

But this message did not meet with the cordial support which Tayang Khan had expected, for the chief of the White Tartar Tribe was closely allied to Genghis Khan in many interests. So he sent certain messengers to him to tell him what had happened, and with them six flasks of wine; a luxury which was then totally unknown among the followers of the Great Mongol Invader. The Emperor himself partook of the contents but did not particularly approve of the beverage. 'A little of this stuff," he remarked, "raises the spirits. On the other hand an overdose confuses them." So, from then on, he did not allow wine to be used in his own camp, which was quite in keeping with his stern and fanatical character.

The news which the chief of the White Tartar Tribe had given him made it evident to Genghis Khan that he must soon wage war against the Naimans, so, in the year 1204, he called his warrior leaders of cavalry together on the banks of the river Temeker in order to discuss plans for a

campaign against his enemies. His idea was to make an immediate advance, for he had always been successful in precipitous attacks, but to this his generals of horse demurred, saying, "The Spring is just opening and our horses are thin after the cold and bad forage of the Winter. Let us therefore wait until they have been strengthened by summer pastures, and in the Autumn let us take to the field."

But Gotsekin, the brother of Genghis Khan, was of a different opinion.

"The provocation we have received is too great and the matter too urgent to make the condition of our horses a sufficient plea for delay," he said.

This idea was popular among a number of the leaders of the divisions. One stood up and remarked,

"The threat of the Naimans to capture our bows and arrows is an insult which must be avenged. For, trusting in the mightiness of their Kingdom, they speak swelling words. If then, while they are lifted up in their pride, we overthrow them, we shall once again recover our prestige."

This speech was most satisfactory to Genghis Khan, who now stood up.

"Let us fight at once, and who is there who doubts on which side the victory will lie?" he said.

His remarks were greeted with a loud shout of approval, and those who had first spoken seemed to have forgotten their early ideas of delay. With alacrity they began to prepare for the campaign. Their swords were sharpened, arrows re-pointed, and horses groomed and strengthened by more feeding. The camp was moved to a large mountain, called Mount Chintakai, from which a view could be

had of all the surrounding territory. But the Naimans had also been active and Tayang moved his camp to the Kangai Mountains where he was joined by Toto, leader of the Merkits, and several other chiefs; thus increasing his force to a somewhat unwieldy size.

While the two armies lay watching each other and preparing for the coming battle, a troop-horse that had broken loose from the camp of Genghis Khan, strayed into the lines of the Naimans. He was caught and brought before Tayang who saw how poor his condition was and said to his generals;

“ See how thin and weak are the horses of the far-famed Genghis Khan. Now if we decoy his followers within our borders by feigning retreat, we shall be able to surround and utterly destroy them.”

But this policy did not please his soldiers and they did not hesitate to say so. One of his most prominent generals voiced the opinion of his men. “ Our former ruler,” he said, “ always led us straight to the attack, and in those days our enemies never saw our horses’ tails or the backs of our men. Your present counsel is but the product of fear. If you have not the courage to lead us, let your wives come and command our army.”

No man of spirit could stand such a taunt, so when Tayang heard this he was angry and determined to begin battle at once. Calling his different leaders to him, he pointed out where they were to take position, ordering them to sound the “ to arms,” at daybreak, and gave them definite directions for fighting. When the morning came his mighty army advanced to the conflict, confidently expecting to crush the power of Genghis Khan.

But the crafty Mongol was ready for them. He had drawn his own horsemen up in battle array on the flanks of his line and in the centre had placed his bowmen, armed with a goodly supply of spare arrows. They lay down behind some rocky prominences in front and awaited the oncoming of their enemies with songs and cheers of defiance. Soon the attacking line was seen approaching through the morning mist, and it was not long before they were near enough to receive a shower of barbs and missiles from the centre of the Mongol line. Disregarding this the Naimans rushed onward and were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter among the boulders. The masses of cavalry crashed into each other simultaneously, and soon the entire force was engaged. A chronicler of the period says; "When the sun touched the western horizon, the victory for Genghis Khan was complete; the formidable Tayang was numbered with the slain, and his troops were in full flight. While yet the vanquished soldiers hurried from the field, darkness fell upon them and thousands were dashed to pieces over the mountain precipices which surrounded them. But the number of those who perished was as nothing to those who were slain and taken prisoners."

After this victory, Genghis Khan considered himself sufficiently powerful to proclaim himself ruler of an empire, so he called together all the tribes which were tributary to him and assumed the title of Emperor. The meeting-place was on the banks of the Onon, in the same spot where he had been born, and where, in his infancy, the very tribes which now bowed down to him had refused to acknowledge him their superior.

Having assumed this august title, he now began another

offensive campaign against those tribes lying to the south of his possessions. These he defeated in several skirmishes and drove southward until they took refuge behind the great wall of China, built by some of the earlier Emperors of the unwarlike Chinese to keep out just such ruthless invaders as himself. But he stormed the parapet, secured a footing on the wall, and from this vantage-point dispatched three separate bodies of horse to overrun the country. The left wing of this division was commanded by his brothers, the right wing by his three sons, and the centre by himself. Complete success attended the expedition; over thirty cities were razed to the ground and the inhabitants forced to bear the yoke of this alien. Thus the ruler over all these people was compelled to make peace with the terrible warrior. As a peace offering, he presented Genghis Khan with five hundred young men and women and three thousand horses.

Not satisfied with the conquest of all Northern China, Genghis now prepared a campaign against the people living to the west of his possessions. This country was then under the sovereignty of Muhammed, a courageous and crafty ruler, who had outraged the feelings of the Mongols by putting to death some of their envoys. Bent upon revenge for this insult, the flower of the Mongolian army was marched into Turkestan against four hundred thousand warriors, led by the intrepid Muhammed. It is said that near one million men participated in the battle that ensued, which lasted over two days, and resulted in the complete rout of the force under Muhammed. One hundred and sixty thousand dead lay upon the field, when the sun sank upon that terrible affair. City after city capitulated

to the invaders, who followed the lead of their commander in robbery and plunder, after each separate capture. He, himself, mounted the steps of a temple in Bokhara, (a rich and populous town) and cried, "The hay is cut, my followers, give your horses fodder!" Is it a wonder that his greedy soldiers made havoc of the treasures of the city?

Genghis now pursued Muhammed with a flying column of seventy thousand men, defeated him in several skirmishes and so disorganized his following, that his soldiers deserted whenever the opportunity presented itself. Poor Muhammed fled to a small town on the Caspian Sea, where he died of pneumonia, praying, with his last breath, that his son would continue the war against the tyrant. This his faithful descendant endeavoured to do, but outnumbered and out-manœuvred, he was forced to fall back before the attack of the superior force, until he reached a deep river. Here he made his last stand, a desperate one indeed, but he was unable to hold his ground. Seeing that the day was lost, he jumped upon a fresh horse, and plunged twenty feet below, into the river, over which he swam in safety, only to hurl defiance at Genghis Khan from the opposite side with his clenched fist. The Conqueror smiled at this, for he admired a brave man when he saw one, and was not sorry that the fugitive had made his escape.

A force was soon sent in pursuit of the son of Muhammed, but he was too active to be captured. So the soldiers laid waste to the towns and villages in their path before they returned to the main army, now on its way to Mongolia. The Mongols arrived from this great expedition with confidence and enthusiasm, for their march had been one series of successes. They had travelled from

Asia to the border line of Europe and had conquered wherever they had gone. Hundreds of towns, cities and villages had been taken, and they were rich in stolen plunder, for this was one of the greatest campaigns of conquest in all history.

But in spite of apparent bodily strength, at this time, the life of the mighty Genghis Khan was soon to come to a close. He was now sixty-five years of age, still active and mentally vigorous, but his existence of toil and exposure in the open had begun to tell on him. While on a campaign against the Chinese in the western portion of Asia, word was brought by one of the court astrologers, that five planets in the heavens were seen to be very close to one another. To the superstitious mind of the Barbarian, the omen was one of evil. The more he thought upon the matter, the more perturbed he became, and so he turned about for home, believing that some ill would befall him. It proved that these suspicions were correct, for, when he arrived upon the banks of a small river in Southern China, he was suddenly seized with a violent illness. He died a short time afterwards, having been carried to Mongolia upon a litter. By the terms of his will, his son was made successor to the Empire; and it was considered of so much importance that his death should be kept a secret, that the escort of the funeral procession killed every one they met on the way to his last resting-place.

So perished the Great Genghis Khan; warrior; conqueror; captain of light and heavy horse. His had truly been a strenuous existence and filled with the utmost danger and excitement. From the banks of the Amoor River in Mongolia he had successfully carried his horsemen to

the Dnieper River, which flows through Russia into the Black Sea; from the land of the Koreans on the Pacific Ocean, near Japan, to the very south of Chinese Empire of the present day. He had penetrated the deserts of Persia and had swept far below the border line of India. Those who stood in his path were treated with barbaric leniency. He founded a mighty empire, but it was soon dissipated under the rule of his descendants, leaving behind only the record of the great conqueror, — a name which will last for all time.



CHEVALIER BAYARD



CHEVALIER BAYARD: THE WARRIOR WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

[1475 — 1524]

ALTHOUGH history shows us that the age of Attila and of Genghis Khan was rough and brutal, another period of European warfare was upon a far different plane. Where — in the earlier ages — men had little kindness for the conquered, and no respect, or regard, for their rights, a change came over the customs and the manners of the people. War was conducted with as much fierceness as ever, but with more thought for the injured and kindness to those who fell captive. The warriors and knights who devoted their lives to those conflicts which were continually waged between jealous rulers, dedicated themselves to pure, unselfish living, and to lofty ideals. They went through a rigid course of training to gain a knowledge of the profession of arms, and endeavoured to pursue their chosen calling with respect for the weak and generous treatment of the strong.

Among those who have left noble reputations in the records of this chivalric age, are Richard the Lion Hearted, King of England and conqueror of the Moslem hosts which defended Jerusalem: Sir Philip Sidney, the English courtier and poet: and Chevalier Bayard, a French knight of the most incomparable generosity, bravery, and

kindness of heart. He was one of those illustrious persons who are the pride of their country and an inspiration to human progress. The many virtues which he possessed have justly rendered him the most attractive character that has ever graced the pages of history.

This famous soldier was born at the Castle of Bayard in Dauphiny, France, about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, and was sprung from a race of knights and warriors who had, for many generations, expended both their energy and their fortunes in the service of their native land. He inherited an intrepid courage and an exalted sense of honour from his parents, who took great care with his early education in order that it should be suitable to the dignity of his family. From his father he inherited a strong constitution and vigorous frame; from his mother, a love of learning and literature. This was appreciated by his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, who perceived the many excellent virtues of the young man, and took so much interest in his welfare, that he had him instructed under his own eye. With this able tuition he early learned those rudiments of both learning and character that are essential to all who are to become men of mark.

When thirteen years of age his father became grievously ill, and, fearing that his end was approaching, sent for his wife and four children in order to make provisions for their future and find out what careers they wished to follow. The oldest boy said that he wished to live with his parents as long as they remained on earth, and to reside in the old homestead as a country gentleman, after their death. Then Bayard, the second son, was asked what he wished to do in order to gain a livelihood. With a spirit, surprising in

one of such youthful mind, he replied that, as he held such a glorious name, and one so illustrious in the warfare of his country, that he begged permission to be allowed to follow in the footsteps of his numerous ancestors who had taken up the profession of arms. "I hope," he concluded, "by the grace of God, to do no dishonour to this, one of the most glorious and exalted houses in France, and, by no word or deed to take one spark from the glory of my ancestors." At this noble speech his father was moved to tears. "My son," he said. "You are already in face and figure like your grandfather, who was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. I am rejoiced to hear your resolution, and I wish to do all that I can to forward your wishes by placing you in the house of some high-born Prince where you will learn all the noble and manly exercises necessary for a knight."

So his good father lost no time in finding a position for him with some influential noble who could instruct him in the art of chivalry and knighthood. The kind Bishop of Grenoble took upon himself the presentation of the boy at court, and resolved to send him to the great Duke of Savoy to be his page. So together they travelled to Chamberri, where the court was, and made known their presence to the servants of this powerful courtier. When the Duke, himself, learned of their presence, he received them with many signs of friendship, and pressed them to remain and dine with him. To this they consented, and the youthful Bayard waited upon the table with such grace and proficiency, that the Duke was favourably impressed with his manners, and asked who the child was.

"Sir," said the old man, "He is my nephew whom I

have brought with me, to present to you, if his services will be of any use to you."

The Duke seemed highly pleased. "I accept him at once," he replied. "And should indeed be difficult to please if I refused to accept such a present."

So Bayard was made a member of the Duke's household, where he applied himself diligently to all the exercises which were essential to the youth who would become a knight. He learned to wrestle, jump, hurl the bar, and fence with the rapier. He attended his master in his walks; bore his messages for him; followed behind in the chase; and waited upon him at table. He was taught good behaviour; heard lectures on religion, poetry, and art; and was instructed to give due reverence to God. By his grace, docility, and good manners, he won the respect of all, while those with whom he came in contact were sensible to a rare fascination which he possessed, and were attracted to him by an affectionate regard. Although excelling all the other pages in athletic exercises, he did not stimulate their jealousy by his success, for they admired his skill; praised his strength; and felt a high regard for him because of the purity and loftiness of his mind.

The young and accomplished Bayard remained with the Duke for some time, and then accompanied him to the court of Charles the Eighth, who had been at Lyons, for over a year, amusing himself with tourneys, feasts, and balls. The King was then in the prime of life and had always loved men of brave and enterprising spirit. For this reason, and because of Bayard's attractive appearance, he was so much impressed by the boy that he asked who he was. "That," answered the Duke of Savoy, "is young

Bayard, the nephew of the Bishop of Grenoble and one of the most accomplished of my pages." As he was speaking these words, the horse which Bayard was riding began to rear and plunge, but was unable to unseat his skilful rider. "Spur him, Page! Spur him!" shouted the Duke, as the horse started to gallop. The other pages also shouted, "Spur! Spur!" So Bayard pricked his steed with much skill, and galloped across the plain as if shot from the mouth of a cannon. Then he curbed the fierce dash of his charger, wheeled him about, and cantered back to the place from which he had started with all the ease and grace of a rider of thirty years' experience. The King was much impressed by this show of horsemanship, and, so pleased with his spirit and appearance, that he offered him a position in his own service. Bayard accepted at once, was put in care of the Count of Ligny, and was named, "Piquez," which, in French, means, "spur." By this surname he was known for a long time afterwards.

At the end of three years — when Bayard was nineteen — he was made a man-at-arms, and, later, a gentleman-of-the-house, a position to which a very small salary was attached, so small, indeed, that it was impossible for him to equip himself with horses, armour, and arms, which are necessary for one who holds this situation. About this time a knight, famous for his skill in arms, obtained permission from the King to have a tournament for the entertainment of the court. He therefore hung up his coat of armour in a conspicuous place, where all who struck it were to thus signify that they wished to enter the contest. Bayard accidentally passed by the place where the breast-plate was hung up, accompanied by an old friend, and was

seized with a strong desire to strike the gage. But, as he had no arms or horses — nor money to buy them with — he resolved to relinquish his design, and so hung his head in disconsolate silence. His companion, Belarbre, saw the gloomy look upon his countenance and said, “My friend, why do you look so sad? Has aught befallen you of a distressing nature?”

“Indeed it is the truth,” Bayard replied, “Here I am eager and willing to prove my ability as a knight, and yet I cannot enter the lists because I am poor and have not the means to do so.”

“Fear not,” replied Belarbre, “You shall have every necessity and your uncle will defray the expense.”

“You deceive yourself, my friend,” said Bayard, “He will advance no money. But were my good friend, the Bishop of Grenoble, in the neighbourhood, there would, at least be a gleam of hope; but he is at too great a distance. As to my uncle, the Abbot D’Esnay, there is nothing to be expected of him.”

Belarbre answered quickly. “It matters not. You must strike the coat of armour and I will answer for the event. To-morrow we will go to your uncle the Abbot D’Esnay, who must not refuse you.”

So Bayard was persuaded by the soothing voice of his friend. He struck the coat of armour and thus entered the tournament, though totally unprepared to do so. And he was not to gain the assistance of his uncle as easily as he expected, for, when he found him, at his Abbey, and told him of the purpose of his visit, he was answered with coldness, and informed that the money of the church could not be given to young men to squander away in profane amusements.

To this the disappointed youth answered with a tone of sorrow and respect, " I only pursue that path of glory that has been marked out by my ancestors, dear uncle, and they have all signalized themselves by deeds of arms. They all acquired an honourable renown by the sword, and if you now forsake me, I will be held up to public shame, and thus the whole house of Terail will be covered with dishonour."

This appeal melted the heart of the Abbot, who changed his opinion immediately and gave his nephew a letter of credit on a merchant, and money with which to purchase horses. Thus, on the day of the tournament, Bayard appeared as well equipped as any, and he acquitted himself with so much credit, that, when he returned from an encounter with the knight who had hung up his armour, he received praise from the veteran warriors and admiration from numbers of the ladies. The King was so delighted with his success that he expressed, in the warmest manner, the satisfaction which it gave him. As a token of his esteem he dispatched him to Flanders, shortly afterwards, with a company of artillery, and presented him with money and horses with which to equip himself as a knight and a gentleman.

In Flanders Bayard remained for two years until the breaking out of hostilities between the French King and the Italians, when he joined the invading army of his sovereign. Charles the Eighth was young, impulsive, and desirous of bringing renown to his reign. He therefore resolved to make good his pretensions to the Kingdom of Naples. With a well appointed army, which was small in numbers, he entered Italy, bore everything before him,

and captured Naples. All went well with him until he began to return to France, when — with a sudden and unexpected patriotism — the Italians rose; formed an army of fifty thousand; and marched to battle with the French conqueror. Although Charles had a much inferior army he relied upon the natural valour of his troops to withstand the attack of this vastly superior force. The rival factions met near the village of Fornova, a fierce fight ensued, which resulted in a victory for the French only after a terrific assault by the King himself, at the head of three hundred horse. As the Italians fled, the French monarch was left behind with a few attendants to protect him; a situation which some of the Italian troops soon perceived, and so rallied a sufficient force to hem him in on all sides and attempt his capture.

Bayard perceived the dangerous situation in which his sovereign was placed, and, together with several other youthful knights, rushed to his aid. They fought valiantly with the Italians who surrounded him, and who — spurred on by the desire to secure a large ransom which they knew would be forthcoming for the King's person — made desperate efforts to get near enough to carry him away. But so successful was the youthful Bayard, that he was able to knock down several Italian soldiers who came close enough to make a dash for the King, and, at last, help came from a troop of French cavalry, returning from the pursuit of the fleeing Italians. At this, the surrounding force retreated, leaving the King free to receive the congratulations of his troops, and to congratulate them, in turn, upon their glorious victory. A courtier presented Bayard to him after the battle, and said, "Sire, see, here is your

young Piquet who has behaved during the action with uncommon bravery. He has had two horses killed under him, and has taken his standard from the enemy, which he now has the honour of presenting to you. But why should I mention his virtues? You have been an eye-witness of his exploits."

"I am fully satisfied with young Bayard's valour," replied the King, and turned to the blushing, young knight. "Continue to distinguish yourself and I will not forget you," he said. Then, requesting that he kneel, he struck him with the flat of his sword and thus conferred upon him the order of knighthood, presenting him, later, with a purse of five hundred crowns. "For," he remarked, "I have seen no one during the engagement who has rendered himself more worthy of the honour which I have conferred upon you." Thus Bayard, had, at last, achieved the distinction which he craved; had fulfilled the promise of his youth; and had brought further glory to the honourable name of his family.

But although he had made a reputation for himself under Charles the Eighth, that monarch soon died, and it was under his successor, Louis the Twelfth of Orleans, that Bayard's greatest deeds of valour, kindness, and heroism occurred. This King pursued the war against the Italians with all the zeal of his predecessor; sent an army into the country; and soon captured Milan, Pavia, and other smaller towns. But he was not to hold them without a struggle. An army under Louis Sforza recaptured Milan; defeated the troop sent there to defend it; and proceeded to await reinforcements before marching against Louis himself. Bayard was not in Milan at the time of its capitu-

lation, but soon after the city had opened its gates to Sforza, had a skirmish with fifty allied horsemen against three hundred of the enemy. So desperate was the attack of his own men that the Italians gave way and fled into the town. The French followed them to the outskirts of the city, where one of their number — seeing that they would be captured — cried out, “ Turn, men-at-arms; turn about before you are set upon by a new force of the enemy ! ” Every one followed this advice except Bayard, who was too much interested in the fight to hear, and followed the fleeing soldiers into Milan itself. Here the white cross upon his shield was recognized by the townspeople, who shouted, “ Take him ! He is a Frenchman ! ” So he was surrounded ; disarmed ; and carried to the house of one of the Italian officers, who thought so highly of his valour in the field, that he treated him in a manner suited to his rank and merit.

Bayard was now taken before Sforza, himself, who said, “ My good gentleman, come here and tell me what has brought you to this town.”

“ I had no idea that I was alone,” replied Bayard. “ I thought that my companions were behind me, but they are wiser than I and more used to the ways of war, or they would undoubtedly have been made prisoners as well as myself. In the meantime, in my disgrace, I thank Heaven that I have fallen into such good hands as yours.”

Sforza was much pleased by this brave address, and asked what forces the French commander had with him.

“ Sir,” Bayard answered, “ they are all picked men, about eighteen thousand in all, and resolved to make the Duchy of Milan submit at once, and for ever, to the King,

their master ; and as for you, sir, I assure you, you will be far safer in Germany than here, for your men cannot possibly resist us."

The Duke was amused at this remark, and so touched by Bayard's behaviour and boldness, that he decided to allow him his freedom.

"Set your mind at rest," said he. "It is my intention to allow you to go. Ask anything you like of me, and I will grant it you."

Such generosity fairly overwhelmed the courageous Bayard, who knelt upon one knee, and answered. "Sir, the greatest favour I can ask of you is to restore me my arms and horse, and, believe me, I shall always be ready to serve you if I can do so with honour to my King and country."

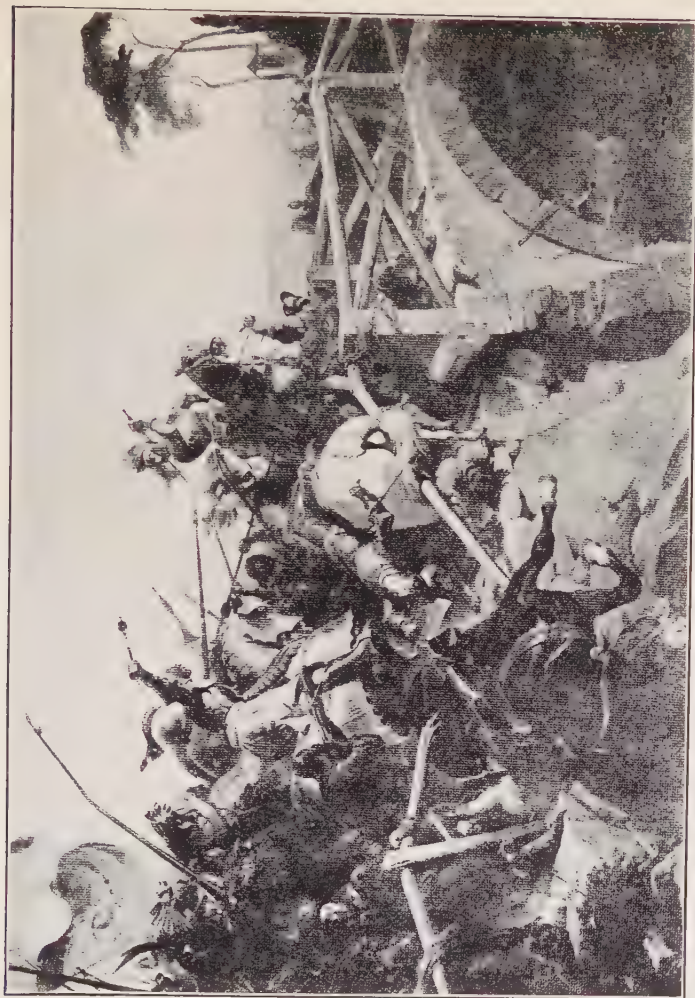
The Duke ordered one of his retainers to bring the good Knight's horse and arms, and when the former arrived, Bayard vaulted into the saddle with great ease and agility ; thanked his captor again for his generosity ; and departed for his own camp ; where he was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the troops. They were much astonished to learn that he had been allowed to return without ransom.

Not long after this a truce was agreed upon between the French and Spanish armies which was to last for a few months. But this did not please the warlike spirits of numbers of the soldiers. So restless did a few Frenchmen become, through lack of occupation, that they decided to challenge a number of the Spaniards to a battle in the open, before two judges, who were to see that there was fair play. Chevalier Bayard was among those who pined for combat, and through his exertions, a fight was arranged between thirteen of his own men — including himself — and thirteen

Spaniards. The time and place was settled upon, and the following rules: First, that whoever passed beyond certain bounds was to be excluded from the combat: Second, that those who should be dismounted should engage no more: Third, that if one party could not entirely defeat the other, they were both to quit the field with equal honour.

When the contest began, the Spaniards feared the superior fighting qualities of the French, and so attempted to take advantage of the second ruling. They attacked the horses of the Frenchmen and killed eleven of them before an hour was past; those of Bayard and another knight being the only ones to escape, through the skill of their riders. And although they were now only two against thirteen, they defended themselves behind the dead horses of their friends with such coolness and courage, that the Spaniards were kept at bay until evening, when the judges put an end to the affair and declared the fight to be a drawn battle. Bayard was most highly complimented for his bravery and courage in this skirmish, and his fame as a warrior became known to all.

Not long after this event, the truce between the contending armies came to an end, and a fierce battle was fought which resulted in a defeat for the French. As they retreated, Bayard placed himself in the rear to defend the beaten army, and fought with such obstinacy against the advancing Spaniards, that they were held in check. The troops were forced across the river Garrillano; intrenched themselves upon the opposite bank; and there awaited the onset which they knew would soon come; while Bayard — with one other cavalier — was the last to cross the bridge over the stream. As they did so, nearly two hun-



BAYARD DEFENDING THE BRIDGE OF GARRILLANO

dred Spaniards advanced to take the causeway, but, nothing daunted at this superior number, the brave Chevalier placed himself at the end of the bridge to dispute their passage, and directed his companion to hasten and bring up some one to help him. With lance in hand, he rushed upon the Spaniards on the bridge, and attacked them with so much fury that two or three were staggered and forced into the water, where they were unable to swim because of their heavy armour. Like an angry lion he held the causeway, and wielded his sword with so much spirit, that the Spaniards did not think him a man, but a devil. In fact, he held the passage against every one, until his comrade came to his aid with two hundred men-at-arms, who compelled the Spaniards to abandon the bridge, and chased them for over a mile from it, until they ran into the main, Spanish army.

But misfortune too often follows upon the heels of victory. The brave Chevalier had pursued the foe, as they retreated, and, with his usual rashness, had come too close to the hostile line. As he was the last to retreat before the enemy, he was quite alone, when his horse — almost worn out with fatigue — fell beneath him; an accident which was immediately perceived by a detachment of Spanish cavalry, which now rushed upon him and compelled his surrender. But, as luck would have it, some of his own party discovered that he was not with them, and so made after him on the gallop; defeated the enemy; and once more set free their gallant leader. As he returned to his own lines, he was greeted with cheer after cheer, for the troops had seen his fearless defence of the bridge and could not too highly compliment him upon his behaviour.

Thus the fame of Chevalier Bayard as a warrior grew greater day by day, until he was the best known and most talked-of knight in all of France. Nor was his fame due solely to these feats of arms which so astonished every one. A courtesy, honesty, and cheerfulness of spirit was his, and a kindliness that often showed itself in gracious acts to those weaker than himself. He was respected by all with whom he came in contact, and was admired by both friend and foe. Rich he was not, nor was he likely to be, because of his great charity to many poor people who continually asked him for money and assistance. With patriotic disinterestedness he continued to fight for King and country, and to use his power and influence in behalf of those who controlled the armies of France.

Not many months after the fight at the bridge, in which the Chevalier so distinguished himself, war broke out with the Venetians. Gaston de Foix was in charge of the French troops which marched against the city of Brescia,— held by the Venetians in force, and ably defended by them. Bayard was with the French army, full of his customary spirit and cheerfulness — in spite of the fact that he had just recovered from a severe attack of fever — and he gallantly placed himself in the front of the troops when the attack on the Citadel began. A desperate fight was soon in progress; the air resounded with the shouts of the soldiers; while the battle cries of France, Bayard, and St. Mark, echoed from every side. The Chevalier charged upon the fortifications at the head of his company, and, in the shock of arms, received a severe wound from a pike thrust in the thigh, so that he soon was unable to walk, and fell back into the arms of two of his archers, who carried him away from the heat of battle.

As he was removed from the field, a Captain came up to him and expressed sincere sorrow at seeing him so badly wounded. "Push on," said the Chevalier, as he looked up at him, "the town is ours; put the finishing stroke to the victory which is now obtained — I cannot follow you — the period of my life is now at a close." These words seemed to be the last that he would speak, and raised the courage of his soldiers to the height of frenzy when they heard what he had said. In spite of the overwhelming numbers against them, they pushed on and rushed furiously upon the Italians, crying, "Let us revenge the death of the most accomplished Captain which France ever saw!" So severe was their onset, that the town was taken.

But while the soldiers were pillaging and looting, the two, good archers bore the Chevalier to a house, the mistress of which had concealed her two daughters in a hay loft, for she feared violence at the hands of the rough soldiers. Shedding a flood of tears, she sank upon her knees and besought Bayard to spare the life of those within the household. The appeal touched the noble Chevalier, whose compassion was equal to his bravery. "Rise, madam," he said, "and have no fear, for you have a gentleman in the house who has never done a dishonourable deed. Both you and your daughters may rest in peace. Archers, guard the door and let no person enter save by my orders!" And thus violence and plunder were kept from the house in which he lay.

After some months he was again able to take the field, as the wound from which he suffered was not mortal, and rapidly healed. The French army had advanced to Ravenna, when he joined it, and it was soon to meet in combat

with the Italians — now stronger than ever — and burning to avenge the defeat at Brescia. Before the battle an Astrologer was consulted by the French General Gaston de Foix, who inquired what was to be the fate of the contest. "The French will conquer," said the Astrologer, "but the victory will be purchased at a very dear price."

After this remark, several of the officers asked if they were to be killed; to which the Astrologer replied, "You will not fall here, but in other engagements." Bayard alone, seemed to be indifferent about his own fate, and looked about him with a smile of contempt. "Chevalier," said Gaston de Foix, "since you entertain yourself at the expense of the others, you must consult the Astrologer." "My Prince," replied the Chevalier, "as I have no faith in his predictions, I will have no recourse to his knowledge." But Gaston persisted in his request, so Bayard held out his hand to the Astrologer, and asked him in a jocose manner, "whether he should ever amass riches — whether he should obtain high posts of honour — and whether he was to fall in the battle."

"Riches," replied the fortune teller, "you will never have, for your heart is not set upon them. As to honour, there is no Frenchman who shall receive it in a more plentiful measure. You will serve a King, after him whom you now obey, who will both love and esteem you. You shall escape this bloody day, but in twelve years you will be killed, and I prophesy also that if you are not slain by a cannon, or a musket shot, you will live many years more."

Next day a furious battle was fought in which over fourteen thousand men were killed, among them Gaston de Foix, — the brave leader of the French army. His soldiers,

irritated by his loss, made a second attack on the town, carried it by assault, and put all to death who came in their way. Bayard acted like a hero; was in the forefront of battle at all times; and did much to inspire the troops with fortitude and courage.

After this the Chevalier saw little service until Henry the Eighth of England invaded the soil of France with an immense army. Bayard was sent, with a large force, to stem the advance of the English, and met them near Guinegate, where, to the dishonour of the French, they used their spurs more than their swords, and fled so precipitously, that the fight has been justly called "the battle of the spurs." The Chevalier, with a few others, faced about, in the disorganization, with the endeavour to combat his adversaries with valour, and, for a time, succeeded in checking the advance of the victorious troops, until they surrounded him on every side. Seeing a knight, not far distant, who had dismounted from his horse and was beneath a tree, he galloped up to him, sword in hand, and made him his prisoner. But he now found that it was impossible to escape from the surrounding English, and therefore said to his captive, "You were my prisoner, sir, but for the present I shall be yours. Here is my sword, but should the English attack me, you must promise to return it to me, upon your word of honour." To this the Englishman assented, and just then his country's troops came up to make Bayard prisoner; but he, resuming his sword, defended himself so well, that no one cared to come near the sweep of his arm. At this moment some officers arrived, to whom it was left to decide whose prisoner Bayard should be, and who decided in favour of the gentleman to whom the

Chevalier had given his sword. So the brave knight surrendered himself and went to the English camp, where he remained for some days, until, desiring to depart, he asked permission of his captor to go. "That you can do," replied the Knight, "If you first pay your ransom."

"Then, sir," replied the Chevalier, "your ransom must be paid first, and you will be of my opinion when you consider that if I was your prisoner, you have been mine also; on that account, therefore, we owe nothing to each other. But if we cannot agree upon this point, let us leave it to the decision of the English officers." "I will do this," answered the Knight. So they submitted it to the other gentlemen in command, who determined in favour of the lion-hearted Bayard, and allowed him to leave the camp as rich as when he came.

Thus the good Chevalier was permitted to return to his own command, where he was received with rejoicing by his troops, who idolized their brave and courteous leader. This episode heightened his fame which was great at this time, but did not reach its full splendour until the rule of Francis the first, successor to Charles the Eighth, and a man of strength and tenacity of purpose. This monarch levied a powerful army for the invasion of Italy, and advanced to the Alps in order to cross into the rich and prosperous country which lay before him. But he was met by the Italians and hardy Swiss at Marignano, where a furious battle was fought. The Swiss — unable to drive the French from their batteries — attacked that portion of the French army which the King commanded, and here raged a sanguinary contest. Chevalier Bayard — who was in the thick of the fight — had his horse killed under him, and,

mounting another, returned to the battle, only to rush into the oncoming battalions of the enemy. His charger received many wounds; broke his reins, and galloped off with him in the direction of the French army; where he would surely have been captured, had he not been stopped by a strong fence, — a fact which allowed his courageous rider to dismount, throw away his arms, creep along a ditch to his own lines, and so escape that capture which surely had menaced him.

Next day the armies rested and Francis bestowed the order of knighthood upon the good Chevalier Bayard. He called him before all of his officers, and said, "By this hand I create thee one of my knights, let no man envy you your distinction, since none is more worthy of it than you." But Bayard saw himself preferred above many princes and great captains, and therefore answered, "I feel, your Royal Highness, that I am unworthy of so great an honour." To which the King replied, "I have weighed the matter in my mind and I must be obeyed." So Bayard knelt down; drew his sword from his scabbard; and presented it to the King; who smote him upon the shoulders saying, "Rise, knight." The Chevalier rose, took his sword in his hand, and looking at it, cried, in a loud voice, "How glorious have you been to have assisted in my knighting from the greatest monarch in the world. For the future I shall look upon you as a consecrated relic, and shall never use you except against the enemies of the Church."

Some time after this Bayard defended the town of Mezieres against a much superior force. The leader of the attacking party sent a trumpet to the Chevalier, summoning

him to surrender upon honourable terms, but to this he received the answer, "That he would defend the charge committed to his care whilst he had a sword by his side and a hand to draw it from the scabbard." So the siege immediately began, and lasted a month, at the end of which the besiegers became convinced that the town could not be subdued with Bayard inside, and so withdrew. "Why, with an army of forty thousand men and an hundred pieces of cannon, could you not take that small pigeon house?" the leader of the retreating troops was asked, a short time afterwards. "Because," he replied, "it was defended by an eagle and his young ones, who were more to be feared than the eagles of the Empire."

This well illustrates the respect in which Bayard was held by his enemies, but these were, at last, to bring his noble life to a close. The French army was at a place called Ravisingua, where a sharp fight was in progress with troops led by those hostile to the King, when the leader of the men of France became disabled by a wound, and so intrusted the chief command to Bayard. Like a torrent, the brave Chevalier fell upon some platoons of musketeers in his front, and such was the fury of his attack that they broke before him. When in the forefront of battle he was suddenly hit by a musket ball which wounded him so desperately that he reeled in his saddle. "I am killed," he said. "O Lord have mercy on me." And while he repeated these words, he kissed the handle of his sword—which was in the form of a crucifix—and then fell to the ground. Some soldiers placed him against the foot of a tree with his face to the enemy, for he told them to so leave him. "For whilst I live," he said, "I never turned my

back against any man, nor will I do it now, when I am dying." His old friends and companions gathered about him, weeping, but he spoke to them and said, "Weep not, for I die in the bed of honour. I have lived long enough. The only thing that distresses me is that I can no longer serve my Prince." Shortly after this, he breathed his last, and a noble and chivalrous knight had ceased to battle for France and the King.

When Francis heard of his death he was so deeply afflicted that he wept, and, after a bitter defeat which was soon administered to his army, was often heard to say, "O that Bayard had only been with me, then I would not have lost the fight." All ranks of men hastened to meet the remains of the Chevalier, as they were carried through the French provinces to his final, resting place, and with tears and many protestations of affection, paid the last, sad honours to this exalted warrior. Doubtless he was the most distinguished character of the age in which he lived, for he was prudent, gallant, enterprising, and courageous. He was cool in council, but impetuous and brave in battle; full of mercy to the vanquished foe, and steady and sincere in his affections. As his piety and temperance were chief among his virtues, he most justly deserved the surname of the Good Chevalier, Without Fear And Without Reproach.

COUNT PAPPENHEIM: THE TROUBLESOME

[1594 — 1632]

COUNT Pappenheim lived at a time when Germany was in a state of the greatest turmoil. Armed bodies of men marched from one end of the country to the other and terrified the inhabitants. Cities were sacked; towns were despoiled of all their valuables; and farms robbed of their grain and horses. People who wished to lead a peaceful existence were unable to do so because of lack of proper protection. It is a distressing period of history and one which bred men of rough and violent natures.

For thirty years this condition of affairs existed, and for thirty years the soil of Germany was trampled with the feet of the contending armies. The struggle was not between nations, but between men of different religious beliefs who spoke the same language and were often connected by blood. It was a war between Catholic and Protestant Germany; between those who favoured the Catholic religion and those who were of the Protestant belief. Those of one faith were marshalled under independent princes against those of another. These fought, not so much to preserve their position as political leaders, as to preserve their religious rights.

When Charles the Fifth of Germany abdicated his throne,



GOTTFRIED HEINRICH, COUNT PAPPENHEIM

the Empire was torn with the political quarrels of princes who governed separate, German states. Three religious sects existed: The Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists. The believers in these different faiths were continually at odds. In vain the successors of Charles V attempted to reconcile the warring factions. Germany was in a turmoil and war was the inevitable outcome.

But there was peace until the death of Emperor Matthias in 1619. His successor, Ferdinand II, was a bigoted Prince, a staunch adherent to the Catholic faith, and an enemy to every man who differed from him in religion. So harsh was he to the Protestants that he forbade them from having meetings, demolished their places of worship, appointed only Catholics as magistrates, and inflicted every known cruelty upon those who refused to accept the Roman Catholic faith.

This monarch was hereditary ruler of Bohemia; a kingdom of Germany, separated from the adjoining states by high mountains and peopled for the most part by Protestants. The Bohemians were particularly hostile to the dictation of Ferdinand, and became so incensed by his high-handed treatment of them, that they chose another ruler: Frederick V, son-in-law of James I of England, and father of the gallant Prince Rupert. The newly elected sovereign hoped to be assisted by British power, but this was not to be. James of England was too timid to send him aid and the result was that he was driven out of Bohemia by the imperial army. The battle of Prague (1620) decided his fate, and, forced to fly to Sweden as a fugitive, his possessions were given to the Duke of Bavaria.

Now followed a persecution of the Protestants that was most cruel and unrelenting. Those of this faith who had the misfortune to live in Bohemia were driven from their homes. Protestants of every rank, age, and condition were refused legal justice and were put to death, while ministers and teachers were either burned or beheaded. Was it a wonder that the Protestant princes of Germany arrayed themselves against the Emperor? They rallied under the leadership of Christian, King of Denmark, resolved to curb the power of the Catholic King and win back some of the rights, liberties, and possessions that they had lost. The Emperor Ferdinand was financially crippled and in no condition to meet this powerful confederation.

A great noble of Bohemia, Wallenstein by name, offered to lend him his aid. Rich, powerful, and ambitious, he soon raised an immense army, composed of outlaws, robbers and adventurers from all nationalities. With this lawless following, he advanced against the Protestant forces. Villages and towns which lay in the path of his rough followers were forced to pay tribute to him. His men lived on the land and satisfied their hunger by robbery and plunder. They were reckless, wild and savage.

About this period the name of Count Pappenheim begins to grow prominent in the records of the fighting, and from now on he was in the thick of the numerous passages at arms which occurred between the different bodies of troops. He was about twenty-six years of age, having been born on May the twenty-ninth, 1594. He had been a wild and reckless youth, full of vitality and courage; had continually neglected his studies, and although sent by his

parents to the High Schools at Altdorf and Tübingen, did not seem to profit much by the instruction which he was supposed to receive. In fact he far preferred hunting; shooting; and horse-back riding to his books, and became physically sound and well-muscled, to the neglect of his mental training. Perhaps this was just as well, for his short life was to be one in which his strong physique and iron nerve were to be of far greater advantage than mental proficiency.

At twenty years of age young Pappenheim joined the Roman Catholic Church and became a most zealous adherent to the cause of his religion. His taste for military life soon led him to enlist under the banner of King Sigismund of Poland, and later under that of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria: the head of the Catholic League. He showed such an aptitude for hard work and such a love for his profession, that he was quickly promoted to the position of Colonel of Cavalry, — a place which he filled with the greatest success. He was tremendously popular with his men, who saw in him a soldier who would undergo every hardship which they themselves had to stand; who would live in the open and sleep under his own horse, if necessary. This made his troop a favourite one, and one which the soldiers were glad to join. There was no difficulty in finding recruits for service under young Pappenheim.

When Ferdinand marched to battle with Frederick, (the Protestant King of Bohemia) and met him near the town of Prague; Pappenheim was in the army of the Catholic King. We have seen that Frederick was defeated and that his country soon fell into the power of the

Catholics, yet he put up a good fight for his kingdom and there were many left dead upon that bloody field.

Pappenheim's horsemen were in the thick of the battle and showed such dash and bravery that they made a name for themselves. Kept in reserve for a portion of the time, they were eventually hurled against the line of Protestant troops, just as they broke and began to retreat. With a wild cheer the squadrons of cavalry plunged into the fray and cut down some of the fugitives with their broadswords. But they were not to have everything their own way and were soon met with a counter-charge on the part of the cavalry under Frederick. The fighting was severe, — so severe that a portion of the Pappenheimers gave way and retreated.

This infuriated their brave leader beyond measure, and, seizing the colours, he rode into the open, calling upon them to follow. The men rallied, came back, and rushed once more into the fray; only to be again beaten off. Pappenheim now showed that bull-dog tenacity which made him famous. He re-formed his shattered battalions, galloped to the front of the line, and charged with all the impetuosity of his fiery nature. This time he was successful. The enemy broke before the onslaught and fled across the plain. Pappenheim, himself, was struck by a musket ball and severely gashed by a sword-thrust. He fell beneath his horse and became insensible.

His horse was prostrated by a missile and lurched to the ground, rolling partly upon the seemingly lifeless body of the cavalryman. There they lay for many hours while the Pappenheimers were pursuing the stampeded troops of King Frederick through the streets of Prague. The

gallant Colonel lay upon the battle-field for a long time, but at length he was discovered by one of his men who was returning from the chase of fugitive Protestants. He was carried to a house, revived by stimulants, and eventually nursed back into health and strength.

This taste of warfare had given him such a love for the game that he was soon in search of further employment in his chosen profession. There was war at this time in Italy between the Spaniards and Italians, so Pappenheim eagerly sought an opportunity to distinguish himself. He was offered the command of a regiment of Cuirassiers allied to the Spanish troops, and with these he spent two years of vigorous campaigning on the plains of Lombardy. So successful was he that his men became famous. They were called The Pappenheimers, and were known as the most fearless and aggressive band among the Spanish fighters. They were supposed to be fed by the army commander, but this was done so badly that plunder was the only means of gaining enough food to keep in good physical condition. Their pay was also small and irregular. No wonder, then, that the troopers stole and robbed whenever they could, and thus became a terror to the peaceful inhabitants of the lands through which they travelled.

These Cuirassiers were mounted on hardy horses; were armed with a sword and two pistols; and wore a helmet of considerable thickness upon their heads. Their chests and backs were protected by steel plates. They were trained to gallop at full speed upon the enemy; fire their pistols when close enough to do damage; and then to draw sabre and charge. There were eight companies of one hundred men each in Pappenheim's regiment; or eight

hundred in all, and they were of various nationalities: Croats; Poles; Germans and a few Spaniards. Every man was physically strong and nearly all were of a reckless disposition. Pappenheim, himself, was a strict disciplinarian and insisted on certain rules of conduct; but he had a difficult time in restraining his wild followers, who joined his troop because they liked him and recognized a leader who had the same love for fight that they themselves possessed.

In 1626 Pappenheim was recalled to Germany by Duke Maximilian of Austria,—who was a staunch Catholic and adherent to the reigning King of Germany. A revolt of the peasants had followed certain edicts of his, and he felt that in Pappenheim he could find a leader who could wage a successful campaign against these erring subjects. Ever ready for fighting, this offer was gladly accepted by the Count, and he immediately prepared for action. Gathering together a small army, he marched into the country of the hostile peasants and brought fire and sword to their very hearths. In a month's time he had entirely subdued the refractory subjects and won a long series of victories. Forty thousand peasants are said to have been killed in this campaign. A terrible record of slaughter, indeed! But these were fierce times when religious differences seemed to stir men's hearts with a vindictive hatred for one another. Warfare to-day is never carried on with such disregard for the rights and property of others. In those times men were cruel, savage, and absolutely selfish. They pillaged and murdered with no thought of the suffering which they administered upon the defenceless persons. It is terrible to read of the needless slaughter

which occurred; yet the German leaders seemed to think such measures necessary for their success, and turned a deaf ear to the cries of mercy which they heard on all sides.

The Emperor of Germany was blinded by the success of his arms. His generals were everywhere victorious and Christian IV of Denmark, who, as we have said, came to the aid of the Protestant Princes; had retired. It looked as if the Catholic cause would be triumphant, but here a heroic figure came upon the scene. This was Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, — The Lion of the North. Championing the Protestant religion and allying himself with the German Princes of the Protestant faith, he swept down upon the interior of Germany with a small army of excellently well trained soldiers. He, himself, had a noble character, and was respected by all. His soldiers were moral, God fearing men, and quite different from the rough following of Wallenstein and Tilly, — an old commander of well-tryed courage who led an army for the Emperor of Germany.

Pappenheim — with his cavalry — was now allied to the aged Tilly, and with him attempted to stem the advance of the victorious Swedes. His force was enlarged by the addition of several thousand foot, until he commanded a small army of seventeen thousand men. With these he surrounded and captured the Duke of Lauenburg, — commander of a Protestant force — and then marched northward to lay siege to the city of Magdeburg, the most prosperous town of Northern Germany: one of the richest and most populous. It had been well fortified by Falkenburg, whom Gustavus Adolphus had sent there, and this commander-in-chief defied the courageous Pappenheim when

he demanded its surrender. For several months he corresponded with the stout defender and tried to win the city council back to the side of the Catholics. But Falkenburg was loyal to Gustavus Adolphus, although a number of the more influential citizens begged him to give up the town without a defence. He had twenty-five hundred men and some citizen militia to man his works, which were strong. He laboured continually to make these stronger and threw up some high mounds of earth on either side of the river. These were mounted with cannon and were quite formidable. Relying on his ability to hold out until Gustavus Adolphus should come to his relief, he defied the impulsive Pappenheim and sent his ambassadors away with disdain.

The siege of this place was long and tedious; quite galling indeed to Pappenheim, who was of a fiery and impulsive disposition. Tilly had left him to blockade it while he marched to intercept Gustavus Adolphus and to delay his progress towards the relief of the town. But the Lion of the North was impeded in his advance by the Electors of the Provinces through which he had to pass, so Tilly turned against the ill-fated Magdeburg, bound to break through the very walls themselves and give the stubborn people a taste of his strength.

The part which Pappenheim played in this siege shows him to have been a man of the greatest force and courage. He was indefatigable in his attack on the defences. Some of these soon fell before his storming parties. The three earthen mounds on the river were taken; the inner earthworks were captured; and five hundred of the defenders lay dead in the débris. Pappenheim exposed himself in

the firing line repeatedly and led many of the attacks himself, but he seemed to have borne a charmed life and to be reserved for death at some other moment. His fiery courage inspired his men to deeds of the greatest bravery. They were a rough lot and it was rough work, but they were led by fearless men, and out-numbered the garrison by tremendous odds. There were twenty-five thousand men around the walls of Magdeburg and but two thousand five hundred defenders. The citizens began to despair when they lost the outer-defences, but they trusted to relief from Gustavus and kept on with a stout resistance.

Now Falkenburg was forced to burn the suburbs of the town in order to properly defend it. Pappenheim pushed him close and made tunnels and trenches in the ground which reached to the walls of the defences. Neustadt, a suburb, was abandoned by the citizens, and the garrison withdrew to the inner fortifications of the city. Magdeburg was doomed.

Heavy guns were brought to bear upon the walls and burning shot was hurled into the town. A sharp fire drove the defenders from the ramparts, while the indefatigable Pappenheim pushed his ditches under the very walls themselves. No one worked with greater zeal than he. He even seized a spade and pick, himself, and assisted his men in cutting through the earth. The cavalryman was now an infantryman. He was apparently inspired with the most tremendous zeal to capture the town. He was dirty, grimy with the powder, and singed with burning fuses, yet he enjoyed the affair as much as a game of racquets or polo. Like Jeb Stuart and Prince Rupert, this German

officer loved the sound of battle and was happiest when in action.

Breaches were now opened in the walls and one of the largest towers was demolished. Pappenheim tore out the palisades, placed several hundred ladders against one of the bastions, and prepared a party to scale the wall next day. The citizens fought with stubborn energy, fired hot balls upon the heads of the Imperialists, and endeavoured to rebuild the ramparts when they were torn down. But their powder began to get low; a number of their cannon exploded; and they realized that help from Gustavus Adolphus was far off. In this predicament a truce was declared, and a herald was sent from Tilly's army to treat with Falkenburg for the town's surrender. The troops were drawn off to a distance, and, as the siege guns were moved to the rear, the townsmen thought that perhaps Gustavus Adolphus was approaching. But this was not the case. At a council of war it was decided to storm the battlement next morn, at daybreak, for then the townspeople would be less active than at any other time, and, for the most part, asleep from the exhausting labours of the defence. To Pappenheim was to be entrusted the first attack and he was well informed where to find the weakest part of the wall, for Catholics within the town kept Tilly well posted as to the condition of affairs and secretly told him where to discover the least defence.

At daybreak — when most of the officers of guard were at a council debating whether or not to accept the demands of the Imperialist Commander, Pappenheim led the assault at two points on the wall. His men found a weak defence, pushed their way into the town itself, and

were soon cutting down the defenders in the streets. Falkenburg rushed from the council chamber with his officers, plunged into the fray and, for a time, stemmed the advance. But he was quickly disabled. Pappenheim's followers swarmed over the ramparts; opened the gates so that the rest of the army could get in; and soon all was over with Magdeburg. The city was given up to plunder and debauchery. Every soul within was massacred and the once prosperous community was burned to the ground. A great cathedral alone escaped to mark the wreck of the famous city.

What part Pappenheim took in the sacking of Magdeburg is not clear. We know that he did not set his face against the pillaging, nor did he apparently endeavour to stop it. To him was mainly due the fall of the fortress and there is no doubt that he felt justified in having his own share of the plunder, for these were rough times; the soldiers were rough men; and it would have been well nigh impossible to stop them from robbing the town. Pappenheim was not noted for the same purity of character that Gustavus Adolphus possessed, although he was equally great as a cavalryman and possessed a courage in battle quite similar to that of the great Swede. They were soon to meet in battle and a test of the relative strength of the armies under Tilly and under the Swedish King was to prove that the Northern Protestant fought with a courage quite equal to that of the Imperialists.

Tilly and Pappenheim now advanced north to Leipsic. Their progress was marked by fire and sword, for the wild soldiers under their command pillaged and burnt wherever they went. Telling the Elector that if he did not de-

liver the city to him it would suffer the same fate as Magdeburg, Tilly sat down before the gates and waited. In two days' time it was surrendered and the victorious troops marched inside. But the stay was to be short, for soon Gustavus Adolphus approached with his army, eager to avenge the sack of Magdeburg. So Tilly marched out to battle with him. They met on the fields to the north of the town, at Breitenfeld. The impulsive Pappenheim was on the left of Tilly's line, and was now in charge of his famous cavalry, which, mounted for the most part on black chargers, made a gallant display. They were eager for the fray, — too eager, in fact, for they had never lost a great battle. Pappenheim, himself, chafed at all delay and besought the more stolid Tilly to make an immediate attack and to break the spirit of the Protestants by defeating them in battle. The Catholic army was in a single line with twenty-six guns in the centre. The men were confident of success; had bound white handkerchiefs about their hats; and opened the hostilities with loud cheers for "Old Father Tilly," as their gray-haired General-in-chief rode down the line.

There was some skirmishing, as the Swedes came forward to the attack. The whole army wore green branches in their hats and the pass-word was "God is with us!" Gustavus Adolphus checked the advance in order to make sure that all was ready, while his artillery played upon the Imperialist line. Pappenheim's cuirassiers chafed under this fire and eagerly waited for word to attack. But Tilly was cautious and did not send it. Pappenheim, himself, grew so impatient that he could wait no longer. He gave the order to charge.

With colours flying and with the bright sun glistening from their steel trappings, his five thousand horse thundered down upon the Swedish right. It was the greatest division of cavalry then in existence and compared favourably with the columns of Napoleon. They galloped across the open plain, fired their pistols into the opposing line, and then charged, hoping to break the Swedish formations with solid steel. But this was not to be. The resolute followers of Gustavus Adolphus withstood their attacks with immense coolness; the horsemen were driven back. They re-formed and again charged. For a second time they were repulsed. Again they attacked, and were repulsed. They charged seven times. Then, as the impulsive Pappenheim rallied for a final onslaught, they were set upon by the Swedish cavalry. So furious was the counter stroke that the once invincible cuirassiers broke and fled precipitously. Their gallant leader was himself borne back in the *mêlée* and carried along in the rush of fugitives. He had suffered his first reverse.

Tilly's cavalry on the right flank had better success. They stampeded the Saxon allies of the Swedish King and broke them to bits. Old Tilly, himself, now rushed to the attack, but he was to meet his match. Before the sun sank his own cannon had been turned upon his men and they were broken in dispirited rout towards Leipsic and Halle. As the sun sank, Gustavus Adolphus knelt on the ground and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven, for the Protestant cause had triumphed in the first clash of arms.

From this battle to the great struggle at Lützen the army of the Swedish King had one series of successes. Tilly was badly shattered, both in nerve and in physique.

Pappenheim joined him shortly after Breitenfeld, gathered together the remnants of the army, and retreated south. Subsequently they separated and the gallant Count waged successful warfare against Tott, the ally of Adolphus, until compelled to retreat before heavy reinforcements into Westphalia. Here he waited until called to join Wallenstein, — now head of the Imperialist army in place of the gallant Tilly, who had died from wounds in battle.

The crafty Wallenstein had fought one bloody battle with Gustavus Adolphus, which had resulted in a victory for neither side. He had repeatedly refused to join in conflict, although personally challenged by the Swedish King. But eventually he had to fight. He had put off a passage at arms as long as he could, and his men were eager to test their strength with the northern conquerors. Pappenheim, himself, had repeatedly skirmished with Swedish detachments and had defeated them conclusively. Not one of the lieutenants of Adolphus seemed to be able to withstand his fiery impetuosity and valour. At Hildesheim he completely overthrew a well-tried Lieutenant of the Swedish army and captured the town. The Swedes retreated towards the lines of Gustavus Adolphus, and Pappenheim: the troublesome, was left in possession of the large and fertile region on which his rough followers levied tribute.

After much marching and counter-marching, Wallenstein finally took up a position on the field of Lützen. It was near Leipsic — on the highway leading to the town — and behind the sides of this road his men found a ready-made embankment. Pappenheim was not with him, but was warned of the impending conflict by a messenger. He

hastened towards the field of battle, but savage fighting commenced long before his arrival.

The Swedes first attacked and broke the left flank of the Imperialists. They were equally successful on the right, — but in the centre things did not go so well with them. A charge of cavalry shattered the line and the soldiers fell back in confusion. There was a dense fog over the battlefield which hid the confusion of the rout. But eventually Gustavus Adolphus saw the misfortune, and, at the head of some cavalry, dashed in to lead his men. He was shot through the body and killed, while his frightened horse galloped back into his own line.

Count Pappenheim had been hurrying to the scene of conflict and arrived with a portion of his command. He had come on the double-quick and came up just as the centre was in confusion. With a column of eight cavalry regiments—about six thousand men—he charged tumultuously upon the Swedish right wing. Up to now the troops had been victorious and were pushing everything before their line. But this tremendous charge broke them into bits. They turned and fled to their first position, while some fought steadily and kept the retreat from being an entire rout. The Swedish cannon hurled solid shot into the advancing horsemen.

Count Pappenheim—ablaze with the excitement of battle—was personally leading his men. He was in the thick of the fighting, sword in hand, and courageously galloping ahead of the line. But this, too, was to be his last fight. When the riderless horse of the great Swedish King was bearing the sad intelligence of his death to his faithful men, Pappenheim received a mortal wound. He

fell from his horse and was crushed in the press of galloping squadrons. Then he was discovered, and his retainers bore him tenderly from the field. This broke their attack. They hesitated, fell back, and the day was lost for the Imperialists. When night closed in upon the scene of bloodshed, two of the greatest fighting men in history were no more.

So died Count Pappenheim: the Troublesome:—rough soldier of a rough age. He was rapacious; crude; fiery; and impulsive,—a creature of the times. His followers loved him, for they were rougher than he and had not his intellect. His enemies feared him, for they appreciated his fiery zeal. His name justly deserves a position among the giants of this great religious struggle, and although he waged war with relentless heartlessness, he was a leader of cavalry of the first rank.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS: THE LION OF THE NORTH

[1594—1632]

GREAT military movements have been brought about in the world's history by many causes; through love of glory and renown by a single, powerful individual; through the desire for conquest by an ambitious nation; and through the unrest bred by religious upheavals and disturbances. The Thirty Years' War, which turned Germany into an armed camp and laid waste to thousands of happy homes; was because of differences in religious beliefs; and among those who fought and bled for the cause which they considered to be just; Gustavus Adolphus — The Lion of the North — had by far the most brilliant and interesting career. He was King of Sweden; leader of the Protestant forces in the great religious struggle in Germany; and — with Wallenstein, Tilly, and Pappenheim — the most prominent General who fought in the fierce contests which ravaged Europe, from the North Sea to the waters of the Danube.

Gustavus Adolphus was a Swede — the son of King Charles IX — a practical but, by no means, brilliant man, who ruled over rude and ignorant people, as stout and loyal in their allegiance to their sovereign as could be wished. They were earnest, deeply religious, and hard

working. They lived in a cold climate where the winters were hard and severe, so that the struggle for existence required strict attention to their daily labour; and they thus possessed strong and hardy bodies which soon became used to danger and fatigue when employed as soldiers in the army.

One day the young Prince Gustavus was walking with his nurse, in the wood.

“Do not go into the forest,” she said to her charge, “for there are tremendously big snakes there, and they will attack and sting you.”

But this did not seem to alarm the future sovereign.

“Just give me a big stick,” he said, “and I will soon kill all of them.”

This incident showed him to have a courage that was always remarkable — even in early youth — and a desire for conflict, that future years were to give him plenty of opportunity to gratify.

He was a diligent student, and, as his education was carefully guarded by his father and mother, he received every advantage that money could give. Under John Skytte; a clerk of the Supreme Court; and two German travellers who had temporarily sought situations at the Swedish palace; he was instructed in art; literature; the languages; and fencing. He was taught horse-back riding; he was shown how to jump his steed over obstacles; and was exercised in boxing and swimming lessons. It is said that he was unexcelled in gymnastic sports, and could even do that difficult feat, the giant swing; which only those of most lithe and supple muscles can accomplish. He could run fairly fast, was a good wrestler, and, al-

though of an exceedingly quick temper, in after years he learned the rare virtue of self control.

As was customary with the rules of court; there were reviews of the vessels composing the Swedish fleet, and upon one occasion he was taken to see the wooden vessels, as they were watched by his father — the King — and all the court. An officer of some rank asked him which ship he preferred among those before them, and he replied,

“Why, that one, over there.” Pointing, at the same time, to a large vessel which headed the line.

“And why do you choose that one, Your Royal Highness?” asked the officer.

“Because she has got the most guns,” answered young Gustavus, with a laugh.

And as the officer turned away, he remarked to a companion,

“He is a true Vasa. Fond of war-like things, as he should be. It is well.”

So proficient did young Gustavus become in the languages that he could express himself with considerable fluency in Greek; Latin; Dutch; Italian; Russian and Polish; and, of course, in the language of his country. He studied the art of military warfare; read deeply of Cæsar’s and Hannibal’s campaigns; and carried one book, “The Rights of War and Peace,” continually with him when he was in camp with the soldiers of the crown. Besides being a good student, he was a poet of considerable ability, and many of his poems upon religious subjects, are still sung in the churches of Sweden.

The future leader of the Protestant armies of the North was eleven years of age when he entered the army, and he

was soon busy with the routine and daily drill of a common soldier. He showed himself to be an excellent cadet, and quite eager to be allowed to participate in active campaigns. Because of the position which he was, one day, to assume; he was allowed to sit at the meetings of the ministry; and, through association with older heads than his own, learned much that was useful to him in after years. He was, even then, considered to have a wise head on his broadening shoulders; and was often allowed to add his word to those of the more aged counsellors. As Sweden was a small and unimportant country, it was beset by strong neighbours, upon every side. War was going on with Russia; the Danes were dreaded competitors in trade and commerce; and the King of Poland was intent upon securing the crown of Sweden for himself. So there was much to discuss at the meetings of the King's Cabinet and the training in statecraft was excellent for the young soldier.

When Charles IX died, in 1611, Gustavus Adolphus was but seventeen years of age, and therefore could not legally ascend the throne, as he was too young, and the law stated that a King should be twenty-four at the time of his coronation. But so beset was Sweden by her enemies, and so necessary was it considered by the King's ministers that the youth should succeed his father; that he was immediately crowned. The people of Sweden had little reason to regret this act, for he soon developed the most excellent ability as a leader, and brought far more glory to Sweden than it had ever had under his forefathers. He chose a young man as his prime minister, called Oxenstiern, and he was of such a prudent, far-seeing, and calm

disposition; that he well guided the destinies of the fatherland.

The youthful King had great personal beauty and his strength was far above the average. He delighted in military life, and, as a young man, showed that courage and hardihood for which he became famous. He was hard and strict in discipline and especially severe upon duelling. It is said that two officers came to him and requested that they be allowed to meet and settle their differences with the sword. He permitted them to come together, but attended the duel, himself, and said to the two soldiers, as, with sword in hand, they confronted each other: "Now, gentlemen, at it, and do not stop until one of you is killed! You know my dislike for this practice and that I wish none of it to go on in the army. Moreover, I have the provost marshal at hand, who will immediately execute the one who remains alive!" This was characteristic of his temperament, and in his first appearance upon the field of war — when the Swedish troops were battling with the Danes — he showed great coolness, and such a disregard for danger, that he frightened all who were associated with him. Frequently he would ride within firing distance of the enemy and scan their position through a field-glass, while the bullets whizzed by him on every side.

Gustavus was in charge of some forces in South-western Sweden, which were attempting to relieve the city of Kalmar — besieged by the Danes — when a letter fell into his hands, addressed to the Danish commander, by a general in charge of a detachment of the Danish army in Christianopol, and requesting that he dispatch five hundred horse to help him against the Swedes. With the

quickness that always distinguished him, the Swedish King at once prepared to make use of this lucky accident. He immediately dressed five hundred Swedes in the uniforms of Danish cavalymen; led them by a circuitous route to Christianopel; and appeared before the walls in the early gray of the morning.

"Who are you?" asked the sentry from the battlement, as the cavalymen were seen through the mist.

"The detachment of five hundred horse, which your commander has requested," replied Gustavus, in a loud voice, and in the Danish language.

"Glad, indeed, are we to see you," replied the sentry. "Wait, but a moment, and the gates will be opened to you."

And in a few seconds, the massive doors of the fortress swung clear to the jubilant Swedes, who rushed furiously into the fortification and soon had taken all the garrison prisoners.

Shortly afterwards this success was nearly counteracted by an accident which almost cost brave Gustavus his life. There was a battle with the Danes on the frozen surface of a lake, and the Swedish King was directing the movements of his troops on horseback. As the winters are severe and cold in Sweden, long marches were frequently made upon the frozen surfaces of the streams and lakes, while soldiers in the contending armies often had skirmishes and fights upon the thick ice. Gustavus had his horse sharp-shod, so that he would stand up upon the surface of the lake, and was galloping to direct the planting of a battery; when suddenly — and without warning — the ice gave way beneath his mount, and he

was soon struggling in the chill water. He was sucked under the surface, but soon forced his way to a corner of the break, where he held on until rescued by his men. The horse, too, was saved from drowning, while the gallant commander did not seem to mind his wetting in the slightest. He laughed at the affair and, after he had put on a clean suit of clothes, thought no more upon the accident which near lost him his life.

Before the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War in which Gustavus was to take such a prominent part, he was engaged in altercations with Poland (a country lying directly between Germany and Russia, and separated from Sweden by the Baltic Sea) and with Russia. During a two years' truce with the former country he transported an army to the present site of St. Petersburg, stormed a fortified city, called Pleskov, and reduced it to subjection. He then retired to his own land and succeeded in making a treaty which gave him a number of fortresses on Russian soil and also a considerable sum of money. His troops fought nobly in this campaign and exhibited good behaviour; obedience; and a cheerful courage and discipline. Regular morning and evening prayers were introduced by Gustavus, and he was the first man in Europe to have paid ministers, as Chaplains, with the army. Before every battle they prayed to Heaven that their success might be great, and, as the soldiers were all supplied with prayer books, they joined fervently in the service of God. The King, himself, took part in the religious exercise, and knelt upon the ground with his men. In this way his power with his troops became marked; he infused them with the same spirit which he, himself, possessed; and, as he was full of

zeal and energy, his strong-bodied Swedes became imbued with the same force. It was often said in Europe, that, "The Swedes do not defend their men with walls, but their walls with men," and this was a good tribute to the prowess of the Northern soldiers. They were big limbed, big fisted, and stout-hearted peasants, who feared no danger or suffering.

The Swedish cavalry, or cuirassiers, were mounted upon stout-bodied horses, and dressed in loose clothes of warm material; high hip boots; strong breast plates on the front and back of their bodies; and a steel cap upon their heads. They were armed with a long sword and a brace of pistols. They rode in two or more lines; and occasionally — when making a charge — in a single line. The King, himself, dressed in this fashion and frequently directed his own army in person, and exposed himself more recklessly than he should have done. The horsemen were placed upon the wings of the army; the infantry and artillery in the centre; and, in some battles, lines of cavalry were placed behind the infantry columns in order to check the retreat of the soldiers, should they be thrown into confusion. Gustavus was, in reality, a general of both Infantry and Cavalry; but he appeared always upon a horse; was more attached to his horsemen than to his slow foot-soldiers, and, if he had not been King, would have undoubtedly been the hero of more daring cavalry raids than Marion, Jeb Stuart, Sheridan, Pappenheim, or any of the great cavalymen of history. As a horseman he was known to all Europe, and as a General of such ability, that Wallenstein remarked, to the Emperor of Germany. "By all means help the Polish King to crush

him, for he is a terrible man, more courageous than our own Pappenheim, and a worse foe than the Turks, upon our southern borders."

After the successful conclusion of the campaign with Russia, Gustavus Adolphus started upon an invasion of Poland, for the Swedish Royal family had long had pretensions to the throne of that contry. So, placing an army of twenty-four thousand men in the holds of one hundred and fifty-eight vessels, he sailed across the Baltic; landed at the mouth of the Dwina River; and soon besieged the rich and imposing city of Riga. The Swedish King took personal command of the siege operations against the town, directed the planting of the artillery and the digging of entrenchments, and appeared continually in the midst of his men. He infused in them his own enthusiasm and zeal, so that they worked with a vim to lay low the pride of the Polish city. Deep tunnels were made beneath the walls of the battlements, in several places, and these were filled with gunpowder, ready to be exploded at a given signal; for Gustavus determined to wreck the walls in this manner, if the Mayor of Riga did not quickly capitulate to him. A relief army of ten thousand men marched to the neighbourhood of the doomed defenders, but this was easily defeated by Gustavus, and a part of the hostile forces were taken prisoners. So, at last, the garrison determined to surrender, for the artillery had been trained upon the town, and word had been sent that if the white flag were not raised by a certain hour, the walls would be totally destroyed by the explosions of the mines, and bombardment by the siege guns. This was a great victory for the Swedish King; it made him much feared by the Euro-

pean rulers; and, as he shortly afterwards forced Danzig to declare itself a neutral port, the Ruler of Poland made peace with the powerful Monarch of Sweden. The war of conquests was temporarily at an end.

Germany was torn with religious dissensions, at this time, and we have, to some extent, explained the causes of the beginnings of the Thirty Years' War, in the essay on Pappenheim. Gustavus Adolphus was a Protestant; his loyal subjects were Protestants; and he was heart and soul in favour of the Protestant cause in the religious strifes which turned Germany into an armed camp. At home the Swedish King was most popular. His people loved him; his ministry never failed to sustain him; and he had the hearty support of all classes of his subjects. He had never yet been defeated; he was eager for further military distinction; and, as he heard of Wallenstein's successes as a general of the Catholic league, and of the bitter defeats of the Protestant generals, his blood boiled to be in the midst of the hurly burly, and to be engaged in the fight for the religion of his country. But, before he joined in the religious war of Germany, he had grievances to settle with Poland; for the truce which had been declared, after the attack upon Riga, had been broken by the Polish ruler: King Sigismund. So — with twenty thousand men — Gustavus sailed for the mouth of the Dwina River and had soon captured the towns lying in the provinces which lay upon the seacoast.

It was now winter, and the soldiers were forced to march in freezing weather, which somewhat impeded their advance. The Swedish King — with true foresight — had equipped his men with fur-lined; waterproof boots;

oiled leather overcoats; and with thick stockings. They were warmly clad, and, like General Nelson A. Miles's troops in his campaigns against the Sioux, could fight in bitter weather with some degree of comfort. It was well that they were so supplied, for an army of thirty-six hundred cavalry and thirteen hundred foot, was soon marching to meet them, bent upon their defeat. But this did not terrify the brave Gustavus Adolphus. On the other hand, he welcomed the opportunity to again engage in battle; and so — although he had few cavalymen — he marched to meet the enemy, with full confidence in his ability to defeat this formidable array of military men. The two armies met at Walhof, January 16th, 1626, and the King of Sweden administered a severe and crushing defeat to the Poles; who lost sixteen hundred men and much of their baggage and artillery. They retreated in great confusion and Gustavus pressed forward to the town of Boizen, which he took with ease; and captured sufficient stores to feed his now hungry men, upon. He demanded peace — but peace was not to be had — so, leaving enough troops to hold what he had won, he sailed for Stockholm to get a new army and better equipment.

Returning with twenty-six thousand men on one hundred and fifty ships; he landed at the fortress of Pillau, and, when the Elector of Brandenburg — who owned the place — expostulated with him for seizing what was not his, Gustavus replied: "I am aware that you prefer to keep a middle course and not join either side, in this affair, but you must either hold on to me, or to Poland. I am your brother Protestant and have married a Brandenburg Princess. I will fight for you and defend this city of yours.

I have good Engineers and know a lot about the art of sacking towns. I shall defend this place against all Poland — or the devil, himself. My men, as you see, are poor, Swedish peasants louts, dirty and ill-clad; but they deal you lusty blows, and shall soon be given finer clothing which they will capture from their enemies.” So the Elector of Brandenburg said no more.

Gustavus Adolphus now advanced towards the South; seized all the towns which lay in his path; and marched upon Danzig; which was so well fortified that the Swedish King wished to reconnoitre. He went out upon the river in a boat — in order to more closely inspect the works — and while looking at the fortifications through a glass, was shot upon by a Polish soldier and severely wounded in the hip. Just before this, he had been almost captured by two Polish horsemen, who had caught him unawares, and when far away from his escort, while, a week before, he had been cut in the leg, when on a cavalry skirmish. So venturesome was he that he constantly placed himself in positions of peril, and when his Prime Minister expostulated with him for his want of care, he replied: “Alexander the Great told his men that they must despise all danger. What better fate could befall me than to die doing my duty as King, in which place it has pleased heaven to set me.”

The bullet which struck the King made a slight wound, but a few days later, he received another shot which nearly incapacitated him from further service. A Polish General of Cavalry drew near to relieve Danzig, and Gustavus headed a charge of his own cavalymen, which drove back the Polish horse through a village held by the artillery and infantry. While riding to inspect some batteries which he

had placed upon a hill, he was again hit by a bullet, which tore through his right shoulder, near the neck, and knocked him from his horse. He was carried back to his own lines and was placed upon a cot-bed in his tent, where a physician soon extracted the ball; but Gustavus could not lead his own army for some time thereafter.

The siege of Danzig dragged slowly onward, while a Polish army under Koniecpolski marched upon the town in the endeavour to break up the siege operations of the Swedish King. Seeing that the approach should be stopped; Gustavus sent a large cavalry force to watch the Poles, and to impede the operations as much as it could; but the detachment was ambuscaded by a squadron twice its size, and, although the Swedes cut their way out, it was only after they had lost a great portion of their troops. Then the Polish force hung upon the outskirts of the Swedish army and impeded the siege operations as much as possible, until Gustavus — irritated by these attacks — determined to deal this enemy a severe blow. So, leaving a portion of his own men to continue the siege of Danzig, he marched upon the Poles and met them not far from his own camp. There was a furious battle, but Gustavus won and captured three thousand men; four guns; and fourteen flags, while the defeated troops retreated in confusion down the river Vistula. It was a glorious victory, and one that made his reputation as a soldier greater than ever before. It would have settled the fate of Danzig, had not an extraordinary flood occurred, which so inundated the country, that the Swedes were unable to remain within their fortifications and had to give up the siege.

But Gustavus was not downcast by this failure and con-

tinued his active campaign against the Poles with the same perseverance as before. So successful was he, that he soon had whipped his opponents to a point where they were eager for peace, and, as France now intervened to stop hostilities, a six years' truce was declared, under the terms of which, Gustavus was to hold all that he had captured. The Swedish army had learned much from this campaign: it had been taught to put implicit confidence in its leader and King, Gustavus Adolphus, and it had been shown how to fight and march with speed. Wallenstein and Ferdinand — the General-in-chief and King of Catholic Germany — looked askance, but with arrogance, at the success of Gustavus, who had been asked to march into Germany in aid of those who championed the Protestant Cause. "So we have got a little enemy, have we?" Ferdinand remarked; and Wallenstein replied: "If that conceited Northerner shows his face in Germany, and attempts to do aught, I shall drive him — whom men call the Snow King — from our land, so badly whipped, that he will rue the day he ever put foot within our border." But the Swedish King now listened to the prayers of the Protestant, German Princes with a willing ear, and, at last determined to march to their assistance in the struggle with Ferdinand and Wallenstein; the rapacious and greedy.

For twelve years the war between the Protestants and Catholics had waged in Germany, and the entire country had been overrun by the forces of King Ferdinand; the Catholic King. The Protestants were disunited and broken: their armies had been so beaten and dispersed, that there was little resistance to the power of the Crown. Gustavus Adolphus was to champion a wrecked cause,

and one that was to receive no aid from France, Austria, or Russia. His motives were most worthy ones: he had no personal ambitions, and proposed merely to protect the interests of Sweden and Protestantism, and to obtain a footing for Sweden upon the southern shores of the Baltic sea. So, with an army of thirteen thousand men, and upheld in his course by his cabinet and country, he set sail in May, 1630, for what he considered a holy mission: the conquest of Germany for the cause of Protestantism.

The troops landed at the mouth of the Oder, without any opposition, and soon had taken several fortifications near the coast. Magdeburg — a rich and populous German city — declared in favour of Protestantism and the Swedes; so Colonel Falkenberg was sent to take command of the town and to put it in a condition of defence. Gustavus himself, embarked a considerable body of troops on vessels, for Magdeburg, and sailed away to take the Catholic stronghold; but a fierce storm arose and the troops were made so ill by the buffetings of the waves, that every sixth man was weak from sea-sickness, and the cavalry horses were unable to stand up. So the army was landed in boats and marched on *terra firma* towards the German frontier, through a country that was so devastated by Wallenstein's army that Gustavus had to feed the peasants with provender intended for his own troops. He paid in coin for everything which his soldiers ate, which was the exact opposite of the course pursued by those who championed the Catholic cause, who robbed and plundered all that they could.

Gustavus soon captured the town of Ribnitz and rested

from his serious labours, as the Catholics were gathering in force, and threatening his thin lines of communication. Wallenstein and he had never met, and, as the Catholic leader was now displaced by "Old Father Tilly," it looked as if he never would have the opportunity of clashing with this great Catholic. The Emperor of Germany had not only begun to fear the power of Wallenstein, but the people insisted upon his removal, as he allowed his troops the greatest license; and, wherever they had marched, they had plundered, burned, and pillaged. Strange to relate, a considerable number of Wallenstein's troops enlisted with Gustavus, for they were soldiers of fortune, and, when their occupation was gone with Wallenstein, they saw an opportunity for employment with the Swedish King. It made no difference to them where they fought as long as they drew rations and were kept busy. So they deserted the cause of King Ferdinand, like rats leaving an old ship, and soon had so depleted the Catholic army, that Gustavus had rather an easy time in his march of conquest. City after city fell before his well-directed attacks; the Imperialists, or Catholic armies, could do nothing with his well-trained men — who were excellent in both discipline and morals — and before long Gustavus had advanced so far into the German territory, that even so far south as Vienna, they dreaded his power, and shook with fear whenever his name was mentioned.

Gustavus Adolphus was now in the prime of life; vigorous; active; and without fear. He exposed himself recklessly in battle, and always rode with the van, or front, of the army. He was eager to know what was before him and was quick to seize the advantages of ground

and position. He never relied upon the judgment of his subordinates, but like Napoleon the First, saw everything for himself, and directed all of his movements personally. So keen was he and so fond of fighting, that his own spirit was infused into his men, who, after a time, came to have the same contempt for death that he, himself, possessed. Kind and generous in his impulses; Gustavus was always ready to recognize and appreciate gallantry. He would frequently thank his generals before the entire army, after they had performed some act of special bravery, and was free with his distribution of crosses and honours, when he felt that his men deserved them.

The Swedish Monarch had the iron will of the true soldier, and once convinced that he was right, nothing could bar him from the execution of his designs. He read daily in his bible and prayed fervently with his soldiers. When an offence had been committed, or a breach of discipline, he was summary and severe in inflicting punishment, to which the following incident bears good testimony. One day he received a number of protests from the peasants to the effect that his soldiers had been stealing their possessions — which was a breach of military discipline. On going to the camp — a little later — he saw a stolen cow in front of the tent of a petty officer, and seizing the man by the hair, he informed him that he was going to turn him over to the executioner.

“Come along with me, my son,” he said. “Better that I punish thee, than that God visit vengeance upon me and the whole army, for thy sin.”

Of all his opponents: Wallenstein, Tilly, and Pappenheim; he thought most highly of the last, for he possessed

the qualities of dash and quick decision, which he, himself, possessed. He was asked what he thought of Father Tilly, one day. "He is brave," he replied, "but old; he does not think and act with sufficient speed. He is only an old Corporal." Of Wallenstein he thought little because of his personal vanity and love of display. "He is a vain fellow," he remarked. "And I do not think that he could be loyal to anyone but to himself."

Gustavus Adolphus had now passed through the first months of war and his troops were in winter quarters. When spring came, Tilly and Pappenheim marched on Magdeburg;—the Swedish King was unable to come to its defence—and in the Fall, the town was sacked and burned to the ground. Gustavus felt this catastrophe severely, but it had been impossible for him to prevent it, as the Electors—or chief men of the provinces which lay between his army and Magdeburg—refused to allow him to cross their land to the assistance of the garrison. At the downfall of that proud city, the Catholics rejoiced and taunted the Protestants with their jeers; while many were cowed and disheartened by the awful fate of the once prosperous town. Gustavus fell back from his winter quarters and waited for Tilly to approach.

But the old Corporal did not meet him until months later, and not until he had been joined by Pappenheim: the Troublesome, with his cuirassiers. Together they marched towards Leipsic, where Gustavus waited the attack, reinforced by a Saxon army of considerable proportions. Leipsic capitulated to the Catholic army, but, as the forces of the North approached, Tilly marched out to Breitenfeld to measure arms with the Snow King, as

Gustavus was called. He was confident of victory, for he had a splendid army of veterans; he had never lost a great battle; and was eager to test his strength with that of the Swedes and Saxons.

In the essay on Pappenheim, we have seen how Gustavus won the day; how the fiery Pappenheim, unable to curb his tempestuous cavalymen; attempted to break the Swedish right, only to be met by such a check that he was forced to flee. How Old Father Tilly had looked upon this advance with perfect dismay, as he had not given the word to charge, and how the Swedes advanced, captured Tilly's guns, and turned them on the fleeing Germans; who had been totally unable to pierce the Swedish line. Tilly himself was three times wounded, and was carried from the field in the arms of his men, bitterly cursing the turn of his fortune.

As for Gustavus, he was at once recognized as the Protestant Hero, and those who had belittled him before now did nothing but praise his merits. Germany was filled with pamphlets to his valour, and pictures and medals of Gustavus the Great were struck off by the hundreds. Recruits flocked to his standard, while the spirit of the Swedes was tremendously heightened by the great victory. Gustavus was secure in his line of communication with the North; the electors of the neighbouring provinces had declared their allegiance to him; and so he moved confidently into middle Germany, making treaties with all the provinces which he crossed, and with all the free cities. His operations appeared slow and cautious; but they were sure. The Imperialists retreated before him, cursing him at every step, and furious at his success; for

Gustavus had risen to a height beyond being King of Sweden and had assumed the task of establishing, without question, the equality of the Protestant faith with that of the Catholic religion.

The Snow King (as Gustavus was called) would gladly have returned to Sweden, did not he feel that it was his duty to remain and protect the Protestants from the revenge of the Catholics which would surely come if his army were withdrawn. Speaking upon the subject, one day, he said, "Believe me, I love a comfortable life as well as any man, and I have no desire to die an early death. The Emperor would readily make a separate peace with me, to get me to return to Sweden; but I dare not leave so many innocent people subject to his revenge. Were it not for this, I would soon get me gone." He was warned of assassination, at the same time, for a priest was discovered in his room, one day, with a dagger concealed beneath his cloak; and wagers were frequently made that he would not live to leave the country. For this reason he was urged to keep a body guard around him, and was often asked by some of his generals, to allow them to do so, but, to all such requests, he would reply, "Then you would have me disregard the protection of God; like a coward. No, I will not hear of such a thing."

A few months later — after he had advanced with his army to the river Danube, in the South of Germany — he was riding out to make a reconnaissance of the works before Ingolstadt, when his horse was shot and fell from under him. A cannon ball struck the animal, just behind the place where the King's knee gripped the saddle, and, as he rolled upon the ground, Gustavus extricated him-

self with little difficulty and had soon mounted another charger. The news of this mishap reached the ears of all, and at dinner one of his generals requested him not to so recklessly expose himself in the future. But to this counsel, the King remarked: "I take God and my conscience to witness, as well as all the tribulations I am undergoing and shall undergo, that I have left my Kingdom and all I deem of value, solely for the security of my fatherland, to put an end to the fearful, religious tyranny that exists; and in order to replace the Protestant Princes and estates of Germany, in their rights and freedom, and to win for us all a permanent peace. As to my exposing myself upon the field of battle, remember the old adage, 'Whoso lives for honour must know how to die for the universal good.'"

In spite of the open-handed dealings of the Swedish King, many Princes of Europe did not trust him; for unselfish devotion to any cause was such a rarity, that no one believed him when he stated that his conquests were for the good of the Protestants, alone. When he arrived before the city of Munich, he said to the townspeople, "I could inflict on you the penalties of Magdeburg — but fear not, my word is worth more than your capitulation papers." In spite of this excellent treatment of the Germans, they were hostile and rebellious. The country people put every Swedish soldier to death, whom they captured away from the army; and tortured them severely. In Bavaria, prayers were said in all the churches, which ran, "God save us from our country's enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish devil." Preachers delivered long sermons against the invader, and besought the young men

to join the armies of King Ferdinand in order to check the advances of this alien. Even France became terrified at the victories of the Swedes and feared that a second Charlemagne had arrived who would soon invade the peaceful soil of that fruitful country, and annex the territory to the Swedish dominions. Furthermore, as Tilly—the rough and ready fighter—had been wounded so badly in a battle near Lech river that he had died, things looked most propitious for the Protestant cause.

But—at this juncture—Wallenstein again appeared: Wallenstein, the proud and presumptuous Catholic noble, who was so powerful that the German Emperor, himself, feared him and did not employ him for his service until forced to it by dire necessity. He had sulked in sullen retirement while Tilly had been endeavouring to defeat the armies of Gustavus, and, before he would again fight for the Emperor, he demanded the exclusive military power over all the territory in the hands of the enemy, and the right to dictate the plan of operations. King Ferdinand weakly gave in to these terms, and, with a following of cut-throats, robbers and plunderers; Wallenstein marched to attack the victorious Snow King, whom no one seemed to be able to stop in his onward progress, and who now confronted the army of the Catholics with a force one-third its size but of infinitely more activity. “There has been too much fighting,” said the Czech (as Wallenstein was called). “I will show the Swedes another method and one that will quickly wear the Swedish King to a shadow.”

So the Catholics would not fight, no matter how much Gustavus tempted them to battle, but sat down in front

of Nürnberg in the endeavour to starve the Swedish army into submission. The Northerners had fortified themselves in the town and advanced again and again into the open plain to challenge Wallenstein to fight, but he would not do so. Once Gustavus sent out three regiments of dragoons and cuirassiers to capture a train of three thousand wagons, on their way to Wallenstein's camp from Bavaria, and followed after them, himself, with three thousand horsemen. Wallenstein heard of the movement and dispatched four squadrons of cavalry; twenty companies of Croats; and five hundred foot soldiers to aid the convoy. They met the cuirassiers of Gustavus not far beyond the walls of the town, and the Swedish King attacked them with so much fury that not only was the wagon train captured, but also the troops which Wallenstein had sent to aid the safe passage of the stores within his lines. It was a great victory for Gustavus and never had he dashed into the fray with more fiery zeal than on that day. "He was like a meteor," says a writer of the period, "and risked his body along with the common soldiers. I saw him knock many a brave fellow from his horse, and deal some blows that a giant alone could have swung. He was a fury in the charge, and so cowed the enemy by his vigorous assaults that they fled before him like flies before the rain."

But hunger soon appeared in the camp, and although there were one hundred and thirty-eight bakers in Nürnberg, they could not bake bread fast enough to fill the hungry mouths of the army; for there were one hundred and twenty-five thousand souls within the city. Soon the dead lay in the street, with no one to bury them; while

lack of corn, hay, and oats, killed half the cavalry and artillery horses. The condition of the town was frightful and the soldiers began to clamour for a battle to relieve the awful monotony of their lives. Disease and hunger played havoc with the rank and file. The citizens of Nürnberg demanded that the Swedish army should depart, or they would all perish from starvation.

Spurred on by this appeal, Gustavus determined to once more endeavour to tempt the Catholic commander to battle in the open, so he again marched his troops from the town, hoping to draw the wily Wallenstein from his entrenchments. But the Czech would not budge an inch from his position and contented himself with shelling the Swedish army with a few of his cannon. Some small detachments were finally sent out from his lines to give battle with the Swedish advance, and a sharp skirmish was begun which ended in the retreat of the Catholic troops. This was all that Wallenstein would do. Impatient with this lack of fighting spirit on the part of the enemy, Gustavus (who was by no means as cautious as Wallenstein) determined to attack the Catholic forces in their entrenchments.

Next day at ten in the morning the Swedish foot-soldiers marched with great confidence against the fortifications in their front. They had stuck green boughs in their hats as a sign of cheerful courage, and, as they had stormed breaches on the torn walls of battlements, again and again, the well-manned walls in their faces did not inspire them with terror. As they approached the works of Wallenstein, the fire grew most deadly, many officers and men fell before the rain of bullets, and Gustavus had the sole

of his boot pierced by a ball. Still they kept on with vigour, and so terrified was Wallenstein that they would carry his works, that he launched a regiment of his cuirassiers upon the line. They were routed and dispersed while the foot soldiers stormed a height facing a castle in the Catholic lines and held it against the furious cannonading of the Imperialistic troops. For twelve long hours the fighting lasted, and when it was over, the Swedes lay down upon their arms, to renew the struggle upon the following day.

When morning came the attack was begun and all day the battle raged with fury. Night closed upon a field strewn with the dead, while Wallenstein was unmoved from his position. To him belonged the victory of the affair, while to Gustavus Adolphus belonged the honour. His men were not disheartened by the outcome. He, himself, understood his failure, and sat down to remain in this vicinity as long as there was any hope of again meeting the forces of the crafty Wallenstein, who still sat sullenly in his entrenchments; refusing to come out and fight, while his men starved by the thousands and the country side was made into a desert.

But Gustavus was eager for battle. A few days later he sent Wallenstein a challenge to march out and fight in the open, and at an hour specified in his note of challenge, he drew up his men in the plain in front of the Imperial camp. But Wallenstein would not move from his position; he could not be tempted to come out upon the plain, and did not even send an answer to the note of challenge. So Gustavus threw a few shells into the Catholic camp and then retired. "I have attacked the enemy's entrenchments and have been beaten back," he said, "but if I

could have only had old Wallenstein in an open field, I would have shown the world how well the Swedish army could have drubbed him." And shortly afterwards he retreated towards the North, hoping to, at last, draw the leader of the Imperialistic forces into a fight, where there was room to move the troops and cavalry, with no entrenchments to shelter the enemy behind.

Gustavus pushed his army (now half depleted through sickness and disease) into Swabia, and while conquering this country, discovered that Wallenstein was marching into Saxony,—a territory allied to the Swedes and to the Protestant Cause. The Catholic General swept all before him—took the city of Leipsic—and sat down to wait for Gustavus to attack him in this position. Pappenheim had brought up his marauders and cut-throats to add to the forces at his command, and the great Czech felt confident of success with the Swedish King. And he did not again wait to be attacked behind his entrenchments, but, advancing to the village of Lützen, placed his army across the highway leading to Leipsic, with the ditches along the sides of the roads in front of his lines, to act as fortifications in the same way that the old railroad embankment sheltered the Confederates in the second battle of Bull Run. Here Gustavus found his enemy, and here the two armies met in that mighty battle, the record of which will be for ever written bright upon the pages of history.

Wallenstein remained in the centre of his own lines, as he suffered so severely from gout in his feet that he could not mount his horse. He directed the movements of his troops from a litter and drew up his men in solid lines, as



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN

it was his purpose to fight a purely defensive battle and to hold the causeway for an entrenchment. Gustavus was mounted upon his black charger and was clad in a suit of dark clothes with no helmet and cuirass. A wound in his shoulder was so painful that it hurt him severely whenever he put on his armour, and, in spite of the requests of his generals, he refused to wear a breast-plate. He was eager for the fray, for, at last, after months of sparring with the enemy, he was to meet him upon open ground, where it would be possible to test the merits of army against army, under equal conditions. His men were keen as he was for the contest and were directed to endeavour to cut off Wallenstein from Leipsic and to capture the town by cutting to pieces the right wing of the Imperialists. The speech of the Snow King to his men was short and to the point. He rode out in front of the lines, after prayers had been said by the Chaplains, and a hymn: "Ein Feste Burg," (which he had written himself) had been sung,—and said, "Forward in God's name! Fight as you have never fought before. God is with us and our holy cause."

Gustavus, himself, headed his own cavalry, which were mounted on stout, cobby horses and armed with long swords and a double brace of pistols. Clad in cuirass, helmet, and strong leather boots, it took a good shot, or a well-directed sword thrust, to lay them low. They were powerful fellows; wiry; hardy; and tough. Battle was food and drink to them, and they loved a charge as a man of modern times, who has red blood in his veins, loves a steeple-chase or a fox-hunt over a country full of open fields and snake fences. It was ten o'clock before they

advanced to grapple with the enemy, for a dense fog lay over the plains in the early morning which burned off at this time, and, after a sharp artillery duel (similar to that on the last day of Gettysburg) the Swedes advanced to go in to the enemy and fight hand-to-hand.

On the right, the cavalry squadrons — headed by the King — dashed into the black horsemen of General Piccolomini, and soon a furious struggle began. But, although they fought like heroes, the tough and hardy Imperialistic Cavalrymen were not strong enough for the Swedish horse. The columns of the enemy broke before the onslaught and retreated across the rolling plains, hacked to pieces as they went by the keen and courageous Swedes. Wallenstein was furious with anger as he watched this retreat and moved about so restlessly in his litter that he had to be placed upon the ground. Nor was he any more pleased when he saw the Swedish cavalry on his right flank penetrate his own lines and send his own cuirassiers galloping in confusion to the rear. In the centre the infantry of the Snow King advanced upon the roadside ditches; drove Wallenstein's musketeers pell-mell out of their entrenchments, and captured the battery of artillery in the centre of the line. The first attack of the Swedes had been a great success, and all looked bright for the soldiers of Gustavus.

As is always the case when soldiers are victorious, the Swedish infantry became strung out and somewhat disorganized when they pushed the Imperialistic foot back, across the hills. Wallenstein saw this, and immediately ordered some cavalry regiments — held in reserve — to charge the victorious Swedes as they came exultantly on-

ward. With a wild cheer of defiance, several Imperialistic cavalry regiments swept down upon the Swedish foot like a torrent. They broke the disorganized infantry brigades; forced them backwards; and although they had captured one battery; it was retaken. Some of the reserve cavalry regiments of the Swedes dashed to the rescue. A furious and sanguinary hand-to-hand fight took place in the centre of the field, and, in spite of all that they could do, the troops of Gustavus began to waver and break. It looked as if their first success would be turned into a dire defeat.

At this stage of the battle Gustavus was still employed in driving the cavalry regiments before him, on the right. Sword in hand, he was just as seriously engaged in the fray as any of his soldiers, when a courier dashed up to him.

"Your centre is breaking, O King!" he said. "You must do something, at once, or else our victory will be turned into an utter defeat."

Gustavus wheeled his black charger and looked in the direction of the central line.

"It is as you say," he gasped, as he saw the confusion of his troops. "I will come at once, and with my cavalry."

Placing himself immediately at the head of the Smaland cavalry regiment and raising his sword aloft to urge on his men, he galloped in the direction of the centre. He was over-eager; over-zealous; over-impetuous; and in the fog which was slowly drifting back upon the field, he rode well out in front of his men. Heading towards the place where he expected to find his infantry; he dashed

along; confident that he would soon rally his beaten squadrons, and that the temporary rout would soon be turned to victory. Suddenly he rode into a body of cavalry, — they were Imperialists.

“Who goes there?” called one. “Friend or foe?”

Gustavus did not answer, but swerved his horse, and attempted to gallop away in the direction of his own army. A shot rang out in the mist. It struck the noble monarch in the bridle arm, but it did not stop him. Another shot sounded through the dense vapour, and a bullet pierced the Snow King through the body. He fell headlong from his horse, and the riderless animal dashed into his lines and warned his devoted followers of the loss of their beloved leader.

There was now a lull in the battle, and when the King’s charger ran into his own troops, the men were furious at the loss which they had sustained.

“Revenge,” they shouted. “Revenge on Wallenstein, the German dog. Revenge for Gustavus the Noble!”

They re-formed; again pressed forward; and in the fog and gathering darkness, the two armies struck, and fought, and bled, in terrible confusion. Pappenheim — the great Imperial horseman — had been killed in a cavalry charge, and his men, too, were keen for revenge. The cavalry on the wings fought doggedly; the infantry in the centre struck out with pike, rapier, and halberd; and thousands gave up their lives upon that bloody field. When night fell the ground was strewn with corpses, and both sides rested upon their arms, sullen and stern at the dreadful losses of the day; and determined to renew the conflict in the morning. But, when the sun burned off the morning mist

Wallenstein's mighty army was in full retreat and the relics of his once proud columns were straggling into Bohemia. To the Swedes was given the field of battle, but it could not repay them for the loss of Gustavus Adolphus. The whole army mourned him, and was so dejected at his untimely death, that it had neither the heart nor the courage to follow up its hollow victory.

So died Gustavus Adolphus; the Lion of the North; one of the greatest Captains of History and a man of tremendous force and personal courage. He left one of the cleanest records of the ages; he led one of the most successful armies which the world has ever known, and when his soul went out upon the bleeding sod at Lützen, the mighty army under his command was like a ship without a rudder. His lieutenants endeavoured to carry out his system and his plans; but there was not one who was equal to the task. Soon a truce was declared and the glory that had once been Sweden's, melted away into nothingness, and it has remained in such a condition for ever since. No second Gustavus Adolphus has ever arisen, who could duplicate the deeds of the Peerless Lion of the North.

PRINCE RUPERT: THE IMPETUOUS.

[1619—1682]

EVERY war has its heroes. Among the vast numbers of combatants there are a few whose valour shines above the rest and whose names adorn the pages of history. Prince Rupert is one of these. A prince of Germany and descended from a noble line of ancestors, his name appears most brilliantly in the records of that warfare which unseated Charles the First of England and led to the accession of Oliver Cromwell to the chief executive command. As a leader of light horse his great ability will always be recognized. An impulsive man: as high tempered as a thoroughbred; impetuous; daring; imaginative; he had every quality of mind that is requisite for a leader of cavalry. Had he possessed more caution it is possible that his fame as a general might be more secure.

Three portraits of the German Prince have come down to us from the past. The earliest is by Van Dyck and was painted when Rupert made his first visit to England in the year 1635. The picture still hangs at Coombe Abbey, the country house of gallant Lord Craven. It shows Rupert to be a handsome young man; tall and thin, with a frank, open expression. His face is oval and nose extraordinarily long and aristocratic. As was the custom of the



PRINCE RUPERT



period, a thick mass of curls hang on either side of his head. He is richly dressed as befits the rank of a nephew of the King of England.

The second is by Dobson, painted at the time of the Cromwellian war, and labelled, "The Most Illustrious and High Born Prince Rupert, Prince Elector Palatine of the Rhine, Second Son to Frederick King of Bohemia, General of His Majesty's Army, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, etc." As is to be expected, the years of stress and storm have left their mark upon his countenance. Where — in the first portrait — the face shows no lines of care or sorrow, in the second the expression is one of dogged sullenness. He is thinner than before and more careworn. His mouth has a hard look about it and his eyes are melancholy. A tangled mass of dark hair hangs on either side of his hollow cheeks and the curls of youth are no longer here, for the man of experience has taken the place of the careless boy.

Again there is a third portrait of this dashing blade. It is by a German artist, Kneller by name, and painted at a still later date, when Rupert had matured into a man of middle age. He is more haggard than before and deeper lines are about the mouth and chin. Yet the expression is more pleasing than in the second picture, and shows that in later years he could smile at the battles of the past. Time has mellowed his impetuous nature and softened the dogged spirit to a mature cynicism. These three pictures are a perfect portrayal of the man's life: the first part was joyous; care free: the second full of danger, recklessness and excitement; the third and last was quiet and reflective. It was a man's life, — well spent and full of that

excitement and action which those of a vigorous temperament enjoy.

Rupert was born in Bohemia in 1619, — the son of Frederick V, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I and of Anne of Denmark. Germany was then in the throes of the Thirty Years' War, — a terrible strife in which thirty thousand villages were destroyed, five hundred thousand men, women and children were butchered, and whole provinces were wasted. When Frederick V assumed the title of King of Bohemia, he brought upon himself the wrath of Ferdinand, the German Emperor, who claimed Bohemia as his own province. To maintain his position, it was necessary to fight, for Ferdinand quickly organized an army and sent it against him. But Frederick could gain no allies. He was badly defeated at Prague and was forced to flee precipitously; leaving his young son Rupert behind him. Had it not been for his chamberlain, the Baron d'Honal, Rupert would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Luckily for him, he was picked up, tossed into a carriage, and driven after his father upon the gallop. He caught up with him at Breslau in the old castle of Custrin, where the night was passed. Certainly a haphazard escape for the little boy and a characteristic beginning of a romantic life.

Soon Rupert was to be alone in the world, for his poor father — deprived of all position and power — died, literally of a broken heart. He was allied both in sympathy and fortune with Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and could not survive the news of his tragic death. We have no clear record of Rupert's youth after this. We know that he attended the University of Leyden and

gained a smattering of education, but whether he graduated, or not, there is no method of deciding. At any rate he was a great favourite, showed a strong liking for things military, and was said by an admirer to be able to command a regiment when only fourteen years of age; for, at this time, he served as a private among the Prince of Orange's Life Guard in the war between Spain and Holland, and, although the war ended abruptly, Rupert seems to have won well-merited praise for his service. On more than one occasion, he was patted on the back by the older officers and informed that he had done his duty like a fine, old soldier.

But now Rupert was to visit England, the land in which his military fame was to be made and where he was to gain that renown from which he is world famous. As Charles the First, the reigning monarch, was his uncle, his introduction at court was under the pleasantest auspices. He was popular with all, for his personal beauty and winning ways were most engaging. Made an honorary Master of Arts by the Oxford University, he was entertained royally both there and at many country houses which he visited with the King, where there were boating parties on the river, hunting in Windsor or Richmond Forest, and many another diversion. The happy hours went only too rapidly by for the youthful Rupert.

But the time soon came when duty demanded that he should return to Holland. "Would that I could break my neck in the hunting field and leave my bones in England," he said to his Uncle, the King; upon the day of parting. Little did he think at the time that he would come near leaving them there but a few months later, for

cruel war was brewing in England and before many more days the quiet countryside would resound with the clash of arms and the shouts of infuriated men.

On returning to Holland Rupert found a war already in progress. The Prince of Orange had opened hostilities upon the Palatinate and was besieging the town of Breda. Here the young Prince was put in charge of several forlorn hopes, and displayed a reckless courage which won the admiration of all the rough soldiers of the Dutch army. Although constantly exposing himself under the most gruelling fire, he escaped all danger and came through this severe fighting without a scratch upon his person. Breda fell and Rupert returned to the Hague, determined to raise a force of his own and join in the campaign which was to be waged against the German Imperialists.

Before long he had three regiments of cavalry, one of guards, two of dragoons, and a small force of artillery. Count Königsmark was in command of this small army of 4,000 men and Rupert was put in personal charge of one regiment. Full of zeal, this tiny force marched forth to battle against some of the most powerful troops of the Continent. The reckless courage of Count Königsmark seemed equal to that of the black-haired Rupert. First they attacked a fortress at Rheims. The garrison was dispersed by Rupert's regiment, when they had marched from their fortifications into the open, but, called onward by Königsmark, the entire army was soon engaged with a much superior force. With courage and abandon, Rupert rode to the attack. His horsemen penetrated to the very centre of the Imperialistic line. It seemed as if they would win the day, until a fresh force appeared upon

the field, came up upon his flank, and hemmed the victorious horsemen in a cordon of steel. Rupert's plight was desperate. He fought hand-to-hand with several adversaries. His sword was broken at the hilt and his enemies attempted to cut down his charger. But forcing his way between the many soldiers that surrounded him, the gallant Prince galloped his horse to a wall and attempted to leap him across to a place of safety. Alas! his horse could not jump the obstacle on account of a large sabre cut in his chest. Rupert was thrown heavily against the wall; in a moment more he was surrounded and overpowered, and his first battle had ended disastrously.

Sent to the fortress of Lintz on the Danube, there he was confined for three years. It was a tedious time for a man of such restless spirit, yet he passed the weary hours in drawing and painting. The talented Aristocrat made such a favourable impression upon his gaolers that, after a year of captivity, he was allowed considerable freedom. The Emperor of Germany's brother, (the Archduke Leopold) was so much pleased with him that he was granted many privileges. He was even permitted to play tennis and to be away from his prison for some days in hunting expeditions with his inseparable companion at this period of his life, a beautiful white dog called Boy. This faithful animal was presented to him by Lord Arundel and followed him to many a camp and battle-ground until at last he met his death at the bloody field of Marston Moor.

When he was eventually set free he found that another war had begun. The tradesmen; shopkeepers of the town; the yeomanry; a considerable number of the coun-

try gentlemen; and a few of the nobility in England, had formed a political party in opposition to King Charles. Upon his side were the nobles, the clergy and a majority of the country gentlemen. Those who favoured the King were called *The Cavaliers*, while those who opposed his policy of government were derisively named *Roundheads*, from the Puritan fashion of wearing closely cropped hair. Charles had angered his people by governing the country as an irresponsible despot, levying taxes by his own orders, and imprisoning such persons as were obnoxious to him. How long the sober English people would have borne this tyranny it is impossible to say, but events soon came to pass which precipitated a struggle.

After various altercations with Parliament, King Charles finally committed a despotic act intended to overcome the refractory Commons. He demanded the surrender of five of the most troublesome members, on a charge of treason; and, as they were not given up on the following day, the King went to the House of Commons, accompanied by a considerable number of armed men, with orders to seize them. They were kept away by other members. This infuriated the King beyond measure, but it angered his subjects still more, for, by this overt act, Charles had insulted the nation.

There was now great indignation on both sides. A bitter controversy waged between the King and the Commons, which became so acute that the members of Parliament demanded that Charles should give up the command of the Army. With kingly disdain, he refused to do this. Thus Civil War became inevitable.

Rupert sailed for England, determined to enlist under

his uncle's banner, but he came near not fighting at all, as some ships belonging to the Roundheads surrounded the vessel which he was on. But they ran in a fog which allowed the prince's vessel to reach shore in safety; and thus Rupert was soon on his way to join the King.

While riding to meet his uncle Charles, his horse threw him, dislocated his shoulder, and gave him such a severe shaking up that he was disabled for three days. But he determined to press onward to see the King in spite of intense pain in his body. Reaching him at Leicester Abbey, he was given an immediate appointment as "General of the Royal Horse," a company of but eight hundred men. Although few in numbers, they were intensely loyal to their King, a sentiment which stirred the fiery soul of Rupert with burning fervour, for he was devoted to his uncle and threw himself heart and soul into the work of raising and equipping an army to repel the advance of the Puritans.

During the next month, Rupert scoured the country for recruits to the Royal Standard. He was, at this time, twenty-three years of age; tall; vigorous; agile. His dark hair flowed gracefully over the wide collar of his scarlet coat and his eyes blazed with the zeal of his fiery nature. Followers flocked to the standard of this gay young blade, at once attracted by his manners and his person. So great was his success, that finally he joined the King with over three thousand horsemen, well mounted, well equipped, bright with shining mail and crimson cloaks. Naturally the arrival of this body of troops cheered up Charles tremendously, for his spirit was weighed down with the cares and responsibilities of war. Bad news came thick upon

him, as the Puritans were collecting a far greater army than he had thought they could gather. A sinister omen, too, had attended the initial raising of his standard, for it had blown down when first unfurled. Again it had been raised by willing hands and again a fierce wind drove it to the turf. Finally it was carried to the turret of a castle and lashed securely to the flagstaff, but the effect of this evil sign had worked upon the sensitive mind of the King. It required much cheering talk from Rupert to lighten his drooping spirit.

As for the feelings of the chief of cavalry, these seem to have never been more bright. For he even penetrated the enemy's line in disguise and brought off much needed information. One day he came upon an apple vendor driving a cart into his own line. Giving him a guinea, he put on his dirty cap and smock, seated himself in the wagon, and drove into the Puritan camp. There he stood up inside and cried out loudly that he had apples for sale. The Roundheads flocked around him and soon he had disposed of all his stock. Then, with a very clear idea of the disposition and numbers of the enemy, he turned about and drove to his own army. "Go tell them that Prince Rupert sends his compliments and wishes to inquire how they liked the apples which he sold them," he said to the apple vendor, and sent him back to the Roundhead army.

When this occurred it was October. King Charles had 10,000 men at Nottingham, while Essex, leader of the Puritans, confronted him with a force not quite so large. The Puritan army was weak from lack of proper cavalry and the soldiers were not fired with the same zeal that inflamed the troops of the Royal army. But there was

jealousy among the Generals under King Charles and some insubordination. Pushing forward with determination and zeal, the rival factions met at Edgehill. They came together on Sunday, about mid-day. Church bells pealed on either side of the valley, where the steel-clad warriors met. The Puritans chanted hymns and prayed fervently before the actual conflict, while the Cavaliers shouted in defiance and cheered for Rupert and the King. Soon the cannon began to roar and the muskets cracked. Rupert with his waving plume and crimson cloak, rode down into the valley at the head of his horsemen. They were burning for the fight. "Charge," he called, and, with a great cheer, his soldiers fell upon the Puritan horse collected on the right flank. They broke and fled precipitously, while Ramsay, their chief, galloped away in dismay. On, on, flew the Cavaliers in pursuit, cutting down the Roundheads to the right and left. They chased onward to the baggage-train and here were forced back by the determined resistance of two regiments of infantry. The victorious Cavaliers were scattered by now and they had no alignment; a misfortune which lost the day for the King.

For although the Royal horse on the left wing, had, with headlong fury, driven the opposing troops before them; the centre of the Puritan Army, including a troop under the famous Oliver Cromwell, had stood up triumphant. They pressed upon the King, whom they now outnumbered; and forced his men back in disorder. So when Rupert returned, sure of victory and hoping to find the King pursuing the enemy, to his dismay he found him surrounded by a few noblemen and defending himself

with desperation. Dead and dying were thick upon the field, over which darkness was falling. Soon night put an end to the fighting. When day dawned, the armies lay watching each other, neither daring to open hostilities, and at nightfall, Essex withdrew his forces, leaving King Charles in possession of the field.

It is clear that had Rupert displayed less impetuosity in this first battle and had he not allowed his cavalymen to become scattered, after the first charge, he might have won the conflict for the King. But these were always his tactics. Had he at any time left a reserve behind him, he might have been able to collect sufficient force to make a counter stroke. Unfortunately for his reputation as a cavalryman, his impetuosity was too great. Yet the picturesqueness of this man would have been far less had he had more caution.

Charles moved to Oxford, where he established his court, while Rupert scoured the neighbouring country and had repeated brushes with the enemy. Finally he made up his mind to take the town of Brentford, which was well protected by barricades. Hampden's and Holles' troops held it and were continually on the watch, so Rupert collected his men one foggy morning and made a dash upon the fortifications. His soldiers forced their way across the barricades, fighting like very devils. Rupert was in their midst, his red cloak fluttering in the breeze and his cheeks flushed with excitement. The defence was stubborn, but nothing could stem this onslaught. By nightfall, the town was in the hands of Prince Rupert: the impetuous. Five hundred prisoners, eleven stand of colours and fifteen guns were in his possession and he would have had more

had not an order from King Charles soon recalled him. The troops retreated slowly, while Rupert, with characteristic bravery, was the last to cross the bridge which led from the town. Thus ended the closing engagement of that year. The first months of conflict had been unsatisfactory enough for the royal cause.

Not long afterwards, a body of troops commanded by Lord Essex passed through the dense forest near Newbury in order to make an attempt to capture King Charles. As the soldiers rode carelessly along they laughed and joked with one another. Their horses' hoofs made little sound on the soft moss of the forest and the clinking of their armour plates was musical to the ear. Little did they suspect the presence of an enemy, when suddenly, and without warning, red-cloaked horsemen dashed out upon them. With a wild yell, they were beset on all sides by Rupert's soldiers. They drew sabres and attempted to repel the attack, but they were forced to take flight. The King escaped and Rupert was again the hero of the hour, for by his keenness and quickness of action he had saved his sovereign's head.

Now, after many sharp skirmishes, occurred the fight at Marston Moor: a battle which resulted in disaster for the Cavaliers. Oliver Cromwell, leader of the Puritan troop, by his own efforts, had much improved the cavalry of the Roundhead Army. Prince Rupert had not yet met horsemen whom his own men could not scatter, and he entered this battle with most supreme confidence in his own ability. The army of the Parliament outnumbered that of the King by fully a thousand men. It was drawn up in a commanding position with the cavalry under

Cromwell and Leslie on the left, and reserves of foot and horse in the rear under gallant Lord Fairfax. The day was a hot one, for it was the 2nd of July, and dense, black clouds shrouded the light of the sun. Peals of thunder growled ominously. The air was filled with shouts from the eager Cavaliers and hymns of praise from the resolute Puritans, before the battle commenced. Rupert himself was serenely confident in his success. He pointed to the enemy's line and said to a prisoner. "Is Cromwell there? and will he fight? E'gad if he will, there will be fighting enough as my arm is aching for a blow at him."

"He is there and will give you all the fighting that you wish, Sire."

"Then take this message to him," said the Prince, turning to one of his men. "Tell him that I wish to measure strength with him."

Oliver Cromwell heard the message and a scowl gathered on his countenance.

"Go tell your master that if it pleases God we shall fight," he said.

Rupert laughed, as the message was announced, and putting himself at the head of his cavalry, waved his sword aloft and called upon his men to follow. It was seven in the evening, for neither side had dared attack before this. The Roundheads had made the first movement and were now advancing across the moor, chanting psalms, and showing a bold and resolute front. Rupert's men crashed into a Scotch battalion and hurled them back, panic-stricken and afraid. But the flight was not to be like that at Edgehill. The troops rallied behind the cavalry of Oliver Cromwell which just then came up, and these

charged furiously, brandishing their broadswords and evincing a courage quite equal to that of the Cavaliers. For the first time in the history of the war, Rupert met with a serious check. He had, as usual, left no reserve behind to aid his men should there be a reverse. Cromwell, on the other hand, had a regiment of Scotch cavalry in reserve, and these he hurled upon Rupert's horsemen. The Cavaliers were driven back in disorder. They were pursued by the leading troops, while Cromwell gathered a greater portion of his cavalry and fell upon the right wing of the Royal army. He was successful and his star arose triumphant upon the blood-stained field of Marston Moor.

Rupert, believing that the victory was won, returned to the battle-ground and reined in his horse on the crest of a hill. There below him, he saw Cromwell, blood-stained and without his helmet, cheering on his men to renewed effort. They were beating back the King's troops and driving them relentlessly onward. The dead and dying covered the plain, and hoarse shouts of victory sounded above the crash of arms. He saw King Charles attempting to rally his men for a last charge, but an attendant seized the bridle-reins of his horse and turned his head away. Prince Rupert spurred to his side and rode with him from the field. Night was closing in upon them and the wreck of the Royal Army was in a disorderly confusion.

Four thousand of the Cavaliers had fallen. Their losses in guns, ammunition, and camp equipment had been very great. Yet the defeat had not been a total rout, for the Roundheads had lost so heavily that they were unable to follow up their advantage. As at the battle of Gettysburg, the winners of the fight were in such a crippled condition

that the advantage could not be maintained. In spite of this, the moral effect of the victory had been great, and from that time onward, the cause of King Charles and his Cavaliers was doomed to disaster.

Prince Rupert had lost his favourite friend at the battle of Marston Moor. Poor "Boy," the white hound, had been ridden down by the cavalry and crushed beneath the hoofs of a horse. This devoted companion had followed him through all the vicissitudes of the campaign, and was constantly by his side. It is said that the gallant Prince felt his death even more than he did the loss of the battle, for with characteristic light-heartedness, he looked for better times in the future, and did not worry over the result of the bitter struggle.

But better times were not to come for Rupert and the King. There were temporary successes in the West of England, where a small army under Essex was hemmed in and captured, and at Leicester, which was besieged; taken; and sacked. In spite of these triumphs, on June 14th, 1645, their forces met defeat on the field of Naseby. The fight was a fierce one: quite as fierce as at Marston Moor, and the slaughter was even greater than before.

In this affray, the army of the King consisted of about ten thousand men and that of the Roundheads was a bit larger. It is estimated that fully fourteen thousand troops were opposed to Charles and Prince Rupert. The infantry on each side was in the centre. Cromwell with his cavalry was on the right-wing of the Roundhead Army, and Ireton, with his horse, on the left. Sir Marmaduke Langsdale's position was to the left of the King's forces; with Rupert on the right. Thus the Prince was not opposed

to Cromwell, as at Marston Moor, and it was well for him that he was not; for Cromwell was more than a match for this impetuous horseman.

The battle began with an attack by the Royal Army, for the King believed that the enemy was in full retreat. The Roundheads waited until their opponents had descended from the hills on which they stood and then shouted, "God is our strength," as they advanced to the fray. Rupert's cavalry, with the battle-cry of "Queen Mary," also rushed to the charge. Ireton's horse gave way before them like chaff before the wind. The General himself received a severe wound and became a prisoner, only to escape afterwards in the *melée*. Rupert was in the centre of the fray, urging his men to renewed feats of valour, and brandishing his gleaming sword aloft in an ecstasy of delight, for he loved a good fight. Ireton's division was cut to pieces and the Cavaliers dashed upon the reserves in the rear of the army and captured a number of cannon.

Of course the gallant Prince hoped that all had gone as well in other portions of the field as with him. But such was not the case. The infantry of the King had to march up a steep incline in order to close with the enemy, and they were subjected to a murderous fire as they approached. Their ranks were shaken in the assault. Seeing them waver, Oliver Cromwell ordered an advance and swept down upon them with overwhelming strength.

King Charles saw, with dismay, that he was defeated. In the moment of despair, he seemed eager to meet a warrior's end and pushed forward into the fight. But the Earl of Chatworth seized his bridle rein and stopped him. "Will you go to your death, Sire?" he asked. "Yea,"

replied the King, "It is well that I were dead on the field." But in spite of this heroic remark he weakly allowed himself to be led away from his struggling men, who likewise began to fall back from the enemy. The majority gave up all for lost. They retreated sullenly, fighting every inch of the way, and giving Cromwell's troopers rough usage in their victorious advance. Rupert came back from his own gallant charge, re-formed his men, and attempted to stem the flood. But Cromwell now charged home with both cavalry and infantry. So fierce was he that the Royalist troopers fled before the onslaught. The Roundhead leader pushed after the retreating foe and for twelve miles kept touch with the fugitives. Five thousand of the King's men were either killed or captured while the dead extended over a distance of four miles. All the King's artillery was taken, while nine thousand stand of arms, one hundred stands of colours, and two hundred gun carriages, fell into the hands of the Roundheads.

Rupert joined the King as they left the field, and halted with him on a hill. Looking back, they saw the valley filled with a raging torrent of men and horses, while the banner of the Roundheads flaunted victoriously in their faces. From that awful sight, the two sad Royalists turned away and rode dejectedly into the gloom. The decisive blow of the war had fallen.

There was some fighting after this in spite of such a terrible defeat. Rupert was soon in command of a considerable force at the town of Bristol, with orders to defend it against all hazards. He was besieged by Lord Fairfax with a goodly number of Roundheads whose hearts were burning with zeal for their own cause. Fairfax intended



PRINCE RUPERT AT THE ASSAULT OF BRISTOL

to starve out the gallant Prince, but Cromwell wrote him a stirring letter counselling an assault. The place was gallantly defended: as gallantly as one might expect from a man of Rupert's courage and heroism. But nothing could withstand the fiery zeal of the invaders. They effected an entrance at the very gate itself and secured a footing on the inner battlement. Scaling ladders were rushed into use and the doughty Cromwellians were seen by the defenders to have them at their mercy.

So a council of war was held by those inside and it was decided that, in view of the fact that no assistance would reach them from the King, it was well to capitulate. Further resistance could of course have been made, but it would have been with great loss of life.

The council of war was composed of several men besides Prince Rupert, yet when King Charles heard of this affair he was furious with rage. He first threatened to have his nephew brought to a court-martial and even put a friend of his in jail because he was Rupert's personal admirer. He wrote a severe letter to his great leader of cavalry, ordered him to leave the country, and revoked all the Commissions which he had received from him. His rage seemed to be insatiable.

It was only very natural that Rupert should now endeavour to become reconciled to his uncle. He was devoted to him; had risked his life in a hundred engagements for him; and had always been his loyal and enthusiastic follower. He was determined to find his royal master and to settle the matter by a personal interview, for he alone had not surrendered Bristol and he felt that he should not be held responsible for the disaster. His decision to sur-

render had been forced by the other general who had been cooped up with him in the town. So, with a body of eighty followers, he rode at Banaburg; was there joined by Prince Maurice; and then pressed on through the heart of the enemy to Newark where the King was residing. The two Princes were attacked by several bands of cavalry on the way, but they defeated these and arrived in safety at the court. Here they were received with cold indifference and were treated with such aversion that Rupert demanded a court-martial in order that he might exonerate himself from blame. A hearing was granted him, and, after a short trial, he was entirely freed from all guilt or act of infidelity to his liege and master.

In spite of this, the King refused to become reconciled to the courageous cavalryman, and treated him with the greatest coldness and disdain. At length they became reconciled, but it was now too late for him to be of any further service to his vacillating uncle. With his army defeated and humiliated, the King was forced to flee to the Scots for protection; an act which ended the war. Rupert's cavalry was disbanded and the work of a great cavalry leader had ended.

With the close of these hostilities ends the career of the impetuous Prince Rupert, as a leader of cavalry. Forced to flee the country, he was not destined to again charge at the head of a troop of red-cloaked horsemen, for King Charles was soon beheaded. His death ended the bloody conflict which had waged between the rival political factions. The people had triumphed and for a time no King sat upon the throne of England. Instead of this form of rule, a Protectorate, with Oliver Cromwell at its head,

governed with an austere severity. The Cavaliers escaped from the country: some to Scotland, some to Europe, and some to America. Rupert himself sailed for France, where he was warmly welcomed by Louis XIV, who entrusted him with the command of all the fugitive Cavaliers who had found a refuge there.

Yet a man of such vitality and courage could not long remain inactive. Soon he was again participating in English warfare, but not in that upon land. Strange as it may seem to us at this time of special training, Rupert's subsequent career was as commander of war-ships and not of cavalry, for when King Charles was in hiding upon the Isle of Wight; the dashing Prince was placed in command of three, large men-of-war. Admiral Blake was in charge of the vessels of the Roundhead party and so outnumbered Rupert's small fleet that he had to put to sea in order to avoid capture. Pursued by the intrepid Blake, he made off for the coast of Spain, only to suffer the misfortune of having the vessels scattered by a tornado. His own ship escaped and was steered to the West Indies, where for a time he engaged in successful buccaneering. Eventually he returned to France; rich in prize money and nautical experience, and there lived a somewhat retired life, occupying himself with chemical experiments in a small laboratory of his own. Although attempting to discover the Philosopher's Stone, he was not to gain fame by the solution of this problem, which then occupied the minds of most European scholars. Instead of this he created some notoriety by the invention of a new kind of gunpowder; a hydraulic engine; and an improvement on the naval quadrant. A man of such a keen and capable mind has

seldom been eminent as a leader of light horse. He was endowed with talents most unusual and extraordinary.

The English people called the son of the beheaded Charles I to the throne, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, and hailed him with transports of joy. Rupert now returned to England, where he was immediately shown the honour and respect due to such a loyal subject of the first King. He was appointed King's Private Councillor and Governor of Windsor Castle; was given command of one-half of the English fleet in the war between his adopted land and Holland in 1672; and conducted himself as ably on the quarter-deck as he had when at the head of a flying squadron of dragoons. In 1672 he defeated the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, who commanded the "Royal Charles" and returned to an existence of quiet ease and study at Windsor Castle, after the close of the war with Holland. The remaining days of his life were spent at the Old Tower of Windsor, surrounded by chemicals, strange implements, and books. His death took place on the 29th of November, 1682, when in the sixty-third year of his life, and he was buried with much pomp and ceremony in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. In a letter preserved to our own time, there is a great tribute paid to his character and attainments in his later years. "In respect to his private life," it reads, "he was so just, so beneficent, so courteous, that his memory remained dear to all who knew him. This I say of my own knowledge, having often heard old people in Berkshire speak in raptures of Prince Rupert. He was a Prince among Princes, a noble man among noble men. Such another will England not behold for many a day."



GENERAL ZIETHEN

OLD FATHER ZIETHEN: THE PRUSSIAN WAR HORSE

[1699 — 1786]

A GERMAN Inn Keeper stood bowing and scraping before the doorway of his little hostelry, where a trim-looking, Prussian Officer was dismounting from his charger.

“Give me a bed,” said the soldier. “I have ridden far already, and I am so weary that I do not wish to sup, before retiring.”

The Inn Keeper bowed still lower.

“That you can have, at once, Herr General,” he answered. “Come right away with me and I will show you to the softest of couches in all Prussia.”

And soon he had led the weary officer to a small chamber upon the second floor.

“Thanks,” grunted the soldier, and without more ado, he lay down upon the bed with all his clothes on. “Good night, Mr. Landlord, please shut the door,” he said, as the surprised Inn Keeper withdrew.

The tired Prussian closed his eyes and began to doze when suddenly he felt something moving near his feet. This something began to wrap itself around them — so it seemed — but it did not disturb the stolid man of war.

“What do I care if snakes are in the room,” he muttered

drowsily. "I will draw up my feet and sleep," and in a few moments he was lost in such sound slumber that the light of another day was streaming into his face when he awoke. He had soon splashed some cold water into his eyes and was down stairs, where he found the Landlord busily preparing the breakfast for the house. As he saw the rotund Inn-Keeper, he suddenly remembered the incident of the night before.

"Mr. Landlord," he thundered, "What do you mean by having serpents in your bed-room?"

The good fellow looked aghast.

"Serpents? Serpents? Herr General?" he asked.

"Yes, serpents, you rascal. When I fell asleep last night I felt one coil himself around my leg."

The Landlord's face was ghastly pale.

"Come, let us look to find these serpents," he said as he rushed up-stairs.

Soon he was in the room in which the soldier had slept. The General could hear his heavy foot-steps from below, as he walked about, and, suddenly he was startled by a loud cry.

"I have found it. Those serpents!" the Landlord called.

In a moment more, he was standing before the old, Prussian General, with a small, furry something in his hand.

"Here, General, are these serpents!" he said, and opening his fingers, he disclosed the body of a tiny squirrel.

No wonder that the fiery General was so abashed that he left as soon as possible; and no wonder that some of his hussars christened General Ziethen (The Prussian

War Horse) “Old Serpents!” for it was Frederick the Great’s most able cavalryman to whom this strange adventure had occurred.

Frederick the Great loved this General as he would a brother, for they fought together in many an arduous campaign, when Prussia was attacked on all sides by her enemies, and when the fortunes of this monarch were often trembling in the balance. King Frederick was one of the men who make epochs in the history of war and nations; his life was one great struggle with his neighbours; and Ziethen — his beloved cavalryman — was in as many desperate battles as has ever been the lot of any man. He was wounded, cut and sabred a number of times, but seemed to thrive on rough treatment, and lived to the ripe, old age of eighty-six.

Ziethen’s father was a Prussian country gentlemen in very needy circumstances; so needy, in fact, that his little son had no schooling, at all, until he was thirteen years of age. Then his parents procured a young tutor to instruct him in the rudiments of history, of mathematics, and of the languages, but he was a man whom the boy did not respect because of his intemperate habits. They got along together without any serious breach until a certain day when the tutor demanded that young Ziethen should run upon an errand for him. This irritated the youthful cavalryman tremendously.

“Run on an errand for you?” he said. “Why, you are employed by my parents to teach me, and, only for that.”

But this retort enraged the tutor beyond measure, and, seizing a stout switch, he was prepared to chastise his

young charge, when the father of the boy suddenly entered the room.

"Why — what does this mean?" he asked, in alarm, as he looked at the scene before him.

His son was the first to break the silence.

"Father," he said, "the man whom you engaged for my tutor is not only an intemperate fellow, but he demands that I should go upon errands for him, and this I will not stand."

"Quite right, my son, quite right," old Ziethen answered. "I have only to-day learned of your tutor's lapses in morals." Then turning to the irate school-master, he said:

"You are dismissed, henceforth. My son shall never do the bidding of such a man as you."

And the discomfited man-of-learning withdrew, while young Ziethen received the warm embraces of a parent, who had the same spirit of fairness and the same moral uprightness as he, himself, possessed.

In spite of this courageous spirit, the youthful Ziethen was of small stature and unhealthy look, so that, when he applied for the position of standard bearer in a force of cavalry, he was the joke of the whole regiment, and every one ridiculed his personal appearance. But he received the appointment and took up his labours as a soldier, with ambitious courage.

As his first duty was to present himself to his commanding officer, he donned his new uniform and went to see him at his residence. Ushered in by a servant, he soon stood before the door of his superior in command: General de Schwendy, who looked up from a book which he was reading, and said,

“Pray what do you want, my man? Speak! And speak loud!”

Young Ziethen was too abashed to reply immediately, and finally sputtered,

“I have come to pay my respects to you.”

“Well, pay them then, and right quick, too,” roared the General, which so disconcerted the young soldier that he withdrew immediately, so humiliated, that he was never able to forget this scene, and even in his old age could not speak of it without the keenest indignation. “Such rudeness,” he often said, “it has never been my bad fortune to again be subjected to.” Shortly after this episode he resigned from the army.

But in spite of the fact that he had been ridiculed, abased, and snubbed when a young soldier, he soon grew tired of the life upon his father’s farm — to which he had retired — and determined to again enter the service, if it were possible. With this idea in view he would go almost daily to Berlin in his uniform and linger near the Palace, where the reigning monarch, Frederick William I, resided. One day the King observed him.

“Why, my man, how is it that you are here in uniform and not with your regiment?” he asked.

“It is because I have resigned from the army.”

“Resigned?” said the King. “Then your uniform should be in your clothes-press. Good day, sir.”

Stung by this added insult, Ziethen was now over-anxious to again procure a commission, and, with this object in mind, determined to once more accost the worthy monarch who had so upbraided him. As luck would have it, he one day met him upon the parade ground in Berlin.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I have not placed my uniform in a clothes-press, because I hoped to soon be called upon to defend my country under your command."

"Hah!" answered the King, smiling. "You wish to fight, do you. Well, I'll give you plenty of it." And turning to one of his aids he bade him take down the name of this martial-spirited citizen. In a week Ziethen was again in the army as a fourth Lieutenant in Wuthenlow's dragoons.

This time his career was far more favourable than before, and he soon had won the admiration of his superior officers, by his strict attention to duty and his zeal and interest in military affairs. After fighting several duels with brother officers, as is customary in the Prussian service, and suffering several fines and imprisonments, he was advanced to the command of a company of hussars, "on condition that he should behave himself in an orderly manner, and that his superior officer would keep a watchful eye over him." So excellent was his conduct that he was soon made Captain of a regiment and was marched to the banks of the Rhine to engage in the campaign against France, a country that had violated a treaty with Austria and Prussia, by taking possession of the fortress of Kehl. After assisting in several skirmishes and attacks, Ziethen begged to be allowed to make a trial of the strength and courage of his little command, against the enemy. He was directed, by his commanding officer, to pass through a small valley between two, high hills; to flank the French troops; alarm their quarters; and to retreat before they could collect their forces for a counter attack.

When the word was given to advance, the hussars —

accompanied by some Austrian troops — broke into the French camp, without being perceived; threw the enemy into wild disorder; and made several prisoners. In the meanwhile the adjacent posts of French infantry took the alarm; united; and marched against the attacking party. Seeing that this was the proper time to retreat; the Austrians — who had come up with Ziethen's men — fell back in good order. But the hussars kept their ground with an obstinacy which nearly proved fatal to them. They soon were surrounded by the enemy.

“Courage, soldiers!” shouted Ziethen. “We must now cut our way out with the cold steel. To the defile in our rear, and retreat through the hills as we came.”

The soldiers greeted this counsel with a cheer; turned their horses about; and rushed into the French ranks with so much impetuosity, that they cut their way clear and were soon hurrying through the pass in the high ground. So favourably did the King view this charge that Ziethen was immediately advanced to the rank of Major, “in consideration of his good qualities, the military experience that he had acquired, and the vigilance and courage which he had manifested.”

This campaign procured both glory, experience and advancement for Ziethen, who apparently had gained the confidence of the King to an extraordinary degree, as he was sent to Vienna on secret business, and was treated with much distinction at court. The King died in 1740, and upon the accession of his son, Frederick the Second (or the Great) the Major of hussars began to fear that his splendid prospects for advancement would vanish. But Frederick had soon good need of him, for a general war

was inevitable. Several European powers made pretensions to a portion of what he considered to be his own territory, and so, in a few months, Ziethen and his hussars were in the midst of a busy campaign, which ended most successfully for the Prussian Monarch.

At the beginning of June, of the following year, when de Wurm, the Colonel of Hussars, was ordered to observe the position of the enemy, and, on his way, to spy upon them, he met a patrol of some hundred light-horse, whom he attacked and dispersed. He pursued them to the entrance of a small valley, and, seeing that they halted and faced about, he likewise halted and did not press forward. The Austrian flankers began to harass him considerably, and, at this, Ziethen became quite angry. So enraged did he become, that he could no longer contain himself, and cried out: "Colonel de Wurm, will you not put these audacious fellows to flight?"

His superior officer looked coldly at him.

"Why don't you do it yourself, since you are so bold?" he replied. "Are you not at the head of your squadron?"

"I'll do it right willingly," said Ziethen, "If you promise to support me."

"I promise," de Wurm answered.

So giving the word to march, Ziethen fell upon the enemy with his squadron and pursued them far beyond the valley; fully persuaded that de Wurm had remained where he had left him, as he had promised. At length, having taken several prisoners, and convinced that a strong force was surrounding him, he began to think of making a retreat; sure that he would have de Wurm's aid to fall back upon. But alas! that officer had retired

to a neighbouring village, completely ignoring Ziethen and his squadron.

When Ziethen had retreated to the valley's mouth and discovered that no reinforcements were there, his heart sank. But he determined to put on a bold front, and, calling back his flankers, closed up his ranks. While a part of his troops passed through the valley, he furiously charged the enemy at the head of his men; thus gaining sufficient time and ground to make good the retreat. Not a single man was lost, and not a prisoner escaped during this bold manœuvre.

Colonel de Wurm was standing upon a sidewalk of the street, in the village to which he had withdrawn; when Ziethen arrived with his prisoners and squadron. Upon seeing the Prussian Colonel, the hot blood rushed to Ziethen's head.

"You deserted me, you coward," he called, "and in the very moment when I most needed you."

De Wurm made no reply. He was exasperated and ashamed at seeing his subordinate's successful escape from danger.

"Coward, again I say, sir," shouted Ziethen, and, as he spoke, de Wurm drew his sword and rushed upon him. Ziethen also drew and dealt such a heavy blow that he broke down the Colonel's guard and wounded him severely. An aid-de-camp now interfered and separated the two angry soldiers, who stood glowering at each other like two wolves at bay. In a short while they were persuaded to go to their own quarters.

Colonel de Wurm was confined to his tent, more through anger and shame than through his wound, when the parole

of the day was to be delivered to King Frederick; so Ziethen, who was next in command, appeared in his place. He was all prepared to make a report of the late expedition, when the King perceived that the Colonel was absent, and cried out,

“Hah, my good Ziethen, where is Colonel de Wurm?”

“He is indisposed, sire,” replied his cavalryman, “due to the sting from a maddened hornet.”

The King seemed to regard this answer as satisfactory. “Make your report, then,” he said, and after he had heard it, he rode away, well-pleased, and little suspecting the trouble between his two gallant cavalrymen.

Shortly afterwards Ziethen was raised to the position of Major, and then to that of Colonel—a most extraordinarily rapid advancement in the Prussian army—and, in addition to this, a regiment was created in his favour. But he well deserved this honour, and soon afterwards, showed that he was quite worthy of such royal favour.

Frederick the Great had seen that it was necessary for him to increase the numbers of his light troops, and so had commissioned a certain Colonel to form a corps of Uhlans in Prussia and to march them into Silesia, where he was at war with the Austrians. When the newly-created corps arrived at camp—although they were young men and inexperienced in warfare—the whole army was struck with the jaunty appearance of the recruits and the beauty of their horses. The King, himself, praised their brave showing and said that he expected more from them than from the hussars, themselves; adding that he would soon give them an opportunity to show what they could do. Consequently he dispatched them upon an expedition to

attack the enemy, taking, at the same time, the precaution to direct Colonel Ziethen to lie in an ambuscade near the place of battle, and to render no aid to them, if all went well, but, in case of a repulse, to rush to their support with his hussars. The outcome of the affair showed that he wisely planned the *manœuvre*.

When the Uhlans — armed with long pikes, or spears — rushed upon the enemy; the Austrians immediately saw that they were young men with whom they had to contend. So, with derisive jeers, they closed in upon them, soon threw them into confusion, and began to hem them in on all sides. The youthful Uhlans turned to fly, and, as they did so, their pikes often caught in the ground, unseating the riders, and causing the horses to stumble and fall. Soon, everything was in terrible confusion, and the young recruits would have all been taken prisoners, had not Ziethen perceived the condition of affairs, from his hiding place, and ordered his hussars to gallop to the attack. With a loud cheer, his cavalrymen swept down upon the Austrians, bore them aside in their furious onslaught, and threw them into so much confusion, that they turned and fled. Then Ziethen rode back to his own camp, presenting to the King the regiment which he had just saved, and which, without his unexpected aid, would have been totally annihilated. The loss which these Uhlans, or pikemen, had sustained, and the ill success which had attended their first charge, induced King Frederick to transform them into hussars, armed with pistols and sabres, and with this equipment, they soon wiped out the disgrace of their first encounter.

Frederick was a monarch who possessed the art of re-

warding and encouraging the soldiers, and this secret alone, irrespective of his other accomplishments, was sufficient to gain and secure the affection of his army. Perceiving that Ziethen was a poor man and of such high character, that he would not plunder the needy and weak, he repeatedly hinted to him that he had it in his power to make his own fortune. But the young officer would not employ the arms he bore for his self-interest until ordered to do so by his sovereign, when starting upon the second Silesian campaign.

“My dear Colonel Ziethen,” ran the letter which he received. “My intention is that during your cantonment on the frontier of Hungary, you levy, by way of contribution, one thousand and six dollars for yourself, and three hundred for each Captain; which sums are destined to the purpose of defraying expenses for your winter quarters. You will, however, only make your levies upon such places as lie immediately along the frontier.

“FREDERICK.

“Solent 2, March 30th, 1742.”

In spite of this epistle from his sovereign, Ziethen left the country without robbing a single village, and sacrificed the improvement of his fortune for the high opinion and respect of the inhabitants. He was beloved by all with whom he came in contact, and respected both by rich and poor; and so zealously did he employ his time in the perfection of his regiment, that, at the beginning of the second Silesian war in which King Frederick was soon engaged, his hussars were acknowledged to be the best

drilled and most splendidly equipped of all the King's soldiers.

While the Prussian army was marching against Prague, a surprise was attempted by the Austrians and Saxons, as King Frederick's troops were approaching a bridge. Placing a number of cannon upon the opposite bank from that upon which the Prussian army stood, the Saxon cannoneers threw such quantities of shells into the advancing host, that it seemed as if the Prussians must be defeated. But — at this moment — brave Ziethen placed himself at the head of two squadrons of his hussars, and charged across the bridge with so much vigour, that the hostile gunners were forced to seek safety in flight. Ziethen had his horse shot under him; when a subaltern — perceiving his discomfort — presented his own mount to him, saying, "Take this, General, you are of far more use when mounted than when dismounted, and I am of no value at all, in comparison with you." But to this the brave Prussian replied,

"Keep your horse, comrade; you are an Austrian deserter. I well recognize you, and if you are taken you will be hanged. Make haste to remount and do not think of my interests, but of your own."

As a matter of fact, such the fellow turned out to be, and later — as the good Ziethen raced away upon another animal, which he had captured — he saw the subaltern fighting upon the other side.

So gratified was the King by the conduct of his gallant cavalryman in this affair, that he mounted his horse, and rode to meet Ziethen and his brave troops, as they returned from the field. He congratulated them upon their valour

and spoke to his General in terms of consideration and love, and, placing himself before them, led the troop in triumph through the whole camp. As they passed by, all the soldiers rushed from their tents and cried, "Long live the King! Long live the gallant Ziethen and his courageous hussars!"

Appreciating the worth of his cavalryman, King Frederick determined to utilize him in a very dangerous and exacting errand. This was to penetrate the lines of the enemy, and deliver to the Margrave Charles — his ally — certain orders which it was necessary for him to receive in order to properly co-operate with the Prussian army, in a fierce attack which he soon intended to make upon the Austrians. At the time when he issued these orders, King Frederick also told Ziethen to inform every man in his regiment of this order, so that if they could not make their way through the Austrian posts, each hussar who escaped a bad defeat, could tell the margrave of his majesty's intentions.

In order to carry out these intentions, Ziethen determined to make his own hussars pass as Austrians, and to lead them in broad daylight through the lines of the enemy. As his soldiers were still wearing their summer dress, which consisted of red mantles and felt caps, and much resembled those worn by an Austrian, cavalry regiment, he hoped that his men would be taken for friends, instead of foes. The success of his plan depended, of course, upon the secrecy with which it was conducted, and so, without informing anyone of his intentions, Ziethen began his hazardous march.

Arriving in safety at the village of Neustadt, the regi-

ment was drawn up in the market place, while Ziethen, himself, climbed up to the top of a steeple in order to observe the retreat of the enemy, whom he saw entering their camp in two, separate columns. The discovery of this induced him to avail himself of the opportunity it afforded of following one of these columns under the appearance of being one of it, because of the red uniforms of his hussars. It was a dangerous undertaking. Should the ruse be discovered, he would be immediately surrounded and cut to pieces. But the fact that this was a hazardous undertaking seemed to stimulate his courage, rather than to repress it, and besides, it was the only feasible way of obtaining what he was after.

So, without more ado, the regiment marched after the retreating Austrians, taking the same route which one of the columns had gone over. Express orders were given not to draw sabres or fire, before the word of command was given, and a few straggling Hussars — who were natives of Hungary — were sent before the rest — so that they could carelessly salute, in their own language, the Austrian sentinels whom they passed. As they marched quietly along the road, a regiment of dragoons saw them, without having the slightest suspicion who they were.

About three o'clock Ziethen found that he was in the centre of the Austrian camp and the whole country was covered with the red mantles of the Austrian cavalry. As the squadrons advanced they were ordered to keep close together, so that in case they should be discovered, they could easily force their way to a safe retreat. But, so far, there was no suspicion who they were, and, so great was this lack of knowledge that the Colonel of the regiment

which followed them, pushed forward his horse in order to inform General Ziethen that his own dragoons were close behind him. Imagine his surprise, when, he was suddenly taken prisoner! He was overwhelmed with astonishment and hardly able to persuade himself of his error, until he was politely but firmly requested to accompany the Prussian cavalry upon their hazardous journey. They still advanced in a leisurely and most tranquil manner.

Surrounded, on all sides, by the enemy, the Prussians approached the camp, when suddenly the dragoons in the rear, wheeled, in order to make for their own tents. As they did so, Ziethen's red mantles continued their march onward and this was immediately perceived by the Austrians. A few hostile cavalymen rushed wildly away, shouting, "Here is Ziethen! The Prussians are upon us!" The alarm spread over the camp, and soon all the soldiers there were in arms. A number of outpost soldiers endeavoured to block the passage of Ziethen's men, but they were soon beaten back, and, upon a hard gallop, the Prussian cavalry dashed past those who would stay their passage.

Still skirmishing, Ziethen kept along the highway and continued to gain ground upon his pursuers. As he dashed furiously forward, an Austrian officer was cut down from his horse and lay upon the ground directly beneath the General's feet. But, at this instant, the Prussian recognized the fallen soldier as an old comrade in the campaign on the Rhine, and as the Austrian called him by name and implored him not to put an end to his life, the General ordered a hussar to extricate him from his horse and set him at liberty. A kind action, indeed, at a

moment of danger, and one that well exemplified his humanity and justice !

Still passing onward, he soon came in sight of the town of Jägerndorf, where was the Margrave whom he had been sent to find. It was a hand-to-hand fight all the way and the Austrians fought doggedly to capture a portion of the Prussian regiment. And in this they were nearly successful, for a regiment of cuirassiers, belonging to the Margrave's forces, had come out to assist Ziethen's men, only to be badly beaten by a number of Croats, who drove them pell-mell upon the retreating Prussians. For a while everything was mixed up in a bad tangle, and it seemed as if Ziethen himself might be captured. But, although far spent, the red-cloaked hussars made a passage through the surrounding Austrians — by dint of sword thrusts and pistols — and at last, arrived at Jägerndorf, where they were received with all the joy and admiration due them for their courage and good fortune.

An episode which occurred not long after this, heightened Ziethen's fame still more and made him the most talked of man in the Prussian army. A major in his regiment formed a plan of great boldness, consisting of an attempt to carry off a whole regiment of Uhlans camped near by. To assist him in this enterprise, he secured another officer with two hundred horse, and, as he himself took an equal number, it was quite a little troop which rode away for this hazardous undertaking. Ziethen knew that these were both brave soldiers and good fighters, but he also remembered that they both possessed hot tempers and impetuous natures. So, in order that they might make no false step, he followed them with his regiment — without

their knowledge of it — and lay in ambush in a wood on the road to Königingrätz.

It was well that he had done so, for the two Prussian officers surprised the body of Uhlans; killed some; took several prisoners; and dispersed the rest towards the town. But — unable to check their fiery ardour — they rushed after the fugitives and were soon near the fortifications of the town, itself, where the garrison quickly came out to punish them. The Uhlans, too, resumed their lost courage, and, turning about, had soon surrounded the Prussians with a determined line of men. It looked black for the once victorious hussars of King Frederick's army, for they would soon be either obliged to surrender or be cut to pieces.

At this moment Ziethen gave the word to quit the ambush, and, with a wild cheer, his soldiers rushed to the assistance of their comrades. "Forward for King Frederick and Old Ziethen!" they called, as with drawn sabre and pistol, they quickly galloped into the midst of the Austrians. The mere sight of brave Ziethen struck the enemy with panic and threw them into disorder. "Ziethen is here!" they cried, "Back, back to the town!" and, dropping their prisoners, they were soon hurrying towards Königingrätz. The prisoners were set free; the two majors were rescued from their distress; and an expedition terminated gloriously which looked as if it would end only in defeat and dishonour.

Unfortunately for General Ziethen, he was soon unable to take further part in the war, as one of his hussars was carelessly firing off his gun, after the battle; and the ball — instead of wounding an enemy — pierced the calf of the

cavalry leader's leg. This obliged him to leave the army for some time, and made it impossible for him to take part in several important engagements which followed. An admirer says: "In this war Ziethen had acquired new claims for admiration and esteem. He had shown himself able to cope with the greatest commanders of the age. Uniting wisdom with courage, contempt of danger with perseverance; dexterity with presence of mind; and activity with the most perfect command of temper, he conceived his plans with the progressiveness of the rising storm and executed them with the rapidity of the thunderbolt. Unruffled in the heat of battle; singularly accurate and concise in giving his orders; foreseeing everything; prepared for everything; he was invariably able to turn the circumstances of the moment to advantage. Were the enemy to be attacked? — his station was in the van. Was it expedient to withdraw from action? — it was he who covered the retreat. His name acquired universal celebrity; he was justly ranked among the most distinguished generals of the Prussian army; and considered as the model of a victorious hero."

There was now a period of inaction for the Prussian troops and seven years of peace before the Third Silesian war. In this time Frederick the Great grew highly dissatisfied with several of his generals and even extended his ill humour upon many of the margraves and princes of the blood. At the reviews of the army he frequently treated them so outrageously that a few believed that he had totally forgotten the services which they had rendered him. Towards Ziethen he seemed to extend a special ill-will, and one day — after he had reviewed his regiment of hussars —

he remarked, "Your men are detestable, General Ziethen, and march like a lot of country boobies on parade. They remind me of unlicked bears, and should not appear in public until they learn the rudiments of the art of marching. Begone, with your country louts. I've had enough of you!"

Ziethen listened to this outburst with respectful silence, and then thrust his sword into his scabbard, exclaiming, "Sire, though we are good for nothing at the present day, yet there was a time in which we did our duty; as long as there was any need of our services, we were, it seems, worth something."

"Yes," replied the great Frederick. "You were then worth much, but, at present you have become remiss and I would sooner have a lot of jack tars to help me win my battles."

Ziethen remained silent at this and said no more of the affair, although he deeply felt the sting of this rebuff. A few weeks later, the King held other manœuvres, and, during, the course of them, ordered Ziethen's regiment to charge. This the hussars did in a splendid manner, but Frederick was much incensed at their actions. "I'll see no more of this bungling," he called to Ziethen. "Away all of you!" Scarcely had he uttered these words than his brave cavalryman, taking the words in their literal sense, left the field at the head of his regiment and marched directly to Berlin — where he remained for a week sulking in sullen ill humour. This so incensed his monarch that for the seven years of peace he did not speak to him and refused to advance him in rank. Finally — when war broke out afresh — he was only too willing to overlook this affair

—and calling upon his old warrior in his home — he took him in his arms, saying, “Come, go with me to the front, my brave Ziethen. Let what has passed between us be forgotten. It was I who was to blame and it is I who have felt this estrangement more than you.”

This third Silesian war began in August, 1756, and threatened the Prussian empire with devastation and ruin. But Frederick was equal to the occasion, and — with the help of his brave army — rose triumphant from the deluge which seemed to be about to overwhelm him. At the famous battle of Prague, Ziethen was a veritable meteor of courageous fire. To him and his brave hussars belong the credit for turning the tide of battle at a most critical period; for, in command of the corps of reserve, he had been told not to join in the attack, and did so only because his military sense warned him that to disobey orders meant victory. The infantry had been beaten back as he advanced, and it looked like defeat and utter rout for the Prussian army.

But Ziethen was equal to the occasion, and addressing the retreating troops in a calm and resolute manner, he exhorted them to form themselves again in line, and to return to the attack upon the enemy. As he spoke, a column of dust began to raise, and, as it came near, a body of hussars was seen, hastening to the relief of their comrades. Pointing to it, he said,

“Soldiers, the defeat which you have sustained is a disastrous event for King Frederick. Here come the hussars to your assistance. Forward for Prussia and the King! Forward, and repair the mischief you have done!”

Having pronounced these words in a firm and resolute

voice, he put himself at the head of these troops, with drawn sabre in hand, crying, "March!" and soon the inspired soldiers were charging the Austrian infantry with a fury that was unwithstandable. The enemy broke and fled.

As Ziethen galloped ahead with a troop of hussars, an Austrian General cried out,

"What, are you all mad? Do you not see that you are going to charge a regiment of the line?"

"Silence," Ziethen called to his men. "Do your work." And in a few moments more, the Austrian regiment was broken and in full retreat. Soon the entire army was dispersed and victory for King Frederick was secure. To Ziethen's pluck and courage was this mainly due.

Shortly afterwards — at the battle of Kolin — he was ordered to place himself at the head of four regiments of heavy horse and to endeavour to carry a strong position, held by Austrian infantry, assisted by a battery of artillery. This he attempted to do, and, in spite of a strong resistance on the part of the enemy, succeeded in penetrating their line. The squadrons of Prussian horsemen were pressing exultantly onward, and the moment of victory seemed surely at hand, when Ziethen was struck by a grape-shot which made him reel and drop senseless upon his horse's neck. When his troops saw this — although, only a moment before they had braved the mouths of the cannon — now they were struck dumb with panic and betook themselves to flight.

Had it not been for a young officer, brave Ziethen would have been abandoned to the mercy of the enemy. As the ball which struck him deprived him of all feeling, he would

have fallen from his horse and been trampled to death beneath the retreating Prussians, had not the youthful officer supported him in the saddle. While he was moving away with the lifeless body in his arms, Ziethen's steed was again pierced by a fresh discharge of grape-shot which knocked him to the ground. As he fell, the young Prussian cornet suddenly dragged him to a position in front of him and galloped away to a coach belonging to Prince Maurice — an ally of Frederick the Great. In this, the renowned General of Cavalry was drawn away — out of range of the enemy's shells — and to the care of a well-known army surgeon, who quickly dressed his wounds. For months he was unable to rejoin his troops, while the brave cuirassier, who had conveyed him through so many dangers, was rewarded most abundantly by Frederick the Great.

This would have kept many a less war-like man from the front, but it did not dampen the spirits of the courageous General Ziethen. As soon as his wound would permit it, he was again back to his regiment and as active in the campaign as before the accident. But the tide had begun to turn against Frederick's army, and so perturbed were some of his Generals, that — at a council of war — a few suggested a retreat. At this Ziethen's eyes began to sparkle with the gleam of anger, and when he was asked his opinion of such a proceeding, he replied with vehemence,

“ Would you have our soldiers lose the small remains of courage that they still possess? Would you deprive the King of his army? Do you not suppose that such a retreat, which it would be hard to distinguish from a flight, would

not make every soldier believe that the situation were desperate? And, upon that supposition, how would you be able to prevent desertion? How secure the artillery, the provisions, the baggage? For my own part I shall never assent to such ill-concerted measures. Let us give the men time to reflect upon this falling back — a day at least — then, when all had been explained to them let us withdraw gradually and without ceasing to exhibit a bold front?”

In spite of this harangue the Prussians fell back; but, being reinforced by King Frederick, soon came in contact with the enemy in a battle, where Ziethen — at the head of his cavalry — completely broke the ranks of the Austrian horse; pursued and hemmed in the fugitives; and completely routed them, — an event which secured a complete victory for the Prussian army. The General of cavalry was urged by the King to pursue the enemy, “Lose not a moment,” Frederick wrote him, “pursue them incessantly. The country must furnish you bread.” And so well did Ziethen follow this counsel that the Austrians were completely broken and dispersed.

Afterwards he was cut off at Dohmstädel with a convoy of troops and barely escaped with his life; was engaged in many hazardous charges; often covered the Prussian army in its counter marches and retreats; and conducted himself with so much bravery, that King Frederick wrote to him, and said,

“*My dear Lieutenant-General de Ziethen:—*

“I hereby inform you, that instead of the stipulated allowance for winter quarters, I have assigned you fifteen hundred dollars, which you will receive from the military

chest. I sincerely wish that circumstances permitted me to express my satisfaction in a more efficacious manner. I acknowledge, as I ought, your many and indefatigable services. Be assured I shall never forget them, and that on every occasion I shall be happy to show you, how much I am your affectionate King,

“FREDERICK.”

Such was the reputation which he obtained that the Austrians became fearful of attacking him, at least, with equal force. After one battle his sabre had been used so freely upon the enemies of his country that his attendant-hussar had a difficult task to clean it, which was good witness to the part he personally took in the charges of cavalry. So beloved was he by his soldiers that they would cheer when he rode by upon his horse, and he had only to say “Forward” in order to inspire them with zeal and courage.

To prevent and put an end to murmurs of discontent among his men he would often visit the ranks, on foot, as well as on horseback, and invite the soldiers to come out of their tents. “Well, comrades,” he would say, “What are you doing there?” As soon as his voice was heard the privates would appear and would shout, “Long live our good father, Ziethen!” “Well,” he would reply, “And how do things go on with you?”

“Bad enough,” was often the answer.

“Take courage, comrades,” he would reply to this. “If things go ill to-day, they may grow better to-morrow.”

In this way he often dispelled the cloud that hung over the gloomy brows of his men.

At the close of the Seven Years' War there had not been a large engagement in which Ziethen's regiment had acted ill, and there was not an officer belonging to it, who had not more or less distinguished himself in pitched battles, encounters, and skirmishes. Ziethen himself was the idol of the peasantry and common people; his renown was not confined to the limits of his own country; and his name was universally linked with that of Frederick the Great.

The General was low of stature; thin; but well built; with an oval face; dark brown hair; a flat forehead; and large, blue eyes. His mouth was somewhat wide, his lips thick and the under one marked with a deep scar. His eyes were full of an expression of fire and his face was serious and dignified. He was brisk in his motions; could use the sabre with either hand, and was a splendid horseman. Adverse to loquacity, he could say much in a few words. His answers were short and precise, and his replies were direct and to the point. His whole person showed serenity, experience, and firmness of character; commanding attention, obedience, and respect.

He was remarkably neat and clean in his apparel and was always found with his regimentals on in the early morning. As soon as he was dressed it was his custom to say his prayers, a duty which he was never known to neglect. Frugal in diet, he never took either tea or coffee and ate no other vegetable than carrots. He drank either water, or a diet-drink which he prepared himself, and so much did this strict régime agree with him, that he lived to a hale and hearty, old age.

When the great cavalryman had reached his seventy-ninth birthday, war was begun with Bavaria, and, in spite

of his years, Ziethen plead with King Frederick to be allowed to go. But to a letter enclosing this request, the King replied,

“ I hasten to inform you how mortified I am to leave you in garrison on account of your health, which, as I have told you often, will not allow you to go through the labours of a campaign. I am convinced of your good will, but no man is required to exert himself beyond his powers, and all you have now to do is to rest from your past fatigue. I remain your very affectionate King,

“ FREDERICK.”

It is impossible to describe what the great cavalryman felt when he saw the departure of the King and the army for the front. On the day when his old regiment left Berlin, before sunrise, he was in the city to take leave of his men; “ his children,” as he called them. In a short and pathetic speech he exhorted them to be mindful of what they owed their country, to their profession and to their reputations. And when the soldiers marched by, the good, old man shed tears of sorrow. On his return to his house and when in the midst of his family, he suddenly exclaimed, with a deep sigh, “ Alas ! I have now nothing to do but to raise a regiment of women ! ”

Several years afterwards, at the age of eighty-six, he died, — an event which filled all Prussia with alarm and sorrow. Throngs of peasants, nobles, and citizens, hastened to see his corpse as it lay in state. Thousands of old soldiers gazed wet-eyed upon the well-known features of their peerless leader as he thus lay, and fol-

lowed the hearse in long lines, as the body of brave Ziethen was carried to the family vault in the little village of Wustrau. Here a simple tomb-stone marks his last resting-place, but on a statue in the park of Rheimsberg, erected to Augustus William of Prussia, is a eulogy to Ziethen, — the general who contributed more to his victories than any other man. It runs,

General De Ziethen
 Attained
To a Happy and Glorious Old Age;
 Every time he Combatted,
 He Triumphed.
 His military Glance, joined
 To His Heroic Valour,
 Decided the Fate of Battles;
 But What Distinguished Him Still More,
 Was His Integrity, His Disinterestedness,
 And His Contempt For All Such
 As Enriched Themselves at the Expense of Oppressed Nations.

Finally a statue was erected to the brave, old hero in Berlin itself, and here, at the present day, the soldiers of united Germany often gaze at the manly features of Frederick the Great's spirited cavalry officer, and say, "He lived a soldier's life and lived it well. All honour to old father Ziethen, and may his noble example ever be a guide and model to the defenders of the Fatherland."



GENERAL BARON VON SEYDLITZ



FREDERICK WILLIAM BARON VON SEYDLITZ:
HERO OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

[1721—1783]

FREDERICK the Great rode one day in the vicinity of Berlin, and, as he went carelessly along, a light-haired officer of the Prussian service leaped his horse across a high board-fence and joined him. The King scowled.

“General von Seydlitz,” he said, “How is it that so many men break their necks in your regiment? Here, my chief-of-hospital service submits me a report that more soldiers are disabled from your command — in times of peace — than in any other of my cavalry regiments. This needless waste of human energy must cease.”

The officer whom he had addressed, smiled good naturedly.

“Command me, your Royal Highness,” he answered, “and I will not teach my soldiers dare-deviltry, but I cannot then guarantee that they will fight well. One can throw a subaltern in my regiment, and a house cat, from a tower, at the same time, and it will not hurt either; for by my constant training I have succeeded in hardening my men so that they will be always able to light upon their feet.”

This reply was characteristic of the fiery General von Seydlitz, who was the greatest dare-devil in all Prussia

and acknowledged to be the most fearless horseman of the armies which struggled for the possession of Germany, during the reign of the great Frederick. Once he was out exercising his soldiers when they came to a gentle preacher with his wife, who, driving a slow and lazy horse, were stuck in the middle of the road.

"Come, men," shouted von Seydlitz, "I will show you how a Prussian General of Cavalry surmounts an obstacle," and touching his horse sharply with his spurs, he rushed towards the timid man-of-God and jumped his steed over the vehicle and its occupants, who gaped at the flying cavalryman with wonder and amazement. His soldiers did not have the nerve to follow.

The roistering leader of cavalry came by his love of horse flesh most naturally, for his father was a Captain of Dragoons and of an ancient and noble Turigen family. At the age of seven young von Seydlitz could ride a horse, which delighted his parent beyond measure. At fourteen the Margrave von Schwedt appointed him his page, and as this noble-hearted gentleman loved a person of boldness and daring, he soon had taught his charge how to stay upon a horse's back in any kind of a predicament.

In the Margrave's preserves were a number of deer which were none too tame. They were enclosed behind a high, wooden fence and were fed by his attendants. The Margrave was very fond of them, and as, one day, he watched their beautiful forms, he became imbued with a brilliant idea.

"Here, young von Seydlitz," he called, "You wish to be a leader of cavalry, do you not? Let me see you ride one of these deer."

"All right," replied the courageous, young man. "It shall be as you desire," and, suiting the action to the words, he was soon astride one of the Margrave's pets, and galloping furiously around the enclosure which held them in.

"Hurra," he shouted. "I can ride the fellow, and I shall be one of the greatest riders in all Prussia, some day."

Not content with this display of horsemanship, the Margrave soon decided upon another form of teaching for his young charge. So, placing him and his son in a coach with four horses, he drove out into the fields beyond the town, in which he resided, and there ordered the postilions to dismount. When they had done so, he commanded them to beat the horses with their whips. The spirited nags immediately began to gallop away, and when they had gone some distance, the Margrave shouted,

"Jump, boys, jump for your lives!"

The boys opened the doors and leaped out upon the ground without injuring themselves.

"Well done," called the Margrave, whose lackeys had now caught the run-away team. "You will both be cavalymen, some day."

This adventure was repeated several times, and when the teacher of hardihood and courage thought that his youths had learned sufficiently well how to extricate themselves from a running carriage, he had another lesson for them to learn. Riding one day with von Seydlitz to the top of a hill, he pointed to a wind-mill and said,

"You see that wind-mill, young man. If you are to become a cavalry leader you must ride between the sails as they go around."

"It shall be as you say," answered the brave youth, and, watching his opportunity, he put spurs to his horse and galloped between the revolving wings of the mill. Had one struck him he would have been severely injured.

This feat he often repeated, and when he was much older, and in command of a cavalry regiment, insisted that his own soldiers should learn to ride between the wings of a wind-mill, in order to teach them speed and daring. Of this he had shown sufficient to please the Margrave when he left his service to become cornet in a cuirassier regiment under the command of an officer of great strictness. Young von Seydlitz was very popular with him and conducted himself so well that he was made an officer of ordnance. In this position he was serving at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War.

It was not long before his daring came to the notice of King Frederick, who greatly admired boldness and decision. At a battle with the Austrians, some batteries of artillery began to play upon the lines of Prussian troops, when the King cried out, "I wonder what kind of shells these fellows are using?"

"Wait, one moment, your Majesty, and I will tell you," said von Seydlitz, and galloping forward, he extracted a ball of shrapnell from the ground, put it in his handkerchief, and brought it to his sovereign, while the Austrians endeavoured to lay him low by some well-directed shots.

"Thank you, brave Cornet," said Frederick. "If you continue to distinguish yourself, you will be soon a great man."

Von Seydlitz felt highly flattered by this and was very well pleased with himself, until — a short time later — he

met with a serious reverse. Ordered to move forward from the Prussian army and to hold the village of Kranowitz against the Hungarians, he did so, in spite of the fact that he had only thirty cuirassiers and he knew that the Hungarians were nearby with a large force. He had the roads barricaded, hobbled his horses in the court, and concealed his men in the hedges on either side of the road. Here the Hungarians discovered him, and attacked with such great impetuosity, and with such great numbers, that they forced the capitulation of the gallant band, with the condition that the horses, and weapons of the conquered, should belong to them. At this moment a Prussian General hurried to the rescue of the brave, little troop, but a force of three thousand Hungarians fell upon him with such fierceness that he was obliged to retire, thus leaving the brave von Seydlitz in the hands of his enemies. He was taken to the fortified town of Raab, where he made a plan of all of the defences of the city, and, when exchanged, was highly complimented by the Prussian King, who made him Captain of the White Hussars. The newly fledged commander was loathe to leave his brave cuirassiers and did so weeping, while Frederick gave to each a present in recognition of the gallant fight which they had put up against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Shortly after this von Seydlitz met the officer who had attempted to rescue him at Kranowitz. "Wait until the King sees you," said the Prussian leader, who was quite jealous of the young soldier, "He will give it to you for being captured by the Hungarians."

"I have seen him already," von Seydlitz replied. "And, instead of punishing me he has made me Captain of the White Hussars."

In Berlin — not long after this — the King was talking to the spirited young Captain about the danger of capture from the enemy.

“Any one who has a good horse under him should never be captured, no matter what his situation,” said von Seydlitz, rather vaingloriously.

The King did not reply to this remark, but a short time later when they had come to a draw-bridge, he drew it up, and, turning to his boastful officer, said,

“Now you have your horse, but you are my prisoner.”

“Not by a great deal,” von Seydlitz replied, and spurring his horse, he dashed towards the bridge. His steed gave a tremendous spring; struck the opposite bank, and rolled backwards into the stream, from which he soon extricated himself, while his rider was covered with slime and mud.

King Frederick laughed heartily at the appearance of his officer, as von Seydlitz called out from the other bank. “Did I not tell you, your Royal Highness, that no man need be captured who had a good horse under him.”

For this the King is said to have advanced him a grade, which gave rise to an old saying: “As a Cornet he sprang into the Spree — As a Captain he swam to land.”

The youthful leader was not devoid of humour, as we have seen, and during the war, had an amusing experience with the abbess of a convent, near Trelnitz. The Hussars were encamped upon the abbey grounds, and, according to the dictates of war, the food for the horses had to be supplied by the nuns. This was of such meagre quality that the ribs soon began to show in the war horses of the gallant Prussians.

One day, as von Seydlitz was coming down a narrow road, he ran into the coach-and-four of the Abbess, which was returning from a visit to the countryside. The sudden appearance of his horses made the sleek and well-fed animals in the coach rear and plunge. The nuns, inside the vehicle, would have been spilled upon the ground, had not the gallant officer rushed to the heads of the animals and quieted them.

"I will punish my soldiers for charging into you so suddenly," cried von Seydlitz, as he lifted the stout Abbess from her coach.

"Nay, do not do so, I pray you," said the good Sister of Charity. "I could not see that done."

The Captain smiled. "Well," he replied, "You know it was jealousy of your sleek nags which made my horses cut up so."

The Abbess appreciated the humour of this remark, and afterwards, the forage which came from the Abbey was sufficient to keep the horses of the White Hussars in excellent, fighting trim.

An old farmer who lived nearby was fond of telling tales on the brave troopers to the commanding General. "They pillage too much and steal too many chickens," he was accustomed to say, quite often. When von Seydlitz heard of it he decided to teach the old fellow a lesson so that he would cease his remarks about the necessary depredations of his command. So, he lined his men up on either side of the path through which he knew the farmer had to pass on his way to the village, and when he came along, one of the videttes had soon halted him at the muzzle of a gun.

"You must come before my leader," said the vidette, "for you have been found skulking through the lines."

When he was brought before von Seydlitz, the Captain asked,

"What were you doing on that path, my good sir?"

"I was — was —" began the farmer, and then he could go no farther.

"You were not there for any good purpose," said von Seydlitz sternly. "And any man whom my hussars find taking narrow paths instead of the broad high-way, they suspect as a spy for whom the punishment is — death. I wish you good-day, sir." Never afterwards were the Hussars worried by the tales of the crusty farmer.

Another episode, shortly after this, won for Captain von Seydlitz the thanks and admiration of all the inhabitants of that particular province in which the Prussian cavalry was stationed. A remarkably strong, Polish nobleman lived in the neighbourhood, who had much power and a stubborn will, so strong in fact, that he would often go into the market place and insist upon the people taking his advice for sales of horses. One day as the Hussar Captain was strolling in the town, this Polish nobleman met him and said, "You must buy a horse at once, my young man, and one that I select."

"All right," replied von Seydlitz with good humour, "bring him up to the Inn, where I can look him over."

The Nobleman grew purple in the face.

"Bring him up to the Inn, you say?" he sputtered. "Not by a jug full. You must see him here and see him at once."

"I will see you first in the hottest place in the world,"

cried the Prussian, drawing his sword, and in a few moments he and the Pole were engaged in a furious encounter. Up and down the road they fought, until, by a skillful thrust, the bold Prussian laid bare the cheek of the Nobleman, who — realizing that he had met his match — fled towards his own home. Von Seydlitz pursued him for some distance and then let him go.

“Now, if any one else in this town wishes to insult a Prussian officer,” he called out, “Let him come to my Inn, where I will give him all the satisfaction he wishes, with a pistol.”

An Armenian was there, at that time, with a number of horses for sale which were very wild and fierce. In spite of this, he had a high price upon them and would not sell for less. Von Seydlitz accosted him one day when dressed in his old clothes and offered to ride these untamed animals. “That you cannot do,” said the Armenian, “but I will give you all the opportunity that you desire.” At this von Seydlitz sprung upon the back of one of the horses, and, although the steed endeavoured to unseat him, he clung to him like a leech. Climbing from his back he soon conquered another and brought him back to the starting place with so much ease that the Armenian was delighted. “I will give you two hundred ducats and a horse if you will enter my service as a groom,” he said. “That I cannot do,” replied the Prussian, “for I am a Captain in the army of Frederick the Great.” At this the horse-dealer had, of course, to withdraw his flattering terms, but he sold him a beautiful animal at a very low figure. “For,” said he, “You are the grandest rider my eyes ever gazed upon.”

The good opinion which King Frederick had of him was

shown by the present of a beautiful Turkish sword which he gave to the young officer in order to spur him on to further endeavour. Seeing this appreciation by his sovereign, von Seydlitz tried to achieve great things and was so earnest and zealous that his regiment was soon known to be the best among all the Hussars. Never demanding anything from his men which he himself would not do, he had only the greatest adoration from his soldiers. He taught them to ride without stirrups and to stand erect or lie down upon their horses when on the full gallop. They were forced to jump fences, hedges, ditches, and to slide down hills, so that whatever obstacles they came across on the battle-field, they would be equal to surmount them. All the other Prussian cavalry regiments found a model for correct deportment in his troop. He was a great huntsman and when not in an active campaign kept a pack of deer and fox hounds which afforded him and his friends the greatest possible pleasure and kept them in good trim for active service.

In 1753 von Seydlitz was sent to Silesia in command of a Cuirassier Regiment and was soon engaged in a spirited campaign with the Austrians and Saxons, — the enemies of Prussia. At the battle of Lowositz a heavy fog covered the field, but in spite of this, King Frederick determined to charge the lines of the enemy. Sending for von Seydlitz he asked him if he were ready to move. "Yes, your Majesty," said the courageous but clear-headed cavalryman, "but if I do the cannon will soon rout us."

"Never mind the cannon," said Frederick, "charge as I direct you."

So in three columns the Prussian horse thundered

down upon the Austrian line and were soon engaged with twenty-five squadrons of the enemy. A terrific encounter ensued in which the cavalry of the foe was beaten back into the river by a furious charge led by von Seydlitz in person. Finding that many horses were stuck in the mud, the Prussian artillery soon unlimbered and played upon their helpless riders. Meanwhile the cuirassiers of the brave von Seydlitz charged across a stone bridge and so broke up the infantry of the enemy that the entire army retreated and victory perched upon the banner of Frederick the Great. After the defeat the King left some troops to watch the Austrians and himself attacked the Saxons — their allies. They, too, were defeated, and so the Prussian army went into winter quarters in Saxony — all ready to renew the war as soon as Spring would break.

In the advance into Bohemia in 1757, von Seydlitz was with the troops under Prince Maurice of Anhalt Dessau, who pushed forward to the city of Prague. Old Ziethen — the Prussian War Horse — commanded the advance, and, as a special favour from the King, the gallant, young Prussian was allowed to serve under Frederick's beloved cavalryman. Ordered by Prince Maurice to make a *détour* over the river Maldau and to fall upon the enemy's rear, while Frederick was battling near Prague, he had the misfortune to have no pontoons with which to cross the river, and so had to watch the fleeing enemy, in disgust, as they struggled upon the opposite bank of the stream.

Overcome with impatience, the courageous von Seydlitz wished to swim the river with his troops, but he was told that the strength of the current and the quicksands, made

such an undertaking impossible. To test this information he, himself, plunged into the stream, but his life was imperilled by the attempt, for he sank into the quicksand to such an extent that the treacherous bog was soon up to his pistol holsters. Seeing his predicament, his men rushed to his aid, and, by means of long poles, soon had him safe upon the bank, while his poor horse sank into the dangerous mire and was killed.

In spite of the victory which Frederick the Great won over the Austrians at Prague, he later suffered a severe defeat at Kolin. Then a succession of misfortunes burst over the head of the Prussian King, — the Russians broke through the eastern frontier, the Swedes marched upon Berlin, while the French beat his allies, the English, in Saxony. It is said that the iron Frederick meditated suicide so greatly was he menaced by disaster; but soon a change came in his fortunes, and, when the Russian invasion was ended, through the illness of the Empress Elizabeth, the King took heart again and invaded Saxony with twenty thousand men. At Rossbach he overwhelmed the Imperial army with three times his force. The unusual excellence of his cavalry gave him, at this time, the idea of arming his men with guns, or carbines, and so successful were they with their weapons that the entire military world adopted this form of armament.

Von Seydlitz was now a Major-General, at thirty-six years of age, and when receiving this advancement after the battle of Kolin, he laughed, and said to the King, "Well, your Majesty, it is about time that I have done something, for I am thirty-six years of age."

At Rossbach a Captain in one of the cavalry troops had

a horse that shied so that it continually got in the way of his comrades. General von Seydlitz saw the actions of this animal and became very much irritated because the officer could not control him. Putting spurs to his own steed, he galloped up to the Captain, and thundered, "Sir, you are a nuisance and disgrace to the service, for you cannot manage your own horse. Go to the Devil!" The officer was so mortified at this rebuke that he pulled out, galloped to the rear, and was never again seen in the army.

In this fight von Seydlitz invented a formation called Von Seydlitz's formation, — which consisted of charging with two divisions of cavalry instead of three. With this disposition he rushed against the French lines of cavalry — after raising his pipe, which he was peacefully smoking, as the sign of attack — and so completely broke the enemy that they retreated to Unstrutt. The French horsemen were not seen again that day, and von Seydlitz, who followed them, found himself in the rear of the French infantry. Immediately falling upon the flank, he bore all before him, when he received a serious wound in the arm, which stopped his attack. But after the flow of blood had been quenched by means of a heavy bandage, he once more placed himself at the head of his regiment and again attacked. This time the French lines wavered and broke, leaving three thousand dead upon the field of battle and five thousand prisoners in King Frederick's hands. Five French Generals fell also into the clutches of the Prussian Monarch.

Seldom was a battle so quickly and conclusively won and seldom was one heralded so far as one of the greatest of German victories. In France the shame of the defeat

was considered a court, and not a national, humiliation, while everyone was envious of King Frederick. After him, the French considered von Seydlitz the best soldier of the Prussians, and one Frenchman remarked, "That boy was born a General!" For his services in this victory he received the Order of the Black Eagle, since then never given to a Major-General, and, a few days later, was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General. To have reached the position of Lieutenant-General from the grade of "Oberst," or Colonel, in half a year, was unprecedented, and many Lieutenant-Generals, after long years of arduous service, have never received this reward. For this show of his Emperor's good will he was duly grateful, nor was he too much inflated by his wonderful success. He felt that what he had received had been justly won and that what he had gained belonged to him by right of strenuous effort.

As the wound which the brilliant cavalryman had received in the recent battle was quite serious, he remained in Leipsic during the next campaign, which resulted in the victory at Leuthen, in Silesia, for King Frederick's arms. The immediate result of these two victories was the recapture of Silesia, now overrun by the Austrians, and the exaltation of Frederick to the greatest fame. The English Parliament voted him an enormous sum of money and London was illuminated in his honour. Soon after this, von Seydlitz was able to join his own army and fought as well as ever before.

At the battle of Zorndorf nearly all the cavalry was under the direction of the great cavalryman, and to him Frederick dispatched a message saying, "Attack in half an hour and

furiously." But von Seydlitz did not feel that a charge would be successful, and so replied, by messenger, "I cannot do it, but I will justify myself after the battle." At this the King was violently angry. "You will have to answer for this reply with your head," he scribbled on a piece of paper and dispatched by a rider. But this did not seem to worry the brave and dashing leader of horse. "After the battle my head will be at the King's orders," he replied, "but during the battle I trust that he will allow me to use it to the best of my advantage in his service."

Frederick made no answer to this final message, but furiously advanced upon the enemy. His reception was carefully watched by the crafty von Seydlitz, and when he saw that the time had come for his men to advance, he cried, "The battle is lost, my soldiers, and I do not wish any man to follow me unless he so wishes. But everyone who thinks that a charge will win the day let him follow me to the rescue of the King."

"No battle has ever yet been lost," answered one of his Generals, "When the Garde de Corps has attacked."

"All right," again cried the gallant von Seydlitz. "My children, follow me!"

"We follow," answered all the troops, and with bugles blowing the charge, they precipitated themselves with a yell of fury upon the opposing line, breaking it into shreds, and turning defeat into victory. It was the very moment for which Seydlitz had waited when he had replied so tartly to the King.

After this bloody affair Frederick sent for his self-reliant cavalryman and embraced him warmly upon the field of battle. "I was wrong, my General," he said.

"You have won the day for me by your excellent good judgment." And the fiery Hussar was delighted.

Von Seydlitz never rode large horses, but only those with light forequarters and strong hind legs which were light, active and ready to go quickly. On one occasion a soldier presented him with a big Holsteiner, saying, "Here, my General, is a nag that will carry you through thick and thin."

"I don't like his looks," said the cavalry leader.

"Ah, but try him, my dear sir," the soldier replied, "and you will find that he is the best horse you ever mounted."

So, rather reluctantly, the celebrated cavalryman accepted the charger and soon rode him during a skirmish. In this he was hotly pursued by the Austrians, and riding his big Holsteiner down a hill, he crashed through the bed of a stream in order to escape. As he crossed the water the ponderous war-horse stuck in the mire; Von Seydlitz was sucked beneath the surface of the stream and was held to his animal by a caught stirrup. But he extricated himself, came up to the surface, and swimming to the other bank there climbed upon the shore and escaped by running rapidly away. Never again would he ride a horse of goodly proportions.

The third campaign of King Frederick was now in progress, and at Kunersdorf in Germany, he was badly whipped by the Russians, who had again taken the field against him. In the midst of the battle, the King of Prussia exposed himself recklessly among the balls and projectiles, and, was in such imminent danger of death, that von Seydlitz rode up to him, and saluting, said, "Don't

place yourself in so much danger, my Sovereign." Frederick looked at him with an icy stare. "The gnats are only biting," he replied.

Shortly after this the Prussian horse courageously attacked the enemy, and von Seydlitz — while riding in advance of his men — was struck by a ball and badly disabled. Word of this was soon brought to the King, who dispatched a courier to him to ask what was the matter. "Tell the King," said the gallant cavalryman, "that only a gnat has stung me."

The Prussians laid their defeat in this battle to the fact that von Seydlitz had been wounded, while he, himself, had been adverse to charging at all and attributed the rout to too much reckless advancing. His wound was serious and dangerous, so bad, in fact, that he was carried to Berlin to recuperate. The King had a difficult campaign before him and it was hard to lose his able leader. He continually wrote to him from the front and kept him well informed of his movements, designs and plans of battle. Not only this, but presented him with a beautiful, Arabian charger called Tiger, to which von Seydlitz became so attached that he had his portrait painted by a celebrated artist.

While recovering from the troubles, arising from his wounds, the spirited cavalry leader fell into another serious difficulty which was more dangerous than a sabre cut. This was an attachment for a young girl who resided near his quarters and with whom he became so enamoured that he wished to marry her. But a strange accident put an end to his love affair. In rising from the piano, one day, the object of his affections slipped upon the polished floor and

so injured her foot that she was made lame for life. After this curious difficulty she refused to marry brave von Seydlitz, saying that it would impede a gallant and active soldier to be tied down to a cripple, and that it would hinder his advancement. This rebuff did not seem to cool the ardour of the fiery warrior, or to dampen his desire for marriage to another lady. In a month he wrote to Frederick, the King,

“I implore your Majesty to allow me to marry young Countess Hacke on the day before I return to your army. In case I should be wounded again I do not wish to be left to the discretion of servants, as I have been before, but this is not the only reason why I wish you to accede to my wish, as I love the lady devotedly. I hope that you will grant my request, and believe me, Sire, Your devoted,
VON SEYDLITZ.”

The King wrote upon the back of this epistle, “I wish you joy,” and sent it back immediately. So von Seydlitz and his youthful Countess Hacke — who was only sixteen — were quietly married in Berlin. The good General was rather the worse for wear at the bridal ceremony, as his chin was so hacked by sabre thrusts that it had to be tied up in plaster, while his right arm was still in a sling.

In spite of this domestic joy and happiness the brave warrior began to pine for active campaigning and soon wished again to be at the front. He wrote several letters to the King, stating his desire, but his sovereign would not allow him to rejoin his troops because of his physical condition; a refusal which naturally put him in an ill humour. So he was sullenly nursing his wrath against the keen-minded

Frederick, when the enemy's forces suddenly made a raid upon Leipsic and attempted to carry the entrenchments which were outside the limits of the city. Von Seydlitz arose from a sick bed, and, with two or three Generals, hastened to man the earthworks with small cannon, and began to offer a stout defence to the Austrian invaders. But the defence — though spirited — was useless. In a short time the gallant warrior had to flee for his life.

Frederick heard of his activity and courage with the greatest of pleasure, and, in 1761, there was apparently no ill will between him and his badly used-up General of horse, for he wrote to him from Leipsic in a most affectionate manner, and said, "My dear Lieutenant-General, I hear with great pleasure that you are better and that you will soon be with us. I shall be very glad to see you as soon as your health permits." But it was a long time before the battered and maimed cavalry leader could rejoin his forces, and when he did, the soldiers welcomed him with so much enthusiasm and joy that tears welled to the eyes of their General, as he rode before the lines of hussars and cuirassiers, to once more lead them to battle and victory. ♫

Frederick was soon in a desperate situation and stood at bay, surrounded by a gigantic host of his enemies. He made one tremendous dash to Torgau, where he won a victory that saved the Prussian monarchy from total annihilation. But he had to retreat to the heart of Silesia and watch his foes as they gathered around, like wolves about a wounded elk. The outlook was indeed discouraging for him: so discouraging, that he thought of putting an end to his own life.

Von Seydlitz fought valiantly by the side of the King, and in one of his numerous battles would have been captured with all his staff had he not had recourse to a ruse in order to deceive the Austrians of his own weakness. He had about thirty officers with him (when surrounded by the enemy) and these he hastily dismounted and formed into parties of three or four, in order to make the Austrians believe that he had, with him, a strong force of infantry. Craftily scattering his men over a large area, he so completely fooled the surrounding troops, that they withdrew in order to get further strength, and so allowed him to escape in safety.

At Freiberg von Seydlitz even took charge of the infantry, and handled this branch of the service with so much skill, that he carried a strong redoubt with the foot-soldiers. The battle was won by his efforts, and soon, through the fortunate death of Elizabeth of Russia, the Great Seven Years' War came to a close. Russia offered terms of peace and Sweden followed her example. Then came the Peace of Paris which was concluded by England and France, leaving Austria and Prussia to fight it out alone. However, these powers also signed a treaty of peace, and thus ended the bloody conflict that had torn the very vitals of Germany for seven years. Prussia still held Silesia, a million of men had been killed, and Frederick found himself monarch of a wasted land.

When the army was disbanded, many of the soldiers had no means of earning a livelihood, and von Seydlitz — being made General-Inspector-of-Cavalry in Silesia — kept a good many of them in his service, purely out of kindness of heart. The King gradually put the rest of his

soldiers to work in agricultural pursuits, although there were still many under arms which his Inspector had to look after. Like Ziethen, von Seydlitz never took any money, or plunder for himself, during the war, and thus he was as poor a man at its completion, as at the beginning. So stern was he that his common soldiers were not even allowed to plunder. In spite of the fact that the leader of cavalry had not grown wealthy in the service, he had a large annual income, and Frederick gave him considerable sums of money, from time to time, as a token of his esteem. He was also allowed to cut wood in the kingly reserve, which was a special mark of royal favour. He had a charming home; his wife loved company, joyousness and diversion. She entertained lavishly, but he — with soldierly bluntness — preferred the chase and hunting to the social affairs of the court, and, with his own pack of hounds, spent all his spare moments in the pleasures of expeditions in quest of wolves, deer, and foxes.

Perhaps this famous general of cavalry was the most reckless rider that has ever led a charge, or dashed into solid phalanxes of the enemy at the head of his men. It was thus not strange that such dare-deviltry should end in disaster, and so, in 1775, the good General came near quitting the world for all time. A fractious horse was the cause of this, for von Seydlitz had mounted an untamed brute with the intention of rendering him tractable for a member of his regiment. But the animal bucked; reared; and plunged with so much spirit, that the reckless rider was unseated; tossed upon his head on a hard, macadamized road-bed; and rendered unconscious. King Frederick was near-by when this accident occurred, and galloped

immediately to see what could be done for his beloved cavalryman. So moved was he by the sight which met his eyes that he turned away, in tears, as the limp form of the unfortunate soldier was carried to the house of a physician. But like a cat, — von Seydlitz seemed to be possessed of nine lives. He soon rallied; regained his strength; and pursued his desperate riding with as much carelessness as ever before. It was his constant practice to slip between the revolving wings of the numerous windmills, in Silesia, and no soldier in his regiment could remain, who refused to follow him in this test for nerve and good horsemanship.

The keen-eyed leader-of-horse noticed all the imperfections in his command and kept his soldiers strictly up to the mark. Although an active man, he never lost his temper and broke out into screams and gesticulations, when angry, as did so many of the Prussian officers. One day, in the battle of Freiberg, he became impatient and testily reprimanded one of his officers; but, next morning, he saw that he had been wrong and wrote this soldier a note saying, "I was in error when I scolded you in yesterday's battle, but if you wish satisfaction to-day, I will give it to you in a duel with rapiers, and at any place which you desire."

When a young officer would leave his command without leave, the gallant von Seydlitz would pursue him across country on horseback, — leaping all the fences that came in his way and fording all the streams and rivers. If the fleeing one was fortunate enough to be able to outride the irate General, he would receive no reprimand, but if he were to be caught, he would suffer the severest punishment for this breach of discipline. Von Seydlitz hated every feminine trait in mankind and insisted that his soldiers

should wear hard, starched collars, similar to those worn by the peasantry. If his men appeared in silk ones he would say, "I am not accustomed to have lady-like people at my table." King Frederick, himself, disliked the unmanly in a soldier, and spying, one day, a muff lying upon his table (similar to those which some men were accustomed to carry in winter) he hurled it into the fire, thinking that it belonged to von Seydlitz. But it happened to be the property of the Spanish Ambassador, who flew into a great temper over the incident, and von Seydlitz — with great vindictiveness — was never tired of teasing his King about this sad mistake. He was good to the young men in his regiment and often took poor, young fellows into his service and helped them with money, if they showed the proper spirit of the soldier. As soon as such a person entered his employ he would place him upon an untamed horse and allow it to run away with him. If the rider broke his neck, it was never spoken of; if he managed to stick on, he was treated like a brother. Thus only men of nerve and courage remained in the regiment of the spirited General of the Prussian horse.

In order, one day, to show some visitors how well his soldiers could manœuvre, he took them on the gallop from the market place into the middle of a river; there re-formed them; and brought them back in perfect alignment. The onlookers were amazed; while the General laughed good-naturedly at their praise; thanked his soldiers publicly for their fine performance; and gave all of his officers a ball in token of his esteem. The handsomest and most high-born youths of Germany and foreign countries endeavoured to get places in his regiment of hussars, so great was their

fame; and so well did they appear in their uniforms, that it was whispered that they allowed their breeches to dry on them in order to mould them to their figures.

Shortly after the close of the long struggle for Prussian independence, von Seydlitz was appointed General-of-Cavalry, — the highest position which a man could reach in the service of his country. When the Emperor of Austria heard of this, he offered to take the gallant soldier with his service, but to this flattering request, the Prussian replied, "I have no master but one and he is the Great Frederick." In spite of this patriotism and apparent regard for his chief there was often a strained relationship between the Prussian monarch and himself, for the King was hasty of temper and often very fault-finding. One day he became quite angry and said to von Seydlitz, with some irritation, "I thought your men knew how to sit a horse correctly. I see, my General, that they are riding with long stirrups." "They are riding just as they did when they won the day for you at Rossbach," replied the leader of horse, with great calmness, "and I noticed that you did not then criticize their ability as cavalymen." The King kept silent after this.

Frederick was accustomed to make his guests at table the butt of his wit, but von Seydlitz was never awed by his remarks nor was he ever afraid to reply to them and speak his own mind. One day some beggars besought the King for some money, but he turned them away, saying, "Begone, why don't you go to work? You ask too much of me!" But von Seydlitz, who was present, saw that these were old soldiers, and remarked,

"Your Majesty, these are the brave fellows who gave

you victory. Will you send them away without a penny?"

Abashed at this remark the King gave orders to have a large amount immediately distributed among the poor wretches who had asked his assistance with so much fervour.

In spite of this kindness of heart the Prussian cavalryman was often harsh and overbearing. Once he asked a certain Bourgomaster to take off his hat to him, as he was smoking at a window. The citizen refused, and the spirited officer shot at his head with a carbine, so that the unwilling burgher had to accede to his request. When Frederick heard of it he said, "Von Seydlitz, you act like a school boy. Will you never grow up?" "No, your Majesty, I never will," replied the General, quite humbly.

Known as the best formed man in all the cavalry service, he sat his horse as if he were a part of it. "His figure alone, without any mind, would have carried his cavalry through the lines of the enemy," says an admirer. His face was not striking, but his eyes showed courage and fire. He was the best horseman of his time and of strong and vigorous frame. He was magnanimous, fearless, and kind to the peasants, whom he always protected from his brutal soldiers. The King and the whole army had the greatest affection for their dashing and fearless leader of the cuirassiers and hussars.

The hero of the battle of Rossbach died in 1773 in the fifty-third year of his age, and — by his own request — he was buried upon his country estate, in a sarcophagus designed after his own plans. A black, marble table, upon which is an urn and a sleeping lion, marks the last resting

place of the most reckless horseman, the most peerless leader of cavalry, and one of the most ardent patriots that Prussia has ever known. His deeds of daring and bravery will always thrill the hearts of those who love to hear of the exploits of a bold and resolute man. His spirit still lives in the hearts of the Prussian cavalry.



FRANCIS MARION



FRANCIS MARION : THE SWAMP FOX

[1732—1795]

THE Revolutionary War in America which led to the independence of the United States, was mainly carried on by armies of foot soldiers. There were, however, some leaders of horse whose names stand out prominently in the annals of those stirring times. Of the British cavalry leaders, Banastre Tarleton was the most conspicuous for gallant and aggressive action in the field, and, among the Americans, "Light-Horse-Harry" Lee, William Washington, and Francis Marion, are the names which shine upon the pages of history, and the records of whose brave and patriotic services to their respective countries, still thrill the readers of these trying campaigns.

William Washington was large, strong and active. He was a cousin of General George Washington, and, in many respects, quite resembled his relative. Both were resolute and determined fighters. "Light-Horse-Harry" Lee was bold, daring, and impetuous. His record is one of worth. But neither of these men was as much beloved and respected by his followers as was Francis Marion, nor did either of them so richly merit the praise of the colonists. Marion was a veritable genius at partisan warfare; a firm, resolute and honest patriot; a far-seeing and generous leader of light horse, and a masterful campaigner among the cane-

brakes and river bottoms of his own country. One cannot point out a defect in him, nor suggest a single good quality which he did not possess. He was the true warrior of Romance, the warrior "Without Fear and Without Reproach."

It is a curious coincidence that General Marion and George Washington were born in the same year. Both were Southerners and both have been aptly called, "noble thunderbolts" in the war for independence. Marion's father was a Carolinian and resided in St. John's parish, South Carolina. His grandfather was a Huguenot, or French Protestant, who had lived in France at the picturesque town of Rochelle, during the reign of the pleasure-loving and voluptuous monarch, Louis the Fourteenth. The King was by faith a Catholic, and when he abandoned his life of gayety for pretended devotion to the Church, he was led by his confessors, and by the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, to persecute those of his subjects who had adopted the Protestant religion. He endeavoured by force to bring them into the bosom of what he believed to be the true church.

For many years the King was restrained from using harsh measures by Colbert, a minister who had much influence at court, but, after this worthy man's death, he deprived the Huguenots of most of their civil rights and came under the complete control of three counsellors who were in favour of harsh persecution. Under their direction, bodies of dragoons were sent into the provinces south, where the Huguenots were most numerous, and they were compelled, at the point of the sword, to give up their faith.

In spite of the fact that King Louis guarded the frontier, more than fifty thousand Huguenots fled to Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England. Angered at the refusal of many of the important and wealthy Protestant families to renounce their faith, he revoked the Edict of Nantes, Oct. 22nd, 1685, which was an act giving the Protestants a right to the free exercise of their religion and equal claims with the Catholics in all offices and dignities. There were still more than half a million Protestants in France, and this unjust and unwise decree caused many of the wealthiest and most useful inhabitants to leave for lands more distant than England and Switzerland. Some emigrated to South Carolina — among them the grandfather of Francis Marion — and took up their residence in the province which the British colonists had taken possession of twenty years before. About eighty or a hundred families — poor, destitute, and deprived of all the precious possessions which had once been theirs — settled at plantations on the banks of the Santee River and soon prospered in that rich and fruitful country. They had fled from persecution; conquered a wilderness; and had driven the hostile Indians from the coast. No wonder the youthful Marion inherited an intrepid and daring spirit from his forbears.

It is said that little Marion was so weak and puny as a child that he was not expected to live. A chronicler of the period says that he looked “like a New England Lobster.” This weakness clung to him through early life, and yet we have no evidence of a lack of spirit, for at twelve he desired to go to sea, in spite of his meagre frame and lack of bodily strength. After much hesitation on the part of his parents, he was allowed to set sail upon a vessel bound for the West

Indies. All went well until within a day's trip of the port they aimed for, when, suddenly, and without warning, the ship ran upon what seemed to be a sunken ledge. There was a great splitting of timber, and all hands rushed on deck to find that it was a curious rock indeed upon which they had struck, for it was the back of a huge whale, which was infuriated by the blow and lashed the water into foam with its tail. The schooner — for such she was — was badly damaged, and soon the water rushed through the torn and shattered bow. The captain, crew, and passengers took to the life-boats, and, so suddenly did the vessel go down, that there was no opportunity to get food or water for the ship-wrecked men. For three days they tossed about beneath the torrid heat of the sun, and then, overcome by the fiercest hunger, fed upon the remains of a little, cabin dog which had swum to them from the schooner, just as she had gone down. This alleviated their suffering but little, and soon, nearly all the unhappy cast-aways were crazed for lack of water. On the tenth day the Captain and Mate leaped overboard in their frenzy, and, scarcely had their bodies disappeared from view, when a full-rigged ship hove in sight and came quickly to the rescue.

As soon as the hardy sailors came up to the exhausted boat-load, they found that little Marion was a veritable skeleton. He was so weak that he could not stir hand or foot in order to climb up the vessel's side. But, he was lifted aboard by two stout seamen, and, with care and nourishment, soon regained his past spirits. In fact this episode seems to have benefited him, for, after this his frame commenced a second and more rapid growth. He developed into a

strong and healthy youth and occupied himself in assisting his father in the management of the plantation, where much of his time was spent on horseback. Thus he became well used to the saddle and could ride with the greatest skill and ease; an accomplishment that was of inestimable value in after years.

Just as George Washington was accustomed to frontier fighting before the outbreak of the American Revolution, Marion had also seen service in two Indian campaigns before he took up arms against Great Britain. The campaigns were attended with danger, difficulty, and hardship, which were circumstances well calculated to fit him for the peculiar duties of a leader of partisan cavalry,—the rôle which he was soon to play in the great struggle for American Independence.

In the interior of the Carolinas were the homes of the Cherokee Indians, and during the year 1759 they began a series of attacks against the settlers of the Carolina frontier. At this time the French nation was at war with England for the possession of America, and already there had been fierce fighting at Fort Duquesne, where now is the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The French colonists posed as friends of the Indians. They continually stimulated them to hatred of the English.

A messenger dispatched from the frontier to Lyttleton — the English governor of the Province of North Carolina — warned him of the impending danger to the settlers of this part of America, and directed him to gather the militia for defence. Francis Marion was one of the volunteers who joined the Governor's army, serving in a company of cavalry under the command of his brother. The Indian

uprising was soon put under, and a deputation of chiefs, with wampum belts and much solemn talk, made a treaty of peace with the good-natured Governor, who thought them sincere. The troops were, of course, sent home, but two years later war broke out afresh, and atrocities were perpetrated which were far more hideous than those which had before occurred. Again the militia was called out to defend the State, and again Marion took up the profession of arms with twelve hundred other provincials. The Indians were no match for these determined soldiers, and, after many bloody skirmishes, peace was again declared. Twenty Indian towns had been burned to the ground.

This training in frontier fighting proved of great value to Marion. He learned to skirmish in Indian fashion and to be at home in the tangled swamps and wildernesses of his State. Even in the heat of successful campaigns — such as these had been — he here displayed that sympathy for people in distress that was to make him so honoured and revered in after years. We have a clear proof of this gracious spirit in a letter to a friend which has been preserved since the time of its writing. Marion gives the description of the burning of an Indian village, and says, "When we are gone, thought I, the Indians will return, and peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and happy fields.

"Who did this?" the little children will ask their mothers.

"The white people did it," the mothers will reply. "The Christians did it."

"Thus for the sake of greed," he continues, "the fol-

lowers of Christ have sown the cursed tares of hatred in the bosoms even of pagan children." Certainly this shows a spirit of forbearance and gentleness which one would not expect in a man of Marion's daring and fighting power. It was this charitable nature which made him loved and honoured by all men.

But soon the war for independence was to call forth the best that Marion could give. When a vessel direct from Boston to Charleston, in May, 1775, brought news of the brave fight which the Colonials had made at Lexington, the whole country was in a flame of patriotic enthusiasm for war. The legislature of the Province of Carolina was hastily convened; two regiments were immediately raised for purposes of defence; and Marion was appointed to the place of Captain in the second regiment, under the leadership of William Moultrie. It was difficult to raise men, but soon the full quota had been gathered. Although there was no money to pay them with, and few cutlasses and guns with which to properly arm the command, the soldiers fell to work with a will in order to strengthen and man the fortifications in the harbour's mouth, for they knew that a British fleet would soon be sent against them.

Of course there was trouble with some of the men who had little stomach for war, and one, — a young and gay Lieutenant, had taste of the discipline of Capt. Marion's tongue which lasted him through life. This youthful soldier was vain, fond of dress, and not inclined to follow the dull routine of a soldier's life. He had served under a number of Captains who had all dubbed him a worthless sort of a fellow with whom it was impossible to get along, and one whose tastes were vulgar and low. But the Lieu-

tenant thought himself an amazingly clever person, and openly boasted that he would soon show the command that he would get the better of Captain Marion.

Not long after this, there was an opportunity to test his superior officer's mettle, for the news was brought to camp that there would be a great cock fight in a small town, near-by. The Lieutenant's childish spirits were naturally in a veritable fever of excitement, but, how could he obtain leave of absence in order to witness this fierce encounter? After thinking it over for some time, he finally hit upon an idea. It was to tell a deliberate falsehood and thus gain what he desired. So he went to Marion with a sorrowful face and stated that his father, to whom he was devoted, was upon his death-bed, and had sent word that he wished to see him before he died. He therefore asked permission to go and visit his parent.

"To be sure, Lieutenant," replied Marion, to this request. "Go, by all means, go and see your father in his desperate illness, but return as soon as you can, for you see and know that we have more than we can possibly do. Every man, at this time, is needed."

Apparently overjoyed and quite surprised at Marion's generosity, the Lieutenant thanked him profusely, and informed him that he would be back in two days, or, at the latest, in three. As he went out, he made it plain to some of the officers that he had achieved a grand exploit, and so irritated them with his effrontery, that they informed the Captain of this shallow trick. And so it turned out to be, for the young Lieutenant made no pretext of visiting his father, but hid in the city until time for the cock fight to come off. Even then he did not return to his command

until a fortnight had elapsed, and, then, as he entered the officers' mess where Marion was seated, he began to bow and scrape with the utmost civility. Marion turned his head away as if he were not aware of his presence. This made the Lieutenant uneasy and he began to apologize.

"I am sorry, sir, to have outstayed my time so long," he said. "But — but — I could not help it — and now I have returned to my duty."

The effect upon Marion was only too apparent, and a number of officers who had entered looked on with interest, for they knew of the character of this fellow. Captain Marion turned full upon the stammering Lieutenant, and, speaking in the chilliest tone which he could command, replied, "Aye, Lieutenant, is that you? Well, never mind it — there was no harm done — I never missed you."

It was indeed sufficient punishment. The poor Lieutenant was abashed and mortified beyond words. He sneaked away with his head down, and in a most uncomfortable frame of mind; while the derisive laughter of his fellow officers made the blow seem more severe. Never again did he trespass upon the good-will of his superior.

Living in a lawless age, when men were rough, uncouth, and boisterous, Marion retained great delicacy of feeling, cultivated tastes, and scrupulous honesty. He moved in a sphere of his own, and, like the great George Washington, appeared to be more noble and spiritual than those about him. He seemed to be free from the usual frailties to which other men give way. He was above the common faults and vanities of life. This was what gave him his great power over men, and, although the British soon captured Charleston and Savannah; through the strength

of his own personality, and by his own patriotic example, he was able to collect about him a small body of trusty adherents who swore that they would all perish rather than submit to the English rule.

At the time when Marion first began to act as an independent commander the outlook for the Colonials was indeed a dark one. It was true that General Burgoyne, with a large British force, had capitulated at Saratoga, and that Washington had had some success at Germantown and Monmouth. But, in the North the British were confident of victory against the ragged Continentals, who were being held to their work by grim determination of George Washington and a few staunch patriots in the service. There was little money to pay the army with, and the green-backs, or "continentals" which were used for currency, were so worthless, that a man in Boston papered his room with them. The expression, "not worth a continental," was a sad and bitter truth.

In the South, things had come to a sorry pass. The British, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, spread themselves over the country, and although this army, at first, consisted of but three thousand men, it was sufficient to terrorize the unresisting inhabitants. The English plundered the plantations; harassed those who favoured the Colonial cause; set free their slaves; and burned their homes. The American army — save for the handful of men which Marion had with him — had melted away after the capture of Savannah. But the scattered remnant of the Carolinian forces that had defended Charleston and Savannah, were gathered together to make further resistance, when General Gates was dispatched South by

General Washington. With him were some Continental troops and some militia. Cornwallis met him at Camden and utterly routed his command, which placed the American cause, at this time, in a most desperate situation.

It was for General Marion, in this dark hour, to keep alive the spark of patriotic enthusiasm, and, although commander of but thirty men at first, a few successful raids gave courage to the many ardent patriots who laboured assiduously for the cause of American independence. Marion waged a spirited and relentless warfare on whatever detachments of British troops were sufficiently small for him to cope with. He could not attack Cornwallis and the main army, but he could cut off his supply trains, recapture prisoners, and harass his foraging parties at every turn. This he did with such success that his name was hated in the British camp more than that of any other Colonial.

The first exploit that turned out successfully for his command was against a body of British regulars who were conducting a number of American prisoners to Charleston, shortly after the battle of Camden. Marion and his men were hiding in a swamp when news was brought to them by trusty scouts, that the enemy was nearby.

"How many prisoners do you suppose there are?" asked Marion.

"Near two hundred," replied the scouts.

"And what do you imagine to be the number of the British guard?"

"Why, General, we counted about ninety."

"Ninety?" replied Marion, with a smile. "Ninety! Well, that will do. And now, gentlemen, if you will only

stand by me, I've a good hope that we thirty will have those ninety by to-morrow sunrise."

His men told him to lead on, for they were determined to go wherever he went, and, if need be, to perish at his side.

Night soon fell, and, under cover of the darkness, the little band of ragged cavalymen rode quietly to a ferry over the Santee River and were soon put across. The British had passed only a short time before and had halted at the first tavern that they had come to, called "The Blue House." Here they ordered supper, and, seated under an arbour in front, had feasted right merrily. They were in high good humour, for the battle of Camden had been most gloriously won by their army. Much wine was consumed before they lay down to a deep sleep, with sentries posted around the house to guard their slumbers.

Marion waited until the first flush of dawn before making the attack. Then, approaching the house, behind a high fence, his men suddenly made a rush for the sleeping guard. The sentinels fired their muskets and fled precipitously into the front yard. The guns of the sleeping guards were stacked in several piles, and, as these were seized immediately, the surprised and crest-fallen Englishmen, found themselves prisoners of war. After they had been safely secured, Marion called for their Captain, but he was not to be seen. A diligent search was made, and he was discovered half-way up the chimney. His mortification was intense when he found that a handful of militia had made prisoners of his able-bodied, British guard.

But no sooner had these red-coats been paroled and the prisoners set free, than word was brought by a patriotic

farmer, that a large force of British sympathizers were mustering on the Pedee River, under the eye of an English Captain. Without losing a moment, Marion ordered his men to mount, and soon was on his way to attack this fresh command.

Pursuing by paths through the forest, he came upon the Tories, shortly after they had crossed a bridge over the Black Mingo River, and had encamped on the farther side. Galloping across the bridge, his force fell upon their encampment, but the noise which the horses made on the wooden planking had warned the Tory sentinels of the approach. They were ready for the fray and a fierce combat ensued, but, losing their Captain by a shot through the head, the English sympathizers beat a hasty retreat, leaving many of their party dead upon the field. Never afterwards would Marion allow his cavalry to cross a bridge without first laying blankets on the boards.

These successes gave renewed hope to the Colonials, who were still further cheered by the news that General Greene was to be sent south from Washington's army, in order to take command of the remnants of the forces of Gates which had been so badly whipped at Camden. The audacious Marion also stimulated the patriotic fever by another brilliant exploit, more daring and as successful as any heretofore. This adventure occurred after he had learned from some of his outriders that a large body of Tories was upon the road to attack him, and he had determined, with his usual bravery, to fall upon them before they could know of his presence. He informed his men of his plans; they vaulted into their saddles with a loud huzza, when he told them that they should march; and

soon they were joyfully on their way to battle with the advancing cavalry. After a two days' ride they came upon the Tory encampment at nightfall, near the Little Pedee River.

Not expecting the advent of so dangerous an enemy, who, when last they heard of him, was seventy miles away, the Tories had not even taken the precaution to place sentinels around the camp. Collected about two great fires, some were engaged in playing cards, while others smoked their pipes peacefully by the warm blaze. One, even, was engaged in fiddling a lively air. It was certainly inhuman to attack such unsuspecting men, but war is not a gentle game, and, with one well-aimed volley, Marion's troopers charged upon the camp. When they came up to the fires, twenty-three were found shot, — while many more were badly wounded. Thirteen were captured. The remainder took to their heels and fled into the wood.

Marion secured thirty-four stand of arms; one hundred horses with new saddles and bridles; besides much ammunition and baggage. "One of the gamblers," says a writer of the period, "though shot dead, still held the cards hard gripped in his hand. Led by curiosity to inspect this strange sight — a dead gambler — we found that the cards which he held were ace, deuce, and jack. Clubs were trumps. Holding High, Low, Jack, and the Game in his own hand, he seemed to be in a fair way to do well, but Marion came down upon him with a trump that spoiled the sport and non-suited him for ever."

Shortly after this, when Marion was encamped in the vicinity of Georgetown, a flag of truce was sent in from



GENERAL MARION AND THE BRITISH OFFICER



the British with the request that the General should treat with them for the exchange of some prisoners. With the white handkerchief that served as the flag, came a young, British officer who was brought into camp with his eyes blindfolded as is the custom of war. It could be easily seen when he was introduced to the General, that he was much surprised, for, instead of beholding a large, stout, well-fed and generously-proportioned man, dressed in a natty uniform, he found himself in the presence of a small, thin, rather sallow-faced individual, whose coat was patched, whose boots were worn, and whose trousers were rent in many places. Instead of well-dressed retainers, as he was accustomed to see in his own camp, he saw a mere handful of angular, sunburned, and tattered militia-men, some of whom were engaged in cooking a poor repast in the glowing ashes, and some of whom were stretched out in slumber, with long muskets and grimy powder-horns lying beside them on the fallen trees. After talking over the matter, about which he wished to consult with General Marion, the British officer politely rose from a fallen, pine log, upon which he had seated himself, and courteously lifting his hat, expressed the desire to be reblindfolded and led back to his own camp. But General Marion, with the true hospitality of the Southerner, would not hear of such a thing.

“Pray seat yourself, my friend,” he said, “for it is my dinner hour and I shall be most happy to have you as guest at my repast.”

Somewhat reluctantly, the officer again seated himself upon the fallen tree, for, as he gazed about him, he could see no signs of meat, or steaming coffee. Instead, a very

black, negro boy was quite busily poking the fire with a long, pine stick. Soon he extricated some sweet potatoes, the cooking of which he tested by pinching them between his fingers. After selecting a few that were quite done, he placed them upon a clean piece of bark and laid them before Marion and his guest.

"I greatly fear, sir," said General Marion, "that our dinner will not prove as palatable to you as I could wish, but, it is the best that we have."

"Why, not at all," the well-bred officer replied, "I am sure that this is as splendid a repast as any soldier could desire." And although he made a pretence of eating with relish, it could be plainly seen that he did not thoroughly enjoy the food before him. Finally he broke into loud laughter and said with some show of surprise.

"I beg your pardon, General, but one cannot, you know, always direct one's reflections. I was thinking how angry and disgusted some of my brother officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill-of-fare as this."

"I suppose," Marion answered, "that it is not as sumptuous as the rations that are given to your men."

"Most certainly not," replied the officer, "and this must be one of your accidental dinners, you must assuredly live much better than this."

But Marion looked at him with unfeigned surprise. "Indeed we rather fare worse than this," he answered. "For there are many times when we get very much less than we have before us."

"Zounds, sir," ejaculated the officer. "But certainly what you lose in food, you make up in other ways. I'll

warrant that although your larder is ill-supplied, you make up the difference in pay from your government."

"Not a cent of pay do we get, sir," replied Marion.

The officer was plainly affected. "You do not mean that you receive no recompense for your services against the King, in whose pay I have the honour to be. I do not see, General, how you and your men can do such a thing."

"Why, my dear sir," answered Marion with feeling, "these things depend wholly upon sentiment. The heart is everything in life, and when a man is much interested, he can do any deed and suffer any discomfort. Many a youth would think it hard to become a slave for fourteen years of his life, but let him be head-over-heels in love, and with such a beautiful sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years of servitude than did the youthful Jacob in that pleasing tale in the Holy Bible. Well, now, this is exactly my case. I am in love with my sweetheart and her name is LIBERTY. As long as this fair creature is my companion, these wilds and woods have charms beyond London and Paris. For there a proud Monarch would glide by me in his gilded coach and his host of excise-men and tax gatherers would insult and rob me. Here, if we win the Revolution, I will be my own master, my own prince and sovereign. Here I sow my own fields, reap my own grain, and see millions of brothers around me, as free and happy as myself. This, my dear sir, is what I long for and intend to fight for, and, if need be, to sacrifice my life blood for."

At this patriotic utterance, the Englishman looked thoroughly abashed, and hung his head dejectedly. He

then rose, and, bidding General Marion adieu, was soon escorted beyond the outlying sentries.

When he had returned to the English force and had reported to the Colonel of his regiment, he was asked, with some surprise, why he looked so serious.

"I have good cause, sir," he replied.

"What? Has General Marion refused to treat with us?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, has old Washington defeated General Clinton and broken up our army?"

"No, sir, not that either, but worse."

"Ah? What can be worse?"

"Why, sir, I have seen an American officer and his men, without pay, almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water, and all for Liberty. What chance have we against such men?"

The young officer was so struck by the noble sentiments which had fallen from the lips of General Marion, that he soon threw up his commission and retired from the army of the Crown.

This anecdote well illustrates the wonderful patriotism of Francis Marion. Like Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate service in the American War of Secession, his noble spirit animated all those with whom he came in contact. His high resolve and absolute purpose impressed the weaklings of the service with veneration and respect. Reserved and silent, he scarcely ever spoke, except when necessary, and then in the most simple and direct language that he could command. This peculiarity, joined with the extreme plainness of dress and still plainer manners, in-

creased the mystery of his actions and added greatly to the influence which he had over his followers. With coolness and self-command, he went upon the most desperate missions. With calmness he would fight desperately, and then, with the utmost composure, draw off his men to their dismal and lonely encampment in the swamp. He seemed to be without passion. It was Liberty he strove for, not revenge, nor glory, nor love of excitement, or desire for money and power.

These desperate raids of his were now carried on with quite as much success as before. His force grew in size and ability while the cause of Liberty in the South again blazed forth with brightened prospects, as Nathaniel Greene, who succeeded General Gates, proved to be an able and sagacious leader. The British army (still under Lord Cornwallis) began to meet with reverses. A portion of the English force, sent into the western part of South Carolina, met with a severe defeat at King's Mountain. Another portion — under Tarleton — was badly whipped at Cowpens, and, after pursuing Greene far to the North, where a sharp battle was fought at Guilford Court House just below the northern border of North Carolina. Cornwallis withdrew his forces to Virginia, where he was soon hemmed in at Yorktown by the French fleet, aided, on the land, by Washington and Lafayette. Greene returned to the Carolinas, where he captured some of the British supplies and several small garrisons, left behind by the injudicious Cornwallis. Soon he had turned aggressor and hemmed the last remnants of the English army in at Charleston.

While Cornwallis was manœuvring with the wily

Greene, before his retreat to North Carolina, and was desperately endeavouring to get in contact with him before he could choose ground to his own advantage, Marion had not been idle. A British officer, named Watson, confronted him with a force equal to his own, and the Swamp Fox was afraid to attack him until his army was somewhat depleted. Soon he had the opportunity, for Watson was called to join Cornwallis, leaving behind him a number of men as garrison to a stockade, named in his honour. The fort was upon an Indian mound.

The American General, who was assisted by a General Lee, did not, at first, see how he could capture the fortress, as he was without artillery and intrenching tools. Finally a clever idea was hit upon. A long, oblong pen was erected, covered on the top with a floor of logs, and protected on the side opposite the fort with a breastwork of light timber. It was soon finished. A party of riflemen took position on the tower at the very moment when it was completed, commanded every part of the fort from this height; and began to pick off all who showed themselves in the stockade. Finding every resource cut off, the commandant of Fort Watson hung out a white flag and capitulated.

But another stockade remained, called Fort Motte, in which was a considerable garrison — a fact which did not dismay Lee and Marion — for, flushed with their former success, they determined to force capitulation. So, combining their squads of horsemen, they soon had surrounded the fortifications; had mounted a six-pounder to rake the northern face of the British parapet; and had thrown up an earthwork within four hundred yards of its walls. The garrison was now summoned to surrender, but refused

because of fancied help which they hoped to get from a force under Lord Rawdon, encamped near-by. This did not disconcert the attacking party, for there was a certain way of compelling surrender, — by setting fire to a large house in the centre which belonged to Mrs. Motte: a patriotic owner of the plantation upon which the fort had been built, who had remained near the scene of conflict and watched the fortunes of the day with much interest. General Marion, seeing that there was no other way, determined to ask her consent to the firing of the mansion house.

“It is possible to burn out the garrison, Madam,” he said to her, “but, in doing so, we must set fire to your valuable property. Can I have permission to fire the place?”

Mrs. Motte viewed the plan with enthusiasm. “By all means,” she replied.

Seeing a bow and some arrows that had been prepared to throw a wad of burning cotton on the roof, she sent for a bow of her own, recently imported from India, and requested that they substitute this for that which had been provided.

The roof of the protecting house was soon alight from four burning arrows which fell upon it in different quarters, and the fire of the six pounder soon drove the British soldiers into the protection of the blazing homestead. There was nothing to be done but to surrender, and this the Red-Coats did with sorry grace.

The capture of Fort Motte was not the last fight in which Marion took part, for there were other cavalry skirmishes in which he jeopardized his life, before the British

evacuated Charleston and left the Carolinas for ever. It was, however, one of the hardest blows to the forces which Cornwallis had left behind him that was dealt by the Partisans.

After the sailing of the British transports, Marion called his brigade together at Walboo and took an affectionate leave of his followers. His address to his men was characterized by that peculiar modesty and simplicity that had marked each action of his life. He spoke of the scenes of their past service in the Revolution; he thanked them most cordially for their help; and bade them all a fond farewell. His remarks were greeted with tearful silence, and many a rough Partisan uttered a silent request to the powers above, that the life of their beloved leader be spared for many years, and that his remaining days should be tranquil and happy.

Such, indeed, was to be the fate of Francis Marion. After taking leave of these, — his companions in many hard-fought contests, — the much-loved leader retired to his plantation; which he found absolutely devastated by the ravages of war, as it had been directly in the path of one of the ordinary routes of the British army.

Although penniless — for he had received no pay, and half of his negroes had been removed by the British — he set manfully to work to repair the losses that he had sustained, and to once more make his plantation yield a fruitful harvest. His efforts were crowned with success, and civil honours came also, for he was elected Senator from the Parish of Saint Johns. He aided in rebuilding the fortifications in Charleston Harbour and was voted a gold medal as a mark of public approbation for his assistance to the State.

Thus the closing years of Francis Marion's life were peaceful and happy, made doubly so by his marriage to Miss Mary Videau: a maiden lady of considerable wealth and also of Huguenot descent. Although blessed with no children, they lived for many years upon his plantation, enjoying that peace which only comes after a praiseworthy and meritorious service to one's fellow men. In the sixty-third year of his age this famous cavalryman fell into that peaceful slumber which is the end of all things. "Thank God I can lay my hand upon my heart and say, since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any," were his last words.

So died one of the most pure and unselfish patriots which the American Revolution produced. He loved his country better than his life, and Liberty was dearer to him than all other things on earth. For a long time he was the only Colonial in his native State who dared to lift the standard of freedom, and although he became the object against whom the British directed many a vigorous attack, they could never disband his corps or break his power. Noble; brave; vigilant; aggressive; patriotic; America may well be proud of such a splendid and heroic character.

MARSHAL NEY, THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

[1769—1815]

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, Emperor of the French, spent his life in one continuous series of wars. He had secured his position as ruler, only after the country had passed through various revolutions and uprisings among the people. They had tired of the dissipated Bourbon kings — whose reigns had been most corrupt — had overthrown their power, and had set up a Directorate of several individuals. This kind of government had finally resolved itself into a one-man rule, — with Bonaparte as First Consul. But the people wished to perpetuate him in power, and so eventually crowned him Emperor of the French. His reign was a stormy one and he had need of strong and able men. Among those lesser satellites who clustered about his brilliant person, not one is more eminent than Marshal Ney, Soldier of the Empire, and Commander of more than one bloody engagement where cavalry won the day for the Napoleonic arms.

Marshal Ney was Napoleon's most staunch adherent; his devoted admirer through life; and his most able General. He has truthfully been called, "The bravest of the brave," for he knew no fear in battle. Without him, the French army would not have left such a splendid



MARSHAL NEY

record behind it, and had Napoleon listened more often to his advice, there is no doubt that he would have had a more successful climax to his career. On more than one occasion, Ney's counsel was more sound than Napoleon's own views, as history has truthfully proven.

At a small, provincial town in France called Sarrelouis, in the year 1769, there lived a cooper who had been a soldier in the regiments of the Bourbons. Although he was no longer in the army, he was still fired with enthusiasm for the military life, and would often entertain his children with stories of his adventures, — particularly of those at the battle of Rossbach, where he had quite distinguished himself. This martial-spirited workman was the father of the future Marshal of France. His name was Ney, and the son who was to leave an indelible name on the pages of history was called Michael.

As a little boy Michael was educated by the Monks of St. Augustin, where he showed a marked indisposition to follow the strict rules of the school. He was apprenticed to a Notary, but soon gave this up, as he considered the copying of deeds and contracts, far too dull for his nature. As a matter of fact, he longed to be a soldier; and this was in spite of the counsel of his father, who often told him that the son of a poor mechanic had no chance in the profession of arms, where all the high positions were reserved for those of noble birth. Yet he continued in this way of thinking, and at fifteen, deserted the Notary and secured a position in a mine, — hoping to find this more attractive. But, although the bustle and confusion of the works were interesting to one, who, like himself, loved excitement, and although he was made an overseer,

he soon tired of this occupation. There was a military garrison near-by, where the life seemed to be far more to his liking, so he determined to enlist as a private. As only a manly boy would do, he paid a visit to his parents before committing himself to this step, and took leave of them with many reproaches, entreaties, and even threats from both father and mother, who implored him to give up this occupation. But he was deaf to their entreaties, and, bidding them good-bye, set out for Metz with a heavy heart, where he arrived with ragged clothes and no money. Still his courage was not lacking, and he enlisted in a regiment of hussars with a joyful spirit. He was eighteen when he thus entered the service of France.

It was not long before he had made an excellent name for himself. He was soon acknowledged to be the best swordsman in the regiment, and was the only one who could ride and subdue the refractory horses of the command. Because of this well-known ability with the rapier, he was chosen, when a cadet, to fight a duel with the fencing-master of the regiment (also quartered at Metz) after the fellow had insulted his own command. Young Ney was overjoyed to have an opportunity to distinguish himself, but, unfortunately he was caught when preparing for the encounter, and imprisoned, — for duelling was punishable with death. But his superiors were lenient, as they liked the temper of this spirited, young man. After a long confinement he was allowed his liberty, and soon afterwards secretly met the fencing-master. In a sharp encounter he wounded him seriously, thus disgracing the old bully in the eyes of his own men, and wreaking a just revenge for previous insults. As a consequence of

this affair, his opponent was subsequently dismissed the service, and was reduced, in later years, to great poverty. Ney heard of his distress, and, with characteristic warmth-of-heart, gave him a large sum of money.

Marshal Ney, as a young soldier, was tall, well-proportioned, and very strong; with a head of fiery red hair, which caused him to be named "The Red Lion." At the end of the revolution in France, which led to the overthrow of the King, he had won a place as Lieutenant; but his splendid work against the Austrian army — a little later — gained him rapid promotion. France was then at war with Austria because of her determination to continue a democratic form of Government, to which all countries which were ruled by kings were, of course, opposed. Austria was governed for a privileged class, and was naturally at odds with France, for political reasons. During the war Ney was advanced five times. In 1793 he was appointed aid-de-camp to General Lemarche, and, after this General's death, was made Captain in the very regiment in which he had first enlisted. Next he was selected to lead a detachment of cavalry in Kleber's army, operating in the year 1794 against the Austrians, and, as he had shown himself to be so energetic, he was requested to check the detachments of foreign troops which overran the country, keeping the population in awe, and destroying the supply trains of the French. Shortly after this, at a battle near Pellemberg, he made a desperate charge with thirty dragoons and a few orderlies, which made him famous, for against him were over two hundred Austrian hussars, whom he routed completely. Delighted with this heroic act, his commanding general appointed him to the position of Adjutant-General.

In this campaign the Austrian army fought doggedly, but the troops were pushed back into their own territory by the French, who seemed to be inspired by the valiant spirit of their leaders. At this time Ney was not only called "The Red Lion," but also, "The Indefatigable," because he seemed to be daunted by no danger, exhausted by no toil, and caught by no stratagem. When the soldiers would hear the thunder of his cannon from afar, they would exclaim, "Courage, the Red Lion is roaring. All will soon be well, for Peter the Red is coming." He seemed to have a soul of fire in an iron frame and welcomed danger with apparent relish. His personal appearance, at this time, was also striking. His complexion was somewhat pale, his forehead large, and his under lip and chin were prominent. These strongly-marked features gave a manly and severe look to his countenance. Honesty and integrity were stamped indelibly upon them, and he appeared to be what he was,—a leader of men. His popularity among his soldiers grew greater every day, for they fully appreciated his sterling worth and perfect fearlessness in time of danger. Always willing to enter the hottest part of the fight, he exposed himself with the greatest freedom, and never called upon them to perform a feat which he himself would not do.

About a month after the battle at Pellemberg, Ney and his troopers became separated from the rest of the army in an advance upon a small village called Werdt. Learning of the General's presence, from a captured trooper, a large force of Prussians placed themselves in the rear of his command, determined to make him prisoner. Ney heard of this and started to return to the army. But soon

his scouts brought him word that the enemy's cavalry was on the left of the road in large force, and that if he attempted to pass, he would be undoubtedly captured. "Impossible!" answered Ney to the dragoon, who brought him the news, "Sound the Charge!" Waving his sword aloft, he dashed forward at the head of his men and cut a clear passage through the opposing troops. Thinking that the way was now clear, the French cavalry galloped forward, only to find, as they rounded a bend in the road, that another body of dragoons intercepted their flight. With a great show of courage, Ney again shouted, "Forward, my men! Clear them aside!" and, in another moment, he was among the enemy. Such was the fury of this onslaught that his opponents were not only routed, but their commander was taken prisoner. Because of this deed of daring, Ney was promoted to the position of Chief-of-Brigade.

About a month later he thus again distinguished himself. While hastening to the aid of General Bernadotte, who was endeavouring to defeat the enemy's rear guard, he encountered a number of boats on the river which runs near Maestricht. In these he could distinguish the wheels of gun-carriages, so he supposed that they contained cannon and stores for the garrison at that place. It was not long before he had his men on the banks of the stream, and a number of them were ordered to take off their clothes in order to be prepared to swim to the boats, — protected by volley-firing by those on the bank. But the men who propelled the skiffs saw this action, and, fearing that they would be captured, sank their flotilla with all the powder, cannon and projectiles which they had placed

inside. This was a most fortunate incident for the French, as it eventually led to the capture of the town. No one appreciated Ney's aid in this affair more than General Bernadotte, who wrote a letter to Kleber in which he said, "Great praise is due the brave Ney, he seconded me with the ability which you know he possesses, and I am bound to add, in strict justice, that he contributed greatly to the success we have obtained."

In a skirmish that month General Ney received some bad wounds, which resulted in a species of lock-jaw, and necessitated a period of inactivity, which was most distressing to a man of his energetic disposition, for, if any man loved an active life it was the intrepid Marshal. The wounds were received at the siege of Mayence, and were due to an exploit of his which was designed to show some raw troops under his command how to act with courage. Stationed near a hastily-reared redoubt which he saw could be captured by a few, brave men, he assembled some dragoons and sappers whom he exhorted to follow his lead. They started out behind him and split into two parties. Ney sent the sappers to the front of the redoubt, in order to draw the fire of the Austrians, while he had the dragoons passed to the rear and crawled towards the earth-work along a narrow ditch. Those who were with him lost their courage, at the last moment, and allowed him to enter alone into the fortifications. He was immediately surrounded and attacked, but he vigorously defended himself with his sword, and made his escape with one deep, sabre thrust in his arm and another in his side.

Upon his return to the army he was offered the position

of Brigadier-General, but declined the honour, alleging that he had not had sufficient experience to merit it. But not long after this, when he had captured the town of Forchheim, he was called before his men, and in their presence, was thus addressed by General Kleber, "I insist upon your being General-of-Brigade. You may receive the declaration as you please, and I shall not compliment you upon your modesty, because, when carried too far, it ceases to be a good quality." At this Ney's chasseurs shouted and began to applaud, while all the officers cried, "Hear! Hear!" But Ney gazed thoughtfully ahead and said nothing, for, he still seemed to doubt his fitness for the position. Kleber smiled at this show of reticence, and continued, "Well, you appear to be very much grieved and confused, but the Austrians are beyond us on the plain waiting for you. Go and vent your humour upon them. As for me, I shall acquaint the Directory with your promotion." He accordingly dispatched the following report, which insured the desired promotion for the gallant Ney:

"Adjutant-General Ney, in this and in preceding campaigns, has given numerous proofs of talent, zeal, and intrepidity; but he surpassed even himself in the battle which took place yesterday, in which he had two horses killed under him.

"I have thought myself justified in promoting him upon the field of battle to the rank of General-of-Brigade. A commission of this grade was forwarded to him eighteen months ago, but his modesty did not allow him then to accept it. By confirming this promotion, Citizen Directors, you will perform a striking act of justice.

"BERNADOTTE."

It is needless to remark that not only did the Directorate confer the desired position upon him, but Ney no longer refused to accept the honour.

Shortly after this he was captured by the enemy because of this very impetuosity that was so much admired by those above him in rank. In a march towards the town of Giessen — with only a small force of chasseurs — he ran into a detachment of Austrians, outnumbering him three to one. His own men were put to flight after a short encounter, and he would have escaped with them had not his horse fallen and rolled with him into a ravine. Surrounded immediately by a body of Austrian dragoons, he refused to surrender, even after his sword had broken short off, near the handle. Expecting relief from his own side, he kept on fighting, in the hope that he could be rescued. But his foot slipped in some mud and he fell backwards upon the ground. The Austrians were immediately upon him, and he was seized and conducted in triumph to their camp, for they considered that they had done a good day's work when they had him in captivity. As he was carried through the streets of Giessen, a vast concourse of people pressed around him in order to view this remarkable hero, whose military fame was so much superior to that of the Austrian Generals. This greatly irritated the officer who had charge of the detachment of dragoons. "One would think that this was some extraordinary animal," he remarked. Whereupon a lady standing near-by, replied, "It is indeed extraordinary, for did it not take a whole squadron of dragoons to capture him?"

About a week after this, as he was one day seated in front

of his tent, he saw an Austrian private exercising his own horse, which had been brought to the enemy's camp with him. The Austrian officers began to laugh at the gaits and actions of the charger, who seemed to be absolutely worthless and painfully slow in his movements. This irritated Ney, who said, "Give me your permission, and I will soon show you how my own horse should be managed." The officers in charge of his person gave a willing assent. "You cannot make anything out of that old, worn-out hack," one of them said, in a scoffing tone. "Watch me and you will see," Ney replied. A few moments later the Austrians greatly regretted their remarks, for, putting spurs to his steed, the General was soon galloping towards the French camp. Immediately the bugles were sounded and the heavy and light cavalry started in pursuit. Seeing that he would be captured, Ney wheeled and was soon back at the place from which he started, while the Austrians never afterwards joked with him about his horse.

Eventually Ney was exchanged and soon was in command of a portion of French army quartered on the sea coast, for it was Napoleon's intention to invade England. This brilliant Corsican had recently been elected to the supreme command of the army, and was determined to do all in his power to harass the English nation. Fortunately for him the strength of the British fleet made it impossible for the French army to cross the channel, and the invasion was given up. But there was to be no rest for Ney, as the Austrians were still aggressive on the French frontier. The French division — of which he was the commander — was hurried to the Rhine, where General Bernadotte (the French commander of the Army of the Frontier) was

endeavouring to capture a town called Manheim, that was rich in stores, provisions, and arms. General Ney inspected the defences of the place, and told his superior that it could not be taken by direct attack, but that, if he would wait awhile, he, himself, would capture it by stratagem. Bernadotte was, of course, rather dubious that this could be accomplished, but Ney was not cast down by the difficulties which confronted him, and, in order to find out the lay of the land, disguised himself as a Prussian peasant in poor circumstances, crossed the Rhine in a small boat, and entered the town with a basket under his arm. Fortunately, as he had been born near the border between France and Germany, German was as easy to speak as his own tongue, so he aroused no suspicion in regard to his true nationality.

From a conversation with a citizen, he learned that — at a certain time in the evening — the drawbridge was let down in order to admit certain persons into the town. This was all he wished to know. Returning immediately to his own camp, he selected one hundred and fifty of his bravest men, crossed the river with them, that evening; and hid them near the city gates. Not long afterwards the drawbridge was let down and the little band dashed into the fortifications. The garrison thought them more numerous than they really were, because of the darkness of the night which hid their forms, and, terrified at this sudden and unexpected attack; they capitulated. Thus the town fell into the hands of the French with scarcely any sacrifice of life.

The brave leader of this daring exploit was now made General-of-Division and Inspector-General-of-Cavalry, in

recognition of his gallant and meritorious services to France. Soon afterwards he found himself in a position to marry, for his pay had been materially increased. The woman of his choice was a close friend of the wife of Napoleon and was a beautiful and accomplished girl. On August the fourth, 1802, he was united in wedlock to Mlle. Aglae Louise Anguie, who made a devoted and affectionate helpmeet.

Not long after this event the intrepid warrior was employed by Napoleon as Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland, a country which had submitted gracelessly to French rule. It was a position which required much tact and diplomacy — gifts which one would hardly expect a dashing cavalryman to possess. But Ney proved to be an excellent minister, and had soon smoothed over the differences which then existed between that country and France. Upon the organization of the French Empire in 1804, when Napoleon Bonaparte was created Emperor for life — Ney was made Marshal, a position which he filled with the greatest honour. In the campaign against the Austrians which followed the coronation of Napoleon, he commanded a division at the battle of Elchingen, where he so distinguished himself that he was created Duke of Elchingen. At the battles of Jena and Friedland which followed, he did splendid service.

At Jena, the Emperor Napoleon gathered his Generals together — before the attack on the town — and explained to each one what part he was to take. In front was a mass of Russian soldiers huddled together near the river. A number of bridges spanned the stream. The Emperor seized Ney by the arm, pointed to the Russian

force and to the bridges. "Yonder is the goal," he said. "March to it without looking about you, break into that thick mass, whatever it costs you, enter Friedland, take the bridges, and give yourself no concern about what may happen on your right, on your left, or in the rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that." Ney waved his sword and replied, "Aye, sire, it shall be done as directed," and galloped away with his face beaming with satisfaction. Struck with his magnificent appearance at this moment, Napoleon turned to one of his Generals — Marshal Mortier — and said, "That man is a lion."

In 1808 Marshal Ney was sent into Spain, where General Wellington — at the head of an English army of some size — was waging a successful campaign against Massena: one of Napoleon's most intelligent and able lieutenants. Ney commanded an army on the borders of Portugal — for some time — and later joined forces with Massena, to engage in the invasion of Portugal. But his heart was not in his venture, for he neither approved of Napoleon's course towards the Spaniards, nor did he sanction the war. In spite of this he obeyed orders like a good soldier, and laboured as faithfully and energetically in this new field, as he had ever done. We are indebted to a French officer for the following incident which occurred at Madrid, the capital of Spain.

"After a grand review in the city, the Emperor entered the room where Ney and many of his officers were assembled. He was in the best of spirits, for he had just received some very favourable dispatches. 'Everything goes well,' said he. 'Romana will be reduced in a fortnight, the English are defeated and will be unable to

advance. In three months the war will be finished.' None of the other generals ventured to reply, but Ney shook his head dejectedly, and said, 'Sire, the war has lasted long already and I cannot perceive, like you, that our affairs are much improved. These people are obstinate, even their women and children fight, they massacre our men in detail. To-day we cut the enemy in pieces, to-morrow we have to oppose another army, twice as numerous. It is not an army we have to fight, but a whole nation. I see no end to the business.' While he was speaking, the Emperor regarded him with a fixed look. When he had ceased, he turned to the other officers, and said, 'Here the people are instigated to resistance by the clergy, but the Romans subdued them, so did the Moors, and these people are not half as hardy as their ancestors. If Julius Cæsar had been daunted by difficulties, would he have conquered Gaul? The population is said to be against us; this Spain is but a solitude — not five inhabitants to a square league. But let the question be decided by numbers. I will bring all Europe over the Pyrenees and conquer these people.' "

The sequel to this war of aggression proved that Ney was right — for the French troops met with severe reverses and were eventually driven from the country. Ney had a falling out with Massena, and, in consequence, was relieved of his command. But he had reduced a portion of the country, before he left, to some sort of orderly submission, and had succeeded in gaining the love, respect, and even confidence of the people whom he governed, — because of his sympathy and kindness of heart.

Perhaps the best fighting which Ney did in Spain was

at the battle of Redhira. It has been well said of him that here he was "the grandest and bravest General of all the French." Opposed by twenty-five thousand English he had, under his command, but seven thousand. His position, however, was upon some ragged heights, which well made up for the disadvantage in numbers. The English — drawn up in the plain in front — attempted to outflank him, but he was ready for them at every turn. Generals Picton and Pack endeavoured to climb the heights to the left and to dispute his retreat upon Redhira, while Generals Cole and Spencer — with other British troops — advanced in deep columns to the centre. A force of light infantry crossed the river on the right at some shallow fords. But Ney, employing every arm with equal presence of mind, began by riddling with bullets Picton's troops, and, by destroying whole lines, he obliged them to escape by an oblique movement. Having succeeded in mastering the heights after great loss, they advanced against the flank of Ney almost on a level, and were within gunshot, when the latter, bringing to bear upon them six guns, covered them with shot, and then directed against them a battalion of the 27th, and one of the 59th, with all his *Trailleurs*, who had been rallied and forced into a third battalion. These three, small columns vigorously charged Picton's English with the bayonet, and threw them to the foot of the heights, after killing and wounding a considerable number.

In a few moments the rout, at this spot, was complete. Lord Wellington then advanced his centre to rally and rescue his right and to attack the position of the French in front. After a discharge of artillery and musketry, Ney

charged the English with the bayonet, driving them to the sloping ground. He then sent forward the Third Hussars, who broke their first line and sabred many of their foot. At this moment the confusion of the whole body of the English was extreme, and if Ney, by having kept near him the Marchand division, had been able more fully to utilize that of Mermet, the rout would have been general and irrevocable. However, Ney, — unwilling to compromise his troops, — recalled them ; drew them up in battle array, and remained in position another hour, continually breaking the ranks of the English by ball. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. Lord Wellington, touched to the quick at seeing himself thus detained and damaged by a handful of men, collected his whole army ; formed it in four lines ; and advanced with the evident intention to force the position at any cost. But Ney effected his retreat with the same decision and vigour that characterized his attacks in the earlier part of the day.

Thus the battle of Redhira — when taken in connection with the operations leading up to it — was a fearless feat of arms. Ney's positions were so well chosen ; his handful of men so skilfully arranged ; his manœuvres so brilliant ; his blows so daring ; so hard ; so well delivered ; that he kept Wellington's army at bay for six hours. Wellington was completely outwitted and thought that Massena's entire force was before him. One can well imagine how the Iron Duke was deeply chagrined when he discovered that he had been so much deceived by the manœuvres of the crafty, French Marshal.

Outnumbered by the English, Ney was forced to continue his retreat before the incessant assaults of Lord

Wellington's over-whelming army. The retreat was a brilliant one, and the glory of it was the only advantage derived by Marshal Ney from his campaigns in Spain. In perfect order his own seven thousand men retired to Miranda do Corvo, where his quarrel with Massena, because disgusted with the latter's laziness and lack of spirit, succeeded in his banishment from the army. Ney had been severely provoked by his commanding General because he had paid absolutely no attention to his own wishes in conducting the campaign; and when Massena ordered another advance into a bleak and unfertile country, Ney flatly refused to go on unless his superior officer should show him such an order from the Emperor. This, of course, the latter could not do and he was greatly angered by the attitude which Ney had assumed. So, in retaliation for his insubordination, he deprived him of his sword and sent him away from the army. But this did more harm than good, for as soon as he had departed, the French soldiers fought with no spirit and determination, while the English — knowing that Ney had left — attacked Massena with increased confidence and vigour, so that his troops were immediately thrown into the greatest confusion. Without firing a shot, a nearly impregnable position which they held was abandoned, and the campaign was brought to a close with nothing but dishonour and shame for Massena. Ney was the only French General who came out of this warfare with unsullied reputation.

A few years later — in 1812 — Napoleon declared war upon Russia and began an advance upon that country with a vast army. These hostilities were brought on by

the fact that the French Empire was becoming territorially dangerous to Russia, because of the gradual encroachment on their commerce and outlying dependencies. The Czar refused to be dictated to by Napoleon and so the latter determined to humble him in the dust, as he had done to the other powers of Europe. Yet it was extremely imprudent for the French Emperor to attack the Russians at this time, for a portion of the grand army had been severely whipped by Wellington in Spain, as has just been shown. The imprudent Napoleon was carried onward by an intense love of glory and confidence in his own power to accomplish the impossible. In the gigantic project for this campaign, Moscow was to be the objective point. The Emperor even expected to invade India, after the capitulation of the Czar — whom he hoped to force into supplying him with men and forage. Marshal Ney was placed in command of the Third Corps, numbering 37,000 men, and although opposed to this foolhardy invasion, he never fought more valiantly than during this dreadful campaign. Without his aid Napoleon could have never had the success that followed his arms, and without him, that small remnant of the grand army that eventually returned, — would have been left to die on the frozen plains of Russia.

The French army passed through Germany to the Russian frontier; fought several sharp engagements with the Russians; and eventually, at Borodino, defeated them conclusively. In this bloody affair, where two hundred and seventy thousand men struggled desperately, Ney behaved with such bravery that Napoleon embraced him on the battle-field and gave him the well-earned title of

Prince de la Moskwa. The Russians fought like "devils," and although defeated, were not destroyed. This would have been possible had Napoleon utilized "The Guard" — a veteran corps of men — but fearing the loss of this grand body of soldiers, he refused to put them in where needed. The French lost ten thousand killed and twenty thousand wounded, as a price for the city of Moscow, which they entered upon the day following the battle.

When they rode through the streets they found that nearly all the population had left, and that the Russian army had not only carried off all the supplies, but had set fire to the wooden houses. The city was rapidly devastated, and so, without supplies and without shelter, it would have been impossible for the French army to remain through the winter. After waiting in vain for the Czar to show some signs of giving in to his demands, Napoleon began to retreat to France just as cold weather was at hand. When the army left Moscow it consisted of about eighty thousand men: when it reached Smolensk there were only fifty thousand in the ranks. The retreat was one continuous battle with the Russians, who harassed the troops at every step and surrounded the worn-out soldiers with a crowd of fresh and blood-thirsty Cossacks. In this retreat Marshal Ney performed prodigies of valour, and, by his coolness and personal exertion, he saved the remnant of the once Grand Army.

The situation of the French troops was soon desperate. The supplies which they had left at the towns in their rear had been dissipated by those in charge, the weather grew intensely cold, and, as there was nothing for the horses



MARSHAL NEY IN THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

to eat, they died by the hundreds. The French infantrymen became disheartened by cold and famine, their shoes became worn through so there was no protection for their bleeding feet, while lack of clothing and food made it impossible to keep the body in proper strength for fighting. The Russians increased like locusts and harassed the worn-out French at every turn. Only with the greatest personal exertion and by exposing himself again and again in the front of the line of battle, could Ney keep his soldiers from giving up in despair.

At length the rear guard reached Smolensk, and near the river Losnina, found the passage barred by a large, Russian army. An officer appeared and summoned Ney to surrender, stating, in a flattering speech, that there were 80,000 Russians surrounding him and that it would be absolutely impossible for him to extricate his command. As he ceased speaking the Russian batteries opened fire upon the French outposts. Ney heard them and angrily replied, "A Marshal of France never surrenders. There is no parleying under fire. You are my prisoner, Sir." So the cocky officer was disarmed and detained as a prisoner until the army reached Kowno, for Ney's eight thousand had soon eluded the surrounding host and made a forced march to the river Dneiper. Here the gallant Marshal hoped to cross on the ice with all his baggage, but it was frozen so thinly that it was found impracticable to attempt to get the wagons to the other side. At midnight the soldiers walked across in single file, while a few women and wounded men — in spite of the protests of the General — attempted to drive over in the wagons. When in the middle of the stream, the ice gave away, and,

with despairing shrieks and cries of fear, the luckless fugitives disappeared in the cold waters of the cruel river.

Thus the Russians were temporarily evaded, but they were soon again on the flanks of Ney's devoted band, which they attacked with the greatest fury. Three times the rear guard melted away beneath Ney's eyes, by death, captivity, or flight, and three times it was reorganized by the courageous Marshal. Finally, with only thirty men, he defended the gate of Kowno, which was the last place on Russian soil through which the French army passed in its awful retreat. Bidding his soldiers to escape to the other end of the town, he fired the last shot against the Cossacks, threw his gun into the river Niemen, and plunged alone into the forests in order to elude his pursuers.

Napoleon was at Orcha, breakfasting with some officers, when he heard that Marshal Ney had rejoined the ranks of the French. Jumping from the chair in which he was sitting, in a transport of delight, he exclaimed, "I have saved my eagles, then, I have three hundred millions in my coffers at the Tuilleries which I would have ransomed my Marshal with had he been captured. I would willingly have given them all to save Marshal Ney." Soon afterwards the brave leader of the Rear Guard was admitted to his presence. "What a man! What a soldier!" the Emperor exclaimed, as he threw his arms about him. "Better an army commanded by a lion than an army of lions commanded by a deer. You, my dear Ney, have been, and always will be, as strong as a mighty lion."

During the retreat, Napoleon had frequently asked his aids if there was any news of the Rear Guard, and Marshal Ney. He showed inexpressible anguish when told that

nothing had been heard of him, and exclaimed, "Ney has a thoroughly tempered soul. How true, how accurate his knowledge of war. How admirable his military qualities! What a man he is! I have few men about me who have any real energy, firmness, or moral force. How badly am I served. To whom have I trusted myself? Poor Ney, whose noble form I fear that my eyes shall never look upon again."

General Count Dumas gives an excellent picture of the brave Ney at this time and after his appearance among his own troops. "At length," he says, "we were out of that accursed country—the Russian territory—the Cossacks no longer pursued us with the same ardour. In proportion as we advanced into the Prussian territory, we found better quarters and more resources. The first place at which we were able to take breath was Wilkoski, and the next, Gumbinnen, where I put up at the house of a physician which I had occupied when I passed through the town before. Some excellent coffee had just been brought us for our breakfast when a man in a great, brown coat entered. He had a long beard, his face was blackened and looked as if it were burnt. His eyes were red and brilliant. 'At length I am here,' said he. 'Why, General Dumas, don't you know me?' 'No, who are you?' 'I am the rear guard of the army. I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms and have come hither through the woods. I am Marshal Ney!' I leave you to imagine with what respectful eagerness we welcomed the hero of the Russian retreat."

At last the battered remains of the grand army for the Russian invasion, came back to France. But there was

to be no peace for Napoleon, for new coalition between Prussia, England, and Russia was formed against him, and he had to fight in order to preserve his position on the French throne. In 1814 he employed his great Marshal in his campaign against these Allies, and was so well satisfied by his handling of troops at the battle of Lützen and Bautzen, that he publicly congratulated him. Subsequently Marshal Ney was defeated with great loss at Danewitz, by Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, but at one time a French General under whom Ney himself had seen service. As was only natural, this defeat brought upon him the displeasure of Napoleon, and he was little employed during the rest of the campaign, in which the Allies showed themselves to be too strong for the once invincible Emperor of the French. The French Ruler was forced back into Paris; the capital of the French nation was captured, and he was allowed to abdicate in favour of the Bourbons. Sent, in captivity, to the island of Elba, this restless man of Destiny was not to remain there for any length of time. In a year he had escaped again to the shores of France and had begun a triumphant march to Paris.

An army — under the command of Marshal Ney — was sent to capture him, and the gallant General promised King Louis the Eighteenth, that he would bring the ex-Emperor to Paris, “like a beast in a cage.” There is little doubt that he intended to do so, but when he found that every-one was turning to the side of the Emperor, he wavered in his intention. Even his own troops refused to take their former leader prisoner, and, as they advanced against him, Ney received a letter from the Emperor,

calling him many flattering names and asking him to join his old master beneath the tricolour of the standard which they had both fought for so gloriously in days gone by. Seized with the contagion that was everywhere apparent, he, himself, went over to the Emperor, and, on March 20th Napoleon reëntered the Tuilleries which Louis the Eighteenth—the Bourbon King—had quitted the day before. Thus without firing a gun or shedding a drop of blood, he had reinstated himself in power and had re-established his Empire.

But he soon found that he must fight in order to sustain his position. Every country in Europe was against him, and an army of Austrians, Prussians, English, and Russians, menaced the frontier of France, fully prepared to attack when the opportunity offered itself. Napoleon saw his danger and realized that a victory in Belgium might create a different sentiment both at home and abroad; consequently he crossed the Sambre with one hundred and twenty-four thousand men, expecting to surprise the Prussians, under Blücher; rout this army; and defeat the Duke of Wellington, who was nearby with a large, English force. The French advanced against both these adversaries divided into three Corps: the right wing under Grouchy; the centre under Napoleon; and the left under Marshal Ney, who had been summoned to join the army on the very day on which the campaign opened. He had not known until the last moment that he was to be employed, and was assigned to command a body of troops which he had never seen before. He arrived at headquarters without any staff or confidential officers; and when ordered by the Emperor to put himself

at the head of the First and Second Corps of Infantry and several divisions of cavalry, — they were already in action.

In the fierce fighting that followed, Ney stands out as the greatest hero of the occasion. Napoleon was clearly not the Napoleon of old — he was lacking in his earlier fire and keenness of perception. But Ney was the same Ney of all times: brave, dashing, courageous, — The Bravest of the Brave. On the 16th of June he attacked Wellington at Quatre Bras and handled his troops so well that the Iron Duke was checked in his attempt to advance. He was forced to fall back upon Waterloo, where he concentrated his men in order to make a determined resistance to the superior numbers which were before him, for Napoleon had now joined with Ney after beating the Prussians at Ligny. They had fled, and General Grouchy had been sent after them with strict orders not to allow this force to join with Wellington.

On the day following, Ney acted as the Emperor's chief Lieutenant, and here at Waterloo, he led his last charge. Skirmishing between the English and the French began in the morning and soon the battle opened. In the earlier part of the day neither side had the advantage, but in the afternoon Ney captured La Haye Sainte, a strongly fortified farm-house and the key to the English line, for it was scarcely three hundred yards from Wellington's front. This made the position of the English army an extremely critical one. Napoleon saw the situation, with the eye of a born soldier, and determined to stake his empire on a single charge. So he ordered Marshal Ney to penetrate the English centre with the cavalry.

The intrepid Marshal had expected to be sustained by infantry, but clouds of Prussians were advancing on the right, so that Napoleon had to send Lobou's corps and the Young Guard to repel their attack. These were Blücher's troops, which had outmarched General Grouchy and were hurrying to the relief of Wellington. It was therefore absolutely necessary for Ney to break the English centre. Should he not do so, — defeat stared Napoleon in the face.

The cavalry column now charged up the hill to the plateau where Wellington stood like a rock. Ney had even put in the reserve cavalry in order to increase his force. He confidently expected to carry all before him, but the Englishmen formed hollow squares and held their own against the swarms of French horsemen as they came up the slope. The artillery cut great gaps in the lines of the cuirassiers. They were driven from the plateau in confusion. Ney had two horses shot under him; he was wounded, bleeding, his face blackened with smoke and burnt powder; but nothing could curb his impetuous spirit. "Forward, Frenchmen!" he called. "Let us drive the English from the hill!"

Eleven times he rode up at the head of the cavalry and eleven times he was repulsed. At seven o'clock the last charge was made and it was growing dark. The cavalrymen were exhausted with their efforts to crush the stubborn Red-Coats; they were helplessly confused and their organization was gone. To add to the disaster, fresh, Prussian troops were coming up on the right, where the Young Guard had been so defeated that the soldiers were falling back in retreat. At this propitious moment,

Wellington saw that he, himself, could go forward. "Up, Guards, and at them!" he shouted to his men.

They rose *en masse* at this command, and the English army advanced down the hill where the Old Guard stood like stone images. "Surrender!" shouted the Red-Coats. "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders!" replied the French. Napoleon himself was with this favourite body of troops; crazed with mortification and grief. He drew his sword; rushed out towards the enemy; and attempted to die before the English bullets. But his generals surrounded him; placed him upon his horse; turned towards Paris; and fled. Ney cheered on the disheartened French; formed the Old Guard into squares, and vainly endeavoured to stem the advance of the victorious English and Prussians. It was useless! They were mowed down like wheat before the reaper's scythe. They broke! They crumbled! They fled! and Ney—the hero of the hour—the bravest man in all that defeated army—was carried back to Paris in the retreating tide. Bonaparte; his army; and his Empire; ceased to exist as a power on that day. The glorious light of Napoleon's ambition was extinguished on the field of Waterloo.

Wellington and Blücher marched to Paris; in a few days the city capitulated, and the Bourbons were again upon the throne. Ney foresaw the consequences of his act in deserting the Bourbon King for the Emperor Napoleon, and secreted himself in a Chateau, but unfortunately he was discovered, and soon brought to trial. His friends tried unsuccessfully to have him arraigned before a council of war, composed of the Marshals of France, but he was

judged by the Chamber of Peers by express direction of the King's ministers. It was not strange that he was found guilty of treason to the Crown, for he had deserted in favour of Napoleon when sent to capture him. History tells us that he was shot on December the 7th, 1815.

But although this is the popular idea concerning him, he was not shot. He escaped to the United States, settled in the Carolinas, and there taught school for a great many years. He died there when quite an old man, and, according to the statements of those who were beside him when he breathed his last, he declared repeatedly that he was Napoleon's great Marshal. The testimony, too, of those who knew him at the time bears conclusive witness that he was no imposter. According to his own declaration, when the soldiers fired at him (at his supposed assassination) they shot above his head, and, as he fell upon his face, he struck a small bag upon his chest which contained a red liquid resembling blood. This broke and gave the impression to those who viewed him that he was grievously wounded. He was placed in a cart and carried away from the scene of his supposed execution, only to be disguised and smuggled aboard a sailing vessel by military friends. It was his hope to some day return to France, but this was never possible because of the non-restoration of Napoleon. Thus, far from the scenes of his many exploits and adventures, the gallant Marshal of France — the Bravest of the Brave — passed into oblivion among a people who still retain the Democratic forms of Government for which he himself fought; and away from a people who soon discarded the very reforms for which he had so zealously laboured.

JOACHIM MURAT: THE GREAT NAPOLEONIC LEADER OF HORSE

[1771—1815]

SOME-ONE asked Napoleon, one day, what his opinion was of his great leaders of cavalry, Ney and Murat. "They were two of the bravest men I have ever known," he replied. "Murat, however, had a much braver character than Ney: Murat was generous and open, while Ney had common blood in his veins. With respect to physical courage, it was impossible for Murat and Ney not to be brave; but no men ever possessed less moral courage, the former in particular."

Again he drew an excellent picture of Murat, when asked his views about him by an English General who was stationed to watch him at St. Helena, where he spent his declining years.

"Murat," he said, "was the best cavalry officer in the world. There were not, I believe, two such officers in the universe as Murat for the cavalry, and Druot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four-and-twenty years ago, when he was a Captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to what he was. He loved, I may say adored me. In my presence he was, as it were, struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having him separated from me,



JOACHIM MURAT



as, without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself, he was an imbecile without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so changeable. He was nowhere brave save before the enemy. *There* he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, covered with feathers and glittering with gold. How he escaped my wars is a miracle, being always a distinguished mark, and fired at by everybody. Even the Cossacks admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day—during the advance in Russia—Murat was engaged in single combat with one of them, and never returned without his sabre dripping with the blood of some of those whom he had slain. He was a marvel in the field; but take him into the Cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision.”

Joachim Murat was a man of the most striking, personal appearance and had a tremendous reputation for valour among the common people. To the masses in France he was the greatest hero of the Napoleonic wars; for his size, strength, and deeds of heroism, were written-up in the newspapers by the reporters of the day and spread broadcast over the entire land. He possessed a commanding presence; a majestic countenance; large, sparkling, blue eyes; dark, waving hair, which fell in long ringlets over the collar of his uniform; and side-whiskers of considerable length. He dressed in the most extraordinary style imaginable; and put on such an ill-assorted mixture of colours, that he looked more like a player from the

circus than a General-of-Cavalry. His clothes were borrowed from all ages and countries and seemed to be more what a barbarian King would wear than a civilized Frenchman. Next to the Emperor Napoleon, who wore only sombre colours, he looked like a mountebank.

“His coat consisted of a Polish dress,” says the Baron Von Odeloben, “the collar of which was richly embroidered with gold, and the sleeves were open below the shoulder; it was confined with a golden belt, to which was suspended a light sword, with a straight, narrow blade, of the ancient, Roman fashion, the handle of which was beautifully ornamented with rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones. Underneath the coat were full pantaloons of a purple or blood colour, with the seams trimmed with gold, and, his boots were of yellow leather. He wore over the whole — in cold weather — a superb, velvet pelisse of a deep, green colour, trimmed with sables. In his hat was a snow-white plume which towered to an immense height and was composed of four, large ostrich feathers, diverging at right angle, from the centre of which sprang a magnificent heron’s plume. This splendid ornament arose out of a huge, cocked hat, having a broad, gold border, and edged with white, ostrich feathers. The trappings of his horse were of the Hungarian or Turkish fashion: the animal was covered with a trailing blue or purple housing, richly embroidered with gold, while fine, gilt stirrups and a magnificent bridle, completed the show. The livery of his equerries, pages and servants, was sometimes of a deep red, or more frequently of a sky blue, which seemed to be his favourite colour. It must be owned,” continues the Baron, “that this mixture of Swedish,

Spanish, Roman, Turkish, and Neapolitan fashions, notwithstanding its splendour, exhibited no taste."

In spite of this love of finery, colour, and display; Murat — as Napoleon says — was a cavalry leader of extraordinary courage when in battle. His youth had been an inauspicious one, as he was the son of a poor tavern keeper, and was so dissipated and wild when a boy, that he was dismissed from the Church school to which his father had sent him. In spite of this, his good parent took him back to his heart and allowed him to assist in the stabling of horses at the Inn. This life was as distasteful to him as the days of study in the school, so, in 1787, he enlisted in a regiment of French chasseurs and remained with them until severely punished for some misconduct. He then deserted — hastened to Paris — and was soon in such a needy condition that he was forced to seek employment as a waiter in a restaurant. He left this work to become a private in the constitutional guards of Louis XVI, but, as the regiment was soon disbanded, he was again forced to look for another means of earning a livelihood. Finally the unfortunate young man became a Lieutenant in the Eleventh Regiment of chasseurs, in which he served during the stormy scenes at Paris which surrounded the end of the rule of King Louis XVI and the beginning of the Directory with Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul.

The young soldier was burning with ardour and zeal, and soon distinguished himself, after finding employment with the great Napoleon, in his first, Italian campaign. The Leader of the French army liked the boisterous Murat and appointed him his principal aid-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel-of-Cavalry, — a position in which

he soon had an opportunity to display his fire, dash, and love for fighting. At Mondoir — a small and insignificant town — the forces of the French and Italians were soon engaged in a furious struggle, in which a strong redoubt — the key to the Italian position — was held by a considerable force. Finally, after superhuman efforts on the part of the French infantry, the redoubt was carried, and Murat — with his cavalry — precipitated himself upon the squadrons of Piedmontese horse. A desperate encounter took place, but nothing could withstand the onrush of the French; the Italians broke and fled in confusion, followed for miles by the horsemen of Murat. He, himself, was in the thick of the fray; cut down many men with his sabre; and, although recklessly exposing himself on the line of battle, did not receive a scratch. It was his first successful engagement and Napoleon was warm in his congratulations. So highly did the Directory consider his merits, that when he shortly afterwards visited Paris bearing twenty-one strands of colours as witness to the victories in Italy, the members were overjoyed and conferred upon him the rank of Brigadier-General.

Napoleon speaks most highly of the fiery Murat in his memoirs of his first campaign in Italy. "At Mincio," he says, "the bold Murat charged the enemy's cavalry like a whirlwind and obtained an important success for my arms. It was the first time that the French cavalry — because of its bad condition — had measured its strength with the Austrian cavalry, and from this time the French cavalry emulated the French infantry." Murat was in the battle of Rvoliand and Tagliamento, where his conduct also won his chief's applause, and in the expedi-

tion to Egypt, which was made after the successful climax of the Italian campaign, the inn-keeper's son was attached to the engineer corps, where his skill and bravery was marvelled at by all.

Murat next sailed with his General-in-Chief for Egypt, where Napoleon overthrew the Mamelukes at the Battle of the Pyramids, and, advancing through the country into Palestine, defeated the Turks with enormous slaughter, but received a severe check at Acre. On his return to Egypt, however, he won a brilliant victory over the Egyptians at Aboukir, where Murat distinguished himself by his great courage and heroism. "Murat," says Napoleon, "was superb at Aboukir. His genius and daring was matched by no one." In this fight the French soldiers formed hollow squares against which the hostile horsemen hurled themselves repeatedly, but they were unable to penetrate through the lines of fixed bayonets. Tiring of this form of warfare, the impetuous Murat rushed into the open, and single-handed, attacked several of the dusky Arabs who were forming for another charge. He felled one of them with a blow from his sword, but was soon beset on all sides and was cut in the arm by a lance thrust. He would have surely been killed, had not a body of French cuirassiers galloped to the rescue, at this moment, and brought him back into the French lines. All were electrified by this gallant exploit.

Finding now that matters were in great confusion in France, Napoleon, without consulting the home government, left the army in Egypt, and embarking secretly on a French frigate, returned to his own country. He found that the Directory—or governing body—had

failed, and that anarchy prevailed. The general of the Egyptian army felt that his was the genius to conceive and execute the bold deed of severing the reins of government and declaring himself First Consul.

So on the 10th of November, 1799, he entered the Chamber of the Ancients and protested against the Constitution under which the members were formed. Leaving the Senators overwhelmed with surprise at his remarks, he walked to the Council of the Five Hundred — the other governing body — accompanied by about twenty officers and grenadiers, among whom was Murat. Napoleon reproached the members vehemently for their misrule, refused to swear to the Constitution, and declared that the Directory was an incompetent body. He was received with cries of "Outlaw him! Down with the Dictator!" and, frightened by their display of unfriendliness, he went outside, where he mounted his horse and made a stirring speech to the troops. "Soldiers, can I count on you to aid me?" he asked. "Yes, yes," shouted the military men. "Clear the hall, then," cried the First Consul, turning to Murat. "It shall be as you say," replied his aid, and rushing into the assembly room with his grenadiers, he soon had driven out the infuriated members and had placed Napoleon upon the consular throne.

Napoleon immediately began to assert his power and was soon at war with Austria. In the spring of the year 1800, having made the enemy believe that he was about to attack Germany near the Rhine, he secretly led his army across the Alps and swept down upon the Austrians encamped in the valley of the Po. A furious struggle began

at Marengo, which was one of the most brilliant of Napoleon's battles. "The battle was bloody," says Napoleon in his memoirs, and one of his Marshals wrote afterwards, "In my division the bones were crackling like a shower of hail falling on a sky-light." Murat was a general of division in this campaign and conducted himself with such great bravery that he received the congratulations of the First Consul, who placed his hand upon his shoulder, after the battle of Marengo, and said, "Had I more men like you, my brave Murat, we would soon quench the power of Austria, like a fire-brand with a bucket of water."

The attack at this famous battle began at an early hour, and was so furious on the part of the Austrians, that an entire division of the French army (General Victor's) was so broken, that his soldiers retired in confusion across the plain with cries of "All is lost." Seeing that things were going badly with his men, Napoleon hurried up with the reserves. The sight of the great leader with his brilliant staff and two hundred horse grenadiers, in bright uniforms and high, fur caps, gave renewed courage to the fugitives, and so inspired them, that they rallied near a small village. At this juncture Napoleon rode up to Marshal Desaix, who was holding his troops well in hand, under a furious fire from the Austrian gunners. "Well," said the General, "affairs are going on badly, the battle is lost; I can only secure the retreat. Is this not so?" "It is quite the reverse," replied the First Consul, "to me the result of the battle has never been in doubt. The battle is gained." And, with this cheerful remark, he hastened to concentrate the cavalry corps for a mighty charge. "Soldiers! we have now retired far enough. You know that I am in the

habit of sleeping upon the field of battle," said Napoleon, as he rode along the line. "Charge, and retrieve the fortunes of the day." With a wild cheer the soldiers again renewed the fight and, after a desperate charge by the cavalry, the Austrians were driven in confusion from the field.

Murat had fought well in this campaign, and had gained the reputation of having the fiercest courage in battle. He was affable, polished and gallant, qualities which appealed with equal force to both men and women. A close intimacy sprang up between himself and the sister of Napoleon — Caroline Bonaparte — which subsequently ripened into love. To her the brilliant aid-de-camp was married on the 20th of January, 1800, and from now on the great leader of cavalry had aspirations for glory and renown which proved to be his undoing. In 1802 he was made Governor of the Cisalpine Republic, and two years later was created a Marshal of the Empire and commander of the Paris National Guard. In the next year he took part in the campaign of Austerlitz, which ended most gloriously for the fortunes of Napoleon, and which placed France in a position of power and influence which she has never held since that time.

Russia, Austria, England, and Sweden were in a military alliance against France, and hovered upon the borders of the French country with detached armies of many thousand men. Against these the genius of Napoleon was pitted, and against them he marched with forces of one-half their number, to disperse, if possible, the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. An army of one hundred and eighty thousand men was moved forward towards

the Rhine, and in this force Murat had charge of the cavalry corps. A body of four thousand Austrians, dispatched by General Mack (the Austrian commander) to aid another wing of his army, were surrounded and cut to pieces by the impetuous Frenchman, and to deliver himself from capture, the Austrian retreated. At Elchingen Murat captured a large part of the Austrian army under Werneck. This broke the back of the courageous Mack, who subsequently capitulated at Ulm with thirty-thousand men. No sooner was the victory won than Murat was dispatched by Napoleon to seize a bridge near Vienna, in order to cut off a second Austrian army which was marching to wreak vengeance upon the victorious, French troops. But the enemy escaped the bold leader of cavalry and concentrated near Austerlitz, where Napoleon had decided to give battle to this fresh army. "Examine this locality well," he said to his officers. "In a few days this will be our field of battle."

Napoleon had ninety thousand men; against him was the Austrian army and a large force of Russians, who had joined them. "If I wished to gain an ordinary victory, I should receive battle on these heights," said he, "but I perceive that the enemy is marching to turn my right and I wish to betray him to his ruin, for, if I can attack him as he moves sideways, the battle is won." So saying, he marched his army from the high ground to a position near a small stream and some marshes at Brum. Murat, with his cavalry, formed the second line, and was to take a most important part in the coming engagement.

It was winter, and upon the following day, a low fog rested upon the ground. Napoleon and his marshals stood

upon an elevation commanding the whole scene, as the sun rose—burning the mists away—and exposing the glittering ranks of the Austrian army to view. The Allies were in motion to turn the French right, and, perceiving the splendid advantage which the genius of Napoleon had given them, his Marshals eagerly besought him for the signal to advance. “Not yet, Gentlemen,” said the great leader of the armies of France. “When your enemy is executing a false movement never interrupt him.” Thus he held his impetuous soldiers in a leash, like a hunter with his hounds, and when firing was at length heard on the right,—which warned him that the left wing of the Allies had come in contact with his men,—he cried out, “Now is the moment ! Soldiers, the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to our blows. We shall finish the campaign by a clap of thunder !”

After the first clash of arms the powerful corps of Austrian cuirassiers penetrated to the French centre, but here they met Murat—at the head of the cavalry of Napoleon’s guard—who charged them with so much fury, that they were almost totally annihilated. The day looked bright for the French, when, at about one o’clock, a formidable body of infantry and cavalry was seen debouching from the plain between the French centre and left. It was the Russian, imperial guard, a number of squadrons of horse, some cuirassiers, and a battery of four guns. These attacked the French column in flank and threw it into such disorder that Napoleon immediately dispatched two squadrons of chasseurs to check the disorganization, assisted by Murat with all the cavalry of the Guard. “Forward,” shouted the brave Murat.



MURAT AT THE BATTLE OF WERTINGEN

“ See how our brothers and friends are getting cut to pieces; avenge them; avenge our flag!” And rushing forward, the enemy was driven back and their guns were captured. The Russians now rallied and renewed the attack with fury, so that a close contest ensued where both cavalry and infantry was so mixed that the artillery men of neither side dared fire for fear of wounding their own men. It was a sanguinary battle, “ horse to horse and man to man,” but, at last, the bull-dog courage of the French carried all before them and the enemy broke in wild disorder. Ten thousand were either slain or taken prisoner, while a large body retreated over the frozen surface of a lake where the ice gave way and drowned about two thousand. Murat repeatedly attacked one close column which retreated doggedly, but which would not give way before his onslaught. When the sun went down the Allies were in full retreat and victory perched upon the Eagles of Napoleon.

After the successful termination of the campaign the spirited cavalry leader was made Grand-Duke of Cleves and Berg, and in 1808 was appointed General-in-Chief of the army in Spain. On the 15th of July, 1808, he was created King of Naples under the name of Joachim Napoleon. He took part in the campaign against Prussian and Poland with added glory to himself, and displayed the greatest talent as a leader of cavalry. Before one of the numerous battles in which he was engaged, accompanied by a small escort, he exposed his person in such a manner that a squadron of the enemy made after him to capture him. An officer apparently recognized the newly-created monarch, because of his brilliant uniform, and eagerly galloped after him, crying out, “ Stop,

King of Naples, Stop!" As he rushed after the flying cavalryman, Murat's Aid turned about, and, with a well directed sword thrust, killed the pursuing officer, — a deed of gallantry for which he received the Legion of Honour. As the army retreated, some days later, Murat was apparently recognized by the Prussian artillery men — as he stood with Napoleon upon the banks of a stream — for they turned their guns upon him, and bullets, cannon-balls, and shells began to fall dangerously near the Emperor. "They are firing at you, Sire," said one of Napoleon's aids. "Nay," replied the French General-in-Chief, "they are trying to wing Murat, my bird of paradise."

On May 9th, 1812, Napoleon — who was no longer First Consul, but Emperor — left his palace for a campaign with Russia. He was now in the zenith of his power: the French Empire over which he ruled extended from Denmark to Naples: he held the German states in subjection: Austria and Prussia crouched at his feet: and he wished to humble the pride of the Czar of Russia. Murat was with him as General-of-Cavalry, and in this disastrous campaign, played a part as prominent, but by no means as effective, as that of Marshal Ney.

After passing through Germany with little opposition, and having several brushes with the Russians, Napoleon arrived at Witepsk, where he threw his sword abruptly down on the maps of Russia with which his tables were covered, and cried, "Here I stop! here I must look around me, rally and refresh my army and organize Poland; the campaign of 1812 is finished; that of 1813 will do the rest." But Murat was impatient of repose and longed for the excitement of battle, and leaving the ad-

vance guard — with whom he was stationed — he went to Witepsk and sought a private interview with the Emperor for the purpose of stimulating him to further fighting. “The enemy are cowards,” he said to Napoleon. “The army is panic struck and would retreat before the light troops. Come, Sire, let us put them to flight and gloriously end the campaign !”

“Murat,” replied the Emperor, “the first campaign in Russia is finished. Let us here plant our Eagles; two great rivers mark our position; let us raise block houses on that line; let our fires cross each other in all directions; let us form in square battalion; cannons at the angles and exterior; our quarters and magazines in the interior; 1813 will see us in Moscow; 1814 in St. Petersburg. The Russian war is a war of three years.”

This was the sagacious perception of the great Emperor, and had he followed this judgment, things would have not gone so ill with him in later years. Murat retired to his own command, abashed and ashamed at the reply to his request, while Napoleon became tormented with doubts and irresolute thoughts which affected his whole frame. He was seen by his attendants to wander about his apartments, as if pursued by some dangerous temptation; he took up a piece of writing only to lay it aside again with indifference; he paced before his tent with apparently no object in view; continually asked what o'clock it was, and kept looking at his watch. He would stop; hum a tune; and then begin walking about again with an absent air. Occasionally his face would brighten as he met some one whom he knew, and he would address them with such half-sentences, as, “Well, what shall we do? Shall we

stay where we are, or advance? How is it possible to stop short in so glorious a career?" and, not waiting for an answer, he would continue wandering about as if looking for somebody who could answer these perplexing questions. Finally he would throw himself upon one of his beds, but here he had no rest, for his mind seemed to be as acute as ever. He would toss about, groan, and cry out aloud in his anguish. A Historian says, "The reasons impelling him to advance and finish the campaign by a brilliant stroke, presented themselves to him with irresistible force. Having at last determined upon his course, he arose, hastened to his maps, which presented to his view the cities of Smolensk and Moscow, 'the great Moscow, the Holy City,'—names which he repeated with satisfaction. Fired with the prospect of a speedy advance, his spirit, replete with the energy of his great conception, appeared to be possessed with the genius of war. His voice deepened, his eyes blazed, and his countenance grew dark with thought and resolution. His attendants retreated from his presence, struck with mingled awe and respect; but, at length, the plan of advance became fixed, his determination was taken, and the order of march was traced out. Instantly the internal struggle by which he had been agitated subsided, and, no sooner was he delivered of this terrible conception than his countenance assumed its usual composed and tranquil character."

Of all the Generals in the army Murat was the only one who urged the Emperor to advance upon Moscow. All the others—including Ney—were against such a proceeding, and repeatedly advised their chief not to move further into Russian territory. But Napoleon was ob-

durate, and dispatching the head-strong Murat to take charge of the Advance Guard, was soon marching upon Smolensk. His leader of cavalry was overjoyed at this departure. "See the Russians," he exclaimed with disdain, "they wilt before our lines like chaff before the wind." When Smolensk was taken, his impetuous ardour cooled a bit, and he began to think that further advance into the enemy's country was too hazardous a proceeding to undertake. But nothing could now shake the decision of the Emperor to take Moscow. "On, on, Soldiers of France," he said. "We must humble the pride of these Northern plunderers and capture their sacred city."

Murat drove the Russians beyond the Osma River and pursued them with great impetuosity through the narrow defile between the banks of the stream. There was a sharp fight, and — at a critical moment — a battery in Davoust's corps refused to fire, and thus a violent quarrel began between Murat and this cold and calculating Marshal, who was the exact antithesis of the dashing cavalryman. Napoleon rode up while the dispute was in progress, and, although he had a high regard for Davoust, sustained the impetuous system of Murat, and censured the slow-moving leader of Infantry. So the advance continued, while clouds of Cossacks hovered about the head of the column, which Murat in vain attempted to disperse. At last, irritated by the necessity of constantly deploying his cavalry against the Russian horse, he dashed forward alone toward the line of enemy, and, brandishing his sword in the air, cried out, "Retire, you cowards, to your own infantry. Begone, your country needs you!" The grandeur of his presence, the regal splendour of his

dress, and the daring of this action, so astonished and impressed these barbarians, that they fell back in amazement before him.

At Borodino the Russians stood up against the French advance. Napoleon rose that morning with his accustomed spirit and called out to his officers: "We have them at last. Forward! Let us advance to open the gates of Moscow." He then rode to a captured redoubt, and, when the sun rose, pointed to it and said, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" But it was opposite the French army and fell into their eyes with dazzling splendour, while revealing the movements of the enemy.

The battle soon commenced and lasted all day with the greatest fury. After Marshal Ney had carried the redoubts of the Russians with irresistible fire, Murat was ordered forward with the cavalry to complete the victory, but the second Russian line had rallied, and drove him back. At this moment some French regiments mistook the horsemen of the dashing, French cavalryman for retreating Russians, and fired upon them. At the same time, the Cossacks galloped forward, surrounded Murat, and were endeavouring to catch hold of him, when he threw himself into an intrenchment and thus escaped for the time being. There he seized a sword, and keeping the Cossacks at bay with one hand, with the other raised aloft his well-known, snow-white plume. Calling to his men to rescue him, the French cavalry soon precipitated itself upon the victorious Russians, with such force, that they were driven away and the gallant Murat was saved from capture. Marshal Ney reformed his division and checked the Cossacks when they made

a second assault, while Murat — placing himself at the head of two divisions of cavalry — rushed upon the enemy, drove them back upon the centre, and, in an hour, had completely broken the Russian, left wing.

The defeated horde of Russian troops fell back upon Moscow, and, as they did so, Murat dashed after them with his usual careless recklessness. So impetuous was his advance, that, when he overtook the rear guard at Krymskoie, he attacked with such rashness, that over two thousand of his men were killed and disabled. This careless sacrifice of young lives incensed Marshal Mortier to such an extent, that he refused to obey Murat's orders, while Davoust — another General — soon afterwards rode to find the Emperor, and promised that if he would put him in command of the French advance, he would reach the enemy and compel him to fight without needlessly squandering the lives of the soldiers, as did the impetuous Murat. Napoleon refused to allow such a charge, and extolled the daring and impetuosity of the leader of cavalry with words of great praise.

Finally the army came in view of Moscow, and, from a high hill, saw the noble city as it lay beneath, glittering with a million, different colours as the sun flashed upon its gilded roofs and cupolas. The French rushed forward in disorder, crying "Moscow! Moscow!" while Napoleon exclaimed, "It is high time. Here at last is the famous city!" A deputation came out from the town to declare that the city would be set on fire if the rear-guard of the Russian army were not permitted to leave in peace, and, while a conference was in progress with the Emperor, Murat was recognized by the Cossacks, who clustered

about him, laying hold of his person with their hands, and demonstrating, by their gestures and strange exclamations, that they thought highly of his bravery and valour. To appease their curiosity the French General took some watches from his officers and presented them to the rough riders of the plains.

While negotiations were in progress, a rumour began to be circulated among the French that Moscow had been set on fire. "Moscow is deserted," said Murat, "let me enter the city before the Russians get away." "Very well, enter then," answered Napoleon. "Perhaps these people do not know how to surrender." So, the brightly uniformed General-of-Cavalry — surrounded by his toughened husars and cuirassiers — defiled through the gate of the city and clattered along the cobbled streets. Silence and solitude rested over all; not a person was in sight; and not a voice echoed from the deserted houses. Shuddering at the ominous quietude, the cavalry dashed through the city; defiled out of the further gate; and galloped along the road to Wlademer, along which the Russians had retreated.

When Napoleon entered Moscow, he said, "Above everything, let there be no pillage. For this you soldiers must answer to me with your lives. Preserve Moscow against all, both friend and foe!" But alarming reports that fire had broken out in several remote quarters of the city soon brought terror to the hearts of all. Napoleon remained calm and issued orders to have the flames subdued, for it became known that the French patrols had seized numbers of low Russians — said to have been released from prison when the city was abandoned — who, incited by the hope of plunder, ran from place to place

and set fire to all the wooden buildings. "I found several of these wretches taken in the act," says the Baron Zancy, "lighted matches and combustibles were upon their persons." By night these incendiaries came from their hiding-places and the sight of lurid flames bursting forth in every direction was sufficient proof of the presence of these mysterious and dreadful creatures. Soon the French were encircled by a sea of flames: in vain they attempted to stem the fierce conflagration: the Kremlin itself was soon alight and all Moscow roared in a sea of crackling fire. "The chiefs of the army, overcome with the conflagration," says Segur, "after fighting the flames for thirty-six hours, dropped down from fatigue and despair." Napoleon, himself, passed two days of anguish and dismay, and then hastily left the doomed city to its fate. The next day he looked towards Moscow, which resembled a vast water-spout of flame rising in whirling eddies to the sky, and — after a long and gloomy silence — observed, "This forebodes great misfortunes for our arms. The glory of this campaign has been exhausted in the flames of Moscow."

Murat had charge of the rear-guard in the beginning of the retreat, and on October 5th, during an informal armistice which was established with the pursuing Russians, was constantly flattered by the Cossacks. When he would show himself at their advance posts they would take great notice of his fine person and their vedettes would obey his order. The Cossack Chiefs pretended to be his personal friends and it is believed that they made offers to him to join them, for Napoleon is said to have exclaimed, when reading some letters, "Murat, King of the Cossacks? What folly!"

The King of Naples believed that they were afraid to fight against him, but one day a Cossack sentinel fired upon him when he showed himself at an advance post, and, infuriated at this, the French General declared the truce with the Russians at an end. Two days later — in a furious engagement — he was so severely handled by the wild descendants of Attila, the Hun, that he lost between three and four thousand men; twelve pieces of artillery; twenty ammunition wagons; had two generals killed; and was himself wounded. This completely shattered his force, while those that survived this fight were so weakened by hunger, that they had not strength enough to make a single charge on the now exultant Russians.

Napoleon became aware of a plot against the throne, and so left his troops, in order to hasten to Paris, leaving Murat in command of the now disorganized Grand Army. But the brilliant cavalry leader was not equal to the responsibilities of the occasion, and, had it not been for the lion-hearted Ney, the retreating Frenchmen would have never left the plains of Russia. At Wilna the Cossacks made a fierce charge upon the disorganized masses of men. "Here are the Cossacks!" cried the frightened refugees, and Murat was among the first to seek safety in flight by forcing his way through the crowd of fugitives, and fleeing, on foot, from the city. At Gumbinnen the French army rallied, while Murat assembled the various Generals to whom Napoleon had entrusted the command, and said, "There is no longer any use in serving such a madman as Napoleon, and there is no safety in supporting his cause. No monarch in Europe can place any reliance

upon his word, or upon the treaties concluded by him. I am in despair because he has rejected the proposals of the English, for, had he not done so, he would still be a great monarch like the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia."

"The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria," interrupted Marshal Davoust, with great indignation, "are monarchs by the Grace of God, of time, and the custom of nations. But, as for you, you are only a King by the grace of Napoleon, and you are by blood a common Frenchman. You can only remain King, through the good graces of Napoleon, and by continuing your allegiance to France. You are basely ungrateful to him who has made you."

The other Marshals remained silent at this just speech, and Murat was so mortified at the exposures which he had made, that he left the room immediately.

When he arrived in Posen, in East Prussia, the gaudily-attired cavalryman suddenly resigned from his position in the French army and set out for his dominions in Italy. Napoleon was stunned and indignant at this act of ingratitude by the man who had married his sister and whom he had created a King. "The King, your husband," he wrote to the wife of Murat, "abandoned my army on the 16th. He is a brave man upon the field of battle; but he is feebler than a woman, or a monk, when not in the presence of the enemy. He is destitute of moral courage." And shortly afterwards, he dispatched the following, bitter words to the ungrateful Murat, "I suppose that you think the lion is dead. You will find that you are mistaken. You have done me all the mischief that you could

since my departure from Wilna. Your elevation to the throne of Naples has turned your head and you are now useless."

Later on, when at St. Helena, the Emperor said, "At the head of a body of horsemen no man was ever more resolute, more courageous or more brilliant than Murat. He could make the most of a corps of cavalry. He was endowed with extraordinary courage and little intellect. There are several men whom I made too great: I raised them above the sphere of their intelligence. He is one of these."

Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, eager to attach Murat to their cause, endeavoured to get the King of Naples to join them against Napoleon. But this he would not do, and, after the Emperor had beaten his enemies at Lützen and Bautzen, hastened to offer his services to his old commander. Napoleon received him with indulgence and again gave him command of the cavalry which he led with his old-time fire and enthusiasm in the battle of Dresden and Leipsic. At the former Murat was in the centre — as usual — and advanced, in the rain, by a circuitous movement, appearing with fourteen thousand horse upon the flank and rear of the Austrian left-wing. This so appalled the enemy, that — after a furious assault by Marshal Ney — they retired. But the tables were reversed at Leipsic, where Murat commanded the French centre, and Napoleon, in turn, was forced to beat such a disorganized retreat that soon the Allies had entered Paris and the proud and imperious Emperor of the French was exiled to the Island of Elba.

Meanwhile the vacillating Murat had again left the

man who had made him great, and had joined the Austrians. To his soldiers, he issued a proclamation, which ran: "As long as I could believe that the Emperor Napoleon fought for the peace and happiness of France, I stood by his side; but that illusion is no longer possible. He breathes nothing but war. I should be false to the interests of my native country, and to my present Kingdom, and to yours, if I did not separate my armies from his and join these great Allies who respect the independence of nations and the dignity of thrones. Soldiers! There are two banners in Europe; on one is inscribed, 'religion, morality, justice, law, peace, and happiness,' on the other 'persecution, artifice, violence, tyranny, war, and sorrow to all people.' That is Napoleon's."

Of this proclamation Napoleon spoke with great feeling: "It is my banner that he calls the banner of crime," he said, "and it is Murat, my creature, the husband of my sister, the man who owes everything to me, who exists by me, and is known through me alone; it is Murat who writes this! It is impossible to detest the cause of misfortune with more unfeeling brutality, and to run with more unblushing baseness to hail a new destiny."

In spite of his acts of hostility to Napoleon, Murat was, at heart, his devoted admirer and friend. Vain and desirous of remaining King of Naples, his acts, at this period of his life, were controlled by his inordinate desire to perpetuate his rule. On hearing of Napoleon's return from Elba his head was turned, and, in the political confusion that ensued, he endeavoured to establish the independence of Italy. Crossing the river Po, with a large army, and calling upon the Italians to assert their independence, he

had several battles with the Austrians, but was eventually defeated, and during the retreat of his men, exhibited that reckless bravery for which he was always renowned. By continual charges upon the Austrian line he kept the enemy in check and sought to end his life by being killed in battle; but such was not to be his fate. When at last he entered Naples, he appeared before his queen and said, "All is lost, madam, but my life, and that I have unfortunately not been able to lose." Tenderly embracing her, he bade farewell to his children; had his hair cut short; and donning an old, gray suit; secretly made his way to the seashore and embarked in a small boat for France. Landing upon the south coast, he sent word to Napoleon that he wished to join him in his campaign of Waterloo. "What treaty of peace has been concluded between France and Naples since 1814," Napoleon coldly replied, and so poor Murat hid himself, in haste, to avoid recognition by the country people.

Speaking of Murat, at this time, Napoleon wrote afterwards, at St. Helena, "I should have taken him with me to Waterloo, but such was the patriotic and moral feeling of the French army (who looked upon his refusal to join me after Leipsic, in 1814, as the cause of their subsequent disaster) that it is doubtful whether the troops could surmount the horror and disgust which they felt for the man who had lost and destroyed France. I did not consider myself sufficiently powerful to protect him. Yet he might have enabled me to gain the victory. How useful he would have been at certain periods of the battle of Waterloo! He would have broken three or four English squares, for Murat was admirable for such service as this. He was precisely the man for it."

Thus the unfortunate Frenchman was compelled to settle down near Toulon and await the events of Napoleon's last campaign, while living unostentatiously with a small suite. When the news of the disaster at Waterloo came, and of the flight of Napoleon, a reward of sixteen hundred dollars was offered by the Royalists for the capture of the Emperor's old leader of cavalry; so Murat separated from his followers and went into hiding. For many days he wandered alone, — half starved, — in constant fear of capture and assassination. When crouching, one day, behind some shrubs in a garden, he saw a party of his pursuers search a house, where, but a few moments before, he had been entertained by the owners. Faithful friends repeatedly aided him, and, as he had a small amount of money, he eventually was able to escape to Corsica in a small boat.

The once-powerful King of Naples was now weary with wandering and embittered with the humiliation of his position. He also feared a violent death, for the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon a public enemy and liable to public vengeance. But such was Murat's love for his departed power that he decided to organize an armed force for the purpose of again invading the soil of Italy and replacing himself upon the throne. He was, no doubt, stimulated by the example of Napoleon's successful return from Elba, six months before, and hoped to duplicate his triumphant entry in Paris. In a very few days a force of between two and three hundred men was assembled. "I will not give up my Kingdom," said Murat. "At the most I shall die a King."

Departing from Corsica in some small vessels, the vain-

glorious Frenchman landed on the shores of Italy, after a stormy passage, in which his own vessel was nearly capsized. It was Sunday morning when he marched into the market-place of the little town of Pizo, and a large concourse of people were assembled in their holiday clothes. As Napoleon's former cavalryman passed them, he began calling out: "I am Joachim; I am your King; you ought to recognize me." But, instead of welcoming him with huzzas of greeting, the peasants began to leave the market-place and enter their houses.

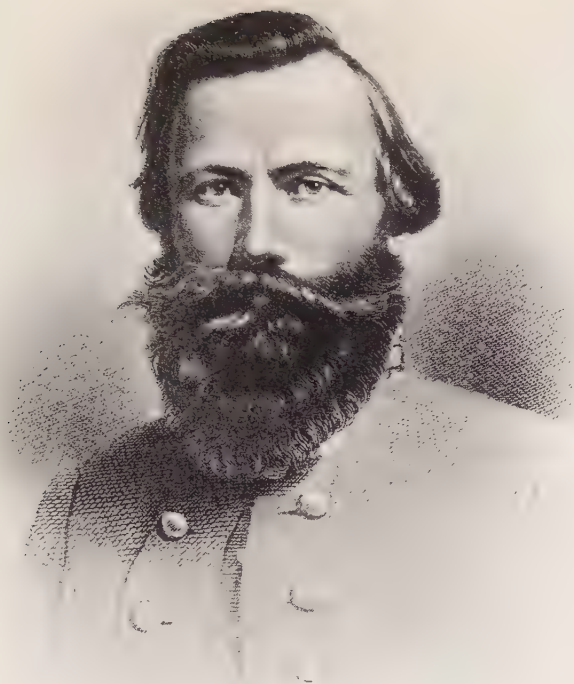
The party of soldiers now marched towards Monteleone, while a crowd followed them from the little village which they had just quitted, and vigorously assailed Murat's followers with sticks and stones. Finally a pistol was fired, and, at this, the Corsican soldiers, composing Murat's army, took to their heels and scattered to the right and left. Murat and two others escaped to a beach, near-by, and there espied a fisherman's boat hauled high up on the sand. To this they ran and desperately struggled to drag it into the water. Their pursuers closed in as they did so, while the fugitives — seeing that all was lost — drew their swords and pistols. One of Murat's companions was shot dead; the other was soon overpowered and knocked lifeless upon the sand. The deposed Monarch was seized; pulled from hand to hand in the midst of the howling crowd; his arms, ornaments and clothes were wrenched from him; his face and body were begrimed with blood and sand, as his hair was torn from his head by the fist-full. Finally he was carried off to prison, while the news of his capture was instantly dispatched to Naples, where Ferdinand the Fourth had ascended the throne of his fathers.

A court-martial was assembled, composed of seven officers who had served in Murat's army, who listened to a few remarks by the officer who conducted the defence, and sentenced the former King of their country to be immediately shot in the courtyard of the castle. At about four in the afternoon a parting letter was written to his wife and children, and, after absolution had been received by a priest, Murat remarked, "Let us go and accomplish the will of God."

At the foot of the steps which led to his cell had been placed a chair, and, in a narrow, little area in front of it stood the firing party. The space was so cramped that the twelve men who composed it were placed in three ranks. As the prisoner faced them he refused to sit in the chair. In his left hand he held a miniature of his wife and children, and with clearness and deliberation ordered the soldiers to prepare to fire. He then remarked, with a firm voice, "Spare my face, aim at the heart," and as the muskets of the soldiers nearly touched his breast, he endeavoured to draw one towards it. "Fire!" he cried. As the triggers were pulled the brave warrior's body remained erect for a moment, then sank, and his forehead struck the door of the cell in which his comrades were imprisoned.

Thus Joachim Murat came to an ignominious end. He was a warrior, who, as a leader of cavalry, had few equals. As a man, his keen sense for personal advancement often turned to craftiness and deceit. As a cavalry officer his boldness was often rashness. He was one of the most notable soldiers of an epoch of great military activity and achievement, and died at the early age of forty-nine. When

the news of his death came to the ears of Napoleon (exiled at St. Helena) he showed little sympathy for the man who had so treacherously deserted him in the time of his greatest need. "Murat," said the Emperor, "was doomed to be our bane. He ruined us by forsaking us and he ruined us by too warmly espousing our cause. His unfortunate end corresponds to his conduct. He deserved such a miserable *finalé* to his career."



MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

JEB STUART: CAVALIER

THE greatest leader of Southern cavalry during the war between the Northern and Southern States in America, was General James Ewell Brown Stuart, familiarly known as Jeb. He possessed all the qualities which make the true leader of cavalry. He was a man of the most winning personality. He was courteous; affectionate; kind; yet he possessed courage; dash; and a great fighting spirit. He was physically strong, fearless, and bold. He had the fire and imagination that is essential to the leader of light horse, and a sufficient amount of caution to make him respected by more conservative leaders of the Confederacy. Blessed with a cheerfulness which no reverse could dampen, he stands forth in the history of that great war as one's true idea of a hero. Beloved by all his followers and by the people of the South, his death, at the early age of thirty-one, was a blow to the Confederate cavalry service from which it never recovered.

As a matter of history, the infantry of both the Northern and Southern armies was never on very friendly terms with the cavalry. There was always a certain amount of feeling between the dashing cavalymen and the plodding dough-boys, as the infantrymen were called. The foot-soldiers thought that there was a great deal of swagger and bluster

about the cavalry and that this branch of the service never really accomplished much. Those on horseback thought that all the true fighting was done by them, and that the infantrymen were a lot of good-for-nothings.

One day a member of Stuart's brigade was stopped by a foot-soldier near the General's headquarters.

"Say, Mister," he said, "did you ever see a Yankee?"

"Yes," answered the cavalryman, rather sharply.

"Well," remarked the infantryman, "I thought you never had. Never heard of the cavalry ever killing or catching one. Say, Mister, did he have on a blue coat?"

"Yes," answered the Dragoon, showing some signs of wrath.

"Did you stop and look at him, Mister?"

"Yes, I had a good look."

"Well," said the dough-boy, "Please ter tell me, Mister, if your hoss wuz lame or your spurs wuz broke?"

This remark was greeted by a roar of laughter from General Stuart, who was standing in front of his tent, for, if any one dearly loved a joke, it was he. Let us look at this genial commander of cavalry and see what kind of a man he was.

Clad in a neat, gray uniform, with black boots extending to the knees, stood a youthful man of about twenty-seven years of age. His height was about five feet eleven inches; his body short; and his legs and arms rather longer than they should have been in order to make him of perfect proportions. Upon his head was a great, broad, felt hat turned rakishly up on one side. An ostrich plume waved carelessly from the top. Beneath was a bronzed and weather-beaten countenance. A luxuriant, brown beard and

moustache covered the lower portion of his face. His nose was long and well-shaped, his eyes sparkling with the lustre of perfect health. At times, their colour was a calm, bluish gray. At others they were as black as a thunder cloud, and again, as blue as the skies upon a clear, May morning. The sound of a distant bugle or the crack of a shot was only needed to light them up in a sparkle of brilliant light.

Upon the heels of his tall, hip boots were silver spurs. A brightly polished sword hung from his belt. In his button-hole was a bouquet of flowers, while a pair of long, white gauntlet-gloves were stuffed into the yellow sash wound around his waist. Upon first view you would say that this fellow was a dandy. You would have criticized him in very much the same way that General Custer was criticized. You would remark, perhaps, that he was a tin-soldier, — a fellow who loved to dress gaily but who had no stomach for a fight. But here you would be wrong. No one respected his fighting qualities more than did Sheridan, Custer, Merritt, Pleasanton and Buford: the leaders of the Federal horse. They knew how vigorously he watched the Confederate line. They knew how difficult it was to surprise the Southern army, with Stuart's troopers on the outposts, and they christened him Stuart, the Yellow-Jacket, for his perpetual movements and aggressive attacks, stung them like an insect and irritated them beyond measure.

The character of General Stuart was essentially joyous, yet he had sufficient gravity when the occasion demanded a show of quiet dignity and it was only when severely engaged in battle that he was not continually laughing and

joking. Sometimes, after hours of application to the duties of his office, — where Stuart would be as sober as a Judge, — he would call his adjutant from his desk and demand that he should join him in a game of marbles. Not many moments afterwards, the great leader of cavalry would be down upon his knees, calling out, “Knuckle down there, fen everything,” and roaring with laughter when he failed to hit his opponent’s men. In half an hour he would be back again to serious labour.

Continually with the General in camp and in bivouac was a negro, banjo player. The day’s work was no sooner done than gay music brightened the closing hours of the day. No one was more fond of song than General Stuart, and frequently he would rouse the whole camp by a midnight serenade. He sang even when in the heart of battle, and, so seductive was this cheerfulness, that General Longstreet ordered him away from his camp, saying, that he made the cavalryman’s life seem so attractive that his infantrymen wanted to desert and to “jine the cavalry.”

This cheerfulness had a wonderful effect upon his men. Oftentimes, when the line would be broken, and the soldiers would be beaten back, Stuart would appear in the nick of time with needed reinforcements. His cheery voice, telling his troopers to let anything happen rather than allow themselves to be beaten, would spur them to renewed activity. The mere presence of their joyous leader would relieve their minds of anxiety for the future as they were always certain that he looked upon the bright and cheerful side of life and that he would sing and laugh all the louder, if they should win. They would fight doubly hard under such a General, for they loved him.

This great cavalryman was of a Scotch family and descended from a clan of some mark in the history of English and Scottish warfare. Truly, no one more resembled the gay Cavaliers who followed the banner of King Charles against rough Oliver Cromwell, than did the Confederate General, who was born on the 6th of February, 1833, in Patrick County, Virginia. Through five generations his ancestry can be traced to Archibald Stuart, a native of Londonderry, Ireland, but of Scotch-Presbyterian parentage, who was compelled to come to America on account of religious persecution. This refugee lived in Pennsylvania for some years, but removed to Virginia, where he acquired large, landed estates. His second son fought in the American Revolution and was captured by the British at the battle of Guilford Court House. His grandson, a lawyer, and the father of Jeb Stuart, — was a powerful orator and advocate who possessed great wit and a rare gift for song. These characteristics were inherited by his son: the seventh and youngest child of a large family.

The youth of General Stuart was spent at the old homestead, close to the North Carolina line, in a beautiful, mountainous district. At fourteen he attended school, and in September of the same year entered Emory and Henry College in Washington County, Virginia. When seventeen years of age he was appointed a cadet at West Point, where he made a splendid record, for he held nearly all the cadet offices up to the rank of Cavalry Sergeant and Second Captain, and at graduation was thirteenth in a class of forty-two. Not long after this he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in a Texas Regiment of Mounted Rifles, and was moved to Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas,

where he was appointed Regimental Quartermaster and Commissary; a position in which he saw his first active service among the hostile savages who barred the advance of Western civilization.

The Apache Indians had met the advance of the white settlers into their hunting grounds with a vindictive and savage spirit. We can hardly blame the poor savage, who loved the wild, free life of the prairie, for hating the whites who came to take up farms upon the grazing ground of the buffalo. Yet the settlers had to be protected against these Indian depredations, for the savages not only drove off their horses and cattle, but murdered fathers, mothers, and little children. Stuart's command was ordered out to punish them for their cruel and relentless warfare against the peaceable whites, and so, in September and October, of that year, the troops from the fort did much marching and counter-marching in the endeavour to capture the Indians. But it was of no avail, as the Apaches eluded the slow-moving column of blue-coats and made off to the country in the West, after inflicting severe damage on the outlying ranches. When winter came on, the attempt to capture the Indians was given up and the soldiers returned to their barracks.

During the winter Lieutenant Stuart was married to the daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cook, who commanded Fort Riley: the nearest post to Fort Leavenworth. In the Spring he was promoted to First Lieutenant and was soon engaged in quelling other disturbances besides those which came from the Cheyennes and the Apaches, for, at this time the settlers of Kansas were having a great number of disputes; as it was then undetermined whether

or not Kansas should be a free or slave State. The settlers who came from the North were at dagger's point with those who came from the Southern, slave-holding states, and blood-shed was only averted by the presence of the government troops. Amid these stirring scenes, Stuart made the acquaintance of "Osawatimie Brown," known afterwards as John Brown of Harper's Ferry, and thus was subsequently able to identify him when he and his followers had barricaded themselves in the engine house in Western Virginia.

Two years after his marriage, Stuart's regiment was again ordered to punish the Indians, who were growing more and more bold in their attacks on the frontier. The campaign opened in the early summer, and, after scouting in every direction, at last the Indian trail was discovered. Following upon the heels of the savages, the United States troops came upon them on the north fork of the Solomon River in Kansas, where there were about three hundred Cheyenne warriors in all, while the Government force consisted of six companies of the First Cavalry, under General Sumner. The Indians were vigorously attacked, and, after making an attempt to stand, they fled as fast as their ponies would carry them.

Stuart pursued a small band for five miles, and, when he finally caught the Cheyennes, one of his men — who was rather reckless — was about to be shot by a dismounted warrior. The young Lieutenant rushed at the Indian, as he crouched behind a tuft of sage-brush, and succeeded in cutting him with his sabre in the thigh. The Cheyenne fired at him with a revolver, but missed. One of the troopers now rode up, and dismounting, said, "Wait, I'll fetch him."

But unfortunately his rashness nearly cost him his life, for he found that he had no ammunition. The Indian advanced towards this new and crippled enemy, raising his revolver as he did so, while Stuart rushed to the rescue. With his sword he cut the savage in the head, but, at the same moment the Indian fired his revolver. The ball hit the young officer in the breast, and, as luck would have it, glanced to the left and lodged near the surface of the skin without inflicting a mortal wound.

Colonel Sumner now pursued the retreating Indians southward and left the wounded men behind in a temporary fortification, garrisoned by one company of infantry. The force which was so disposed of was a little less than a hundred miles from Fort Kearney, and, as soon as the wounded were sufficiently recovered to be moved; Stuart — who was in charge — determined to return to the friendly shelter of the barracks. His wound had healed sufficiently for him to ride a horse when the detachment headed in the direction in which Fort Kearney was thought to be. For five days the little command travelled across the alkali plains, suffering much from heat and thirst, — and then suffered a real misfortune, for the Pawnee guides deserted. The soldiers were now completely lost, for there was no compass in the party and no one knew in exactly which direction the fort lay. It was a trying time for the men, so trying, that some of the wounded gave up all hope; while a few even seated themselves on the ground and refused to go farther. But Stuart's joyous nature would not be overcome by this dilemma and he determined to press forward with a chosen number of the braver spirits. So, leaving the command near a water course (where the

despairing men could be sure of having a sufficient supply of liquid) he pushed on to gain relief, and for two days wandered upon the plains without the trace of either trail or wagon road. Finally, on the third day, he stumbled upon the mail route between Fort Leavenworth and Fort Phil Kearney, and with great joy and enthusiasm the little band galloped along the wagon ruts of the overland stage-coach. After a journey of fifty-five miles, in which he suffered greatly from his recent wound, Stuart rode into Fort Kearney, whence food and medicine were speedily dispatched to the little band, left behind. In this Indian campaign the immature Lieutenant had exhibited those traits of fortitude and cheerfulness that were to make such a successful leader in the impending Civil War.

No more important skirmishes with the Indians occurred during the next three years, and Stuart was comparatively free from hard duty until 1859. He was at that time in the city of Washington when news was received that John Brown had raided Harper's Ferry with a small force of armed men, and was endeavouring to stir up a revolution to free the slaves. Directly opposite Washington — at Arlington, Virginia — lived an officer in the United States Army, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, to whom Stuart was directed to take a secret communication, for he had been selected to command a detachment of marines sent to put down the insurrection and to capture Osawatimie Brown. As soon as the young Lieutenant saw that there was to be trouble, he volunteered his aid, and was allowed to accompany the expedition.

John Brown's entire army consisted of seventeen white men and five or six negroes with whom he had begun this

war, in the hope that he would soon be joined by others. After tearing up the railroad track and cutting the telegraph wires, his men marched through Harper's Ferry and freed all the slaves held by the men of wealth in the community. The inhabitants were soon completely in his power and he had taken fifty or sixty prisoners. When Colonel Lee arrived, Brown and his men retreated to an engine house, where they barricaded themselves. Lieutenant Stuart was sent to the door of the building, next morning, in order to parley with the leader of the band. Finding that Brown would not yield, the marines seized a ladder, with which they smashed the door to pieces; rushed into the opening; and all was over with John Brown and his raiders.

This was the first step in the agitation for the freedom of the slaves, which culminated in the secession of North Carolina in 1861. The great Civil War was begun with this event, but, at the opening of hostilities, Stuart was far from the scene of action as he was engaged in building a fortification in the West when notified of the condition of affairs in the South. Immediately resigning from the service of the United States, he hastened to Virginia, where he offered his sword in defence of the State. On May 7th, 1861, his resignation as an officer in the United States service, was accepted. He was immediately appointed to a Lieutenant Colonelship of Infantry, and later, was made Colonel of Cavalry. On the 24th of September, 1861, he was created Brigadier-General-of-Cavalry, and in the year following — when only twenty-nine years of age — was commissioned Major-General of all the cavalry in the army of Northern Virginia.

Soon his cavalry had become a very efficient body of

men, and for two years of warfare, the Southern horse were infinitely superior to the Union cavalry in *esprit-de-corps* and fighting qualities. It was only after lack of recruits and fresh horses began to cripple the Virginian rangers that the well-filled ranks of the Northern cavalry regiments, began to overwhelm them with their numerical superiority and aggressive movements. For a long time, the Yellow Jackets of Jeb Stuart had everything their own way.

At Bull Run (the first battle of the war, which resulted in such a disastrous rout for the Federal army) Stuart's command did excellent service. On the day of the battle, the Union troops attacked the left wing of the Confederate army and had doubled it back, when the tide of battle suddenly changed in favour of the Confederates. The New York Fire Zouaves were charging up a hill to take the position from the Confederates, when some fresh troops fell upon their right flank. As they threw them into confusion, Stuart made a charge with his cavalry. The Union troops broke and fled across Bull Run in the direction of Washington, while the young cavalryman urged his men in the pursuit. The soldiers in gray galloped among the fugitives, causing the greatest fear and consternation, for there had been rumours in the Northern army of the bloodthirsty qualities of the Black Horse. When this terrible cavalry did charge, the cry was heard from man to man, that the dreaded Black Horse was among them, and this added terror to their already terrified imaginations. The rout became a stampede. Many were sabred as they tried to get away; and it was only when Centreville was reached — half way to Washington —

that the Black Horse desisted in following up the fugitives. Hundreds of prisoners were taken by Stuart's men during this vainglorious retreat, and Stuart, himself, was highly complimented by General Beauregard — in command of the Southern army — who said, "He secured us information of the utmost importance, and his services in pursuit of the enemy were most commendable."

After this first battle of the war, the Union forces were put in charge of General George B. McClellan, who drilled them in Washington, during the winter, in preparation for offensive movements against Richmond in the Spring. The Union troops were then transported to the peninsula that juts into the Atlantic Ocean just below the Confederate Capital, and were disembarked, and from this point, began to march against the city. Stuart's force had been posted at Fairfax Court House — about thirty miles below Washington — during the winter, and, in March, he was ordered to the Peninsula, to repel the advance of McClellan. At Yorktown — where Cornwallis had surrendered during the Revolution — there was a sharp fight. The Confederates retreated to Williamsburg, and here, General Stuart had command of the Rear Guard.

In spite of the opposition, McClellan pushed his army well towards the Confederate Capital, and, by the eleventh of June, was almost in sight of the spires of Richmond. It was now important to General Lee — who had command of the Southern army — to know the exact positions of this advancing host, for if he could only find out where the different Northern regiments and batteries were placed, he could make an attack on the weakest portion of McClellan's line and stand an excellent chance of defeating

him. So, in order to gather information of the strength and arrangement of the Union forces, General Stuart was ordered to ride around to McClellan's rear, on a scout. In a letter from General Lee to him, the Confederate Commander-in-Chief thus outlines the plan of action, "You are desired to make a scout movement, to the rear of the enemy now posted on the Chickahominy River, with a view of gaining intelligence of his operations, communications, etc., of driving in his foraging parties, and securing such grain and cattle for ourselves as you can make arrangements to have driven in. Another object is to destroy his wagon trains said to be daily passing from the Piping-Tree road to his camp on the Chickahominy. The utmost vigilance on your part will be necessary to prevent any surprise to yourself, and the greatest caution must be practised in keeping well in your front and flanks, reliable scouts to give you information. You will return as soon as the object of your expedition is accomplished, and you must bear in mind, while endeavouring to execute the general purpose of your mission, not to hazard unnecessarily your command. Be content to accomplish all the good you can without feeling it necessary to obtain all that might be desired."

These were very definite instructions, and Stuart carried them out in a splendid way. He not only found out all that Lee had desired, but he created great consternation in the Union ranks. He not only rode to the rear of the Union army, but he rode completely around McClellan. It was a feat that has seldom been equalled in campaigns between troops of civilized nations and it inspired his men with great respect for his daring. It marked him immediately as one

of the most dashing and resourceful of cavalry leaders, and filled the Union troops with a certain fear, as it was one of the most picturesque and exciting rides in the history of military affairs.

On June 13th, Stuart moved away from the Confederate army and took a northerly route. General Stonewall Jackson was at that time near the Shenandoah Valley, far to the West of Richmond, and Stuart wished to give the impression that he was going to reinforce him. The troops for this hazardous scout, consisted of twelve hundred men, commanded by Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, and Colonel W. T. Martin, to which one battery of flying horse-artillery was attached. With scouts on the right, videttes in advance, and guards in the rear, the Confederate band marched twenty-two miles to a bridge over the South Anna River. Every precaution was taken against surprise as the soldiers quietly went into bivouac at the edge of some deep woods. At sunrise — without giving the usual bugle call — the cavalrymen mounted, and turning towards McClellan's army, in a southeasterly direction, went towards a small village called Old Church. Signal rockets were fired in the early gray of the dawn, which were seen and answered by the Confederate troops, far in the rear.

Now there was need of the greatest precaution, for Stuart's raiders were within the lines of the Union army. Suddenly the advance videttes rode upon some of the enemy's outposts of horse pickets, two of which were captured and secured, while the rest galloped off to report to the Union Commander. After bringing the captives into camp it was discovered that a large force of Federals

would soon be along on its way to get forage, and, as it was possible to capture the entire body, the Confederate troops were hidden in the woods on either side of the road. But, in a few moments, they were discovered by another Union soldier in advance of a considerable number of cavalymen, and seeing that it was useless to attempt an ambushade, the Confederate cavalry charged. Down the road they went towards Hanover Court House, for the Union horsemen took to their heels and plunged into some reinforcements of the Fifth regular cavalry, drawn up in good order across the road. The leader of these, eloquently cheered on his troops, and called to them to repel the advancing Confederates, but, it was of no avail. Flanking the Union position, Colonel Fitz Lee made a détour to cut off the retreat of this force, while it was charged in front by another detachment of Virginia Light Horse. The cavalymen in blue, broke and fled precipitously, and, as their camps were near-by, it was not long before the tents, wagons, and supplies were in flames. The raiders moved forward with a light heart. More wagons were seized and burned; commissary stores were captured and destroyed; and by the time Stuart had reached Tunstall's Station, over a million dollars' worth of Federal property had been made away with.

As the victorious troopers scattered hither and thither; collecting valuable horses and cattle; making prisoners; and setting fire to stone houses; a train was heard approaching. Soon the whistle of the engine sounded, and immediately every Confederate cavalryman was ranged beside the track, fully prepared to make a splendid capture. Some even placed heavy logs across the rails in

order to stop the advance of the engine, which began to slow down, because the engineer thought that these were Union troops. The brakes were applied, and the cars were moving very slowly, when the Confederates suddenly opened fire upon the empty box-cars attached to the locomotive, and filled with soldiers for McClellan's army. Seeing his error, the engineer now crowded on steam and started the train at full speed. Many of the Union troops were shot down, while he himself fell to the floor of his engine-house, with a desperate wound, just as the cars collided with the fallen logs and pushed them aside. When the train pulled away, the Confederates gave a cheer for the bravery of the dying engineer, for he has rescued his charges from their hands and paid for his bravery with his life's blood.

The railroad bridge at Tunstall's was next destroyed, while a great quantity of provisions and many wagons were set on fire by Stuart's orders near White House, on the Pamunkey River, — the Union base of supplies. A detachment had been sent to destroy and capture whatever could be found at this point. Four large army transports were moored here in the river, and a wagon-yard of several hundred wagons was upon the south bank of the Pamunkey. One transport escaped and floated down the stream, but the other three, with their contents, — valuable quartermaster's supplies, army clothing, grain, fruits, and sutler's stores, — were soon put to the torch. The wagons were likewise set on fire, and many prisoners were captured and taken along on Union army horses, to fill the dungeons in Libby prison.

It was now time to take a rest, so Stuart halted the

troopers at New Kent Court House, where the General had a conference with his commanders about their further movements, for they were directly behind the Union army, and in a hazardous position. Stuart had done all that General Lee wished him to do. He had found out where the different detachments of McClellan's army were encamped and how far the right flank extended, but, it must be decided how they would return from this dangerous predicament in which they now found themselves. In order to go back by the way in which they had come, the Confederates would have to pass Hanover Court House. The Confederate leader knew that a strong force of cavalry was nearby, and that those whom he had defeated in the morning, would be strongly reinforced. The South Anna River was to the right of this position, which was difficult to ford as it was swollen by heavy rains. Should he retrace his steps he would have to fight his way through fresh troops, greatly exasperated by his success and infuriated by the losses which he had caused them, so with very little hesitation he decided to pass entirely around the Union army; trusting that he could cross the Chickahominy River below McClellan's left flank, before troops could be sent to cut him off. In a brief interview with his officers he disclosed these plans, and was assured by all that they would give him their hearty support in everything which he did.

At New Kent was an extensive Sutler's establishment. A Sutler supplies the army with good things to eat, — extras, which the officers and men pay for from their wages. Here were clothes of every kind, sabres, pistols, preserves, shoes, wines, liquors, cigars and a host of things which made the eyes of the Confederate troopers sparkle with

delight. As a cavalryman rode up, the well-fed proprietor was lounging in front, talking to several Union stragglers.

"Give me that ere pair of shoes," said the cavalryman.

"All right," answered the Sutler, taking them down from a hook and handing them to him. "Five dollars, please."

The Confederate dismounted very slowly, relieved his feet of an old battered pair of brogans, and put on the new boots.

"I reckon not, pardner," he said, mounting his horse.

"I'll report you to General McClellan," yelled the Sutler, furious with rage.

"All right, mister," the trooper answered. "McClellan's got nothing to do with me."

Just then some of the boys in gray rode up and the poor Sutler discovered that he was in the hands of the enemy. When he demanded pay, he was greeted with roars of laughter. The Soldiers opened his champagne; smoked his cigars; appropriated new clothes, boots and shoes. When they left for the Chickahominy the sleek Sutler was well nigh beside himself with mortification and rage.

At midnight the command marched steadily onward to the Chickahominy. Aided by the light of the moon, the troops made excellent progress, and, by daylight, the river had been reached. But the recent rains had swollen the peaceful stream until it was a torrent. Here was a dilemma indeed! In the rear were the infuriated Federals, now hot upon the heels of the raider. In the front was a rushing, foaming river. But the men were equal to the emergency. Down they leaped from their worn-out horses and soon had felled a number of trees, by means of which a

rude bridge was thrown over the flood to the other bank, constructed on the remains of an old, worn-out trestle.

For two hours the men worked furiously, Stuart in their midst, singing songs, and cheering them to their utmost exertion. At last the artillery could be drawn across and so the column passed to the other bank. As the last man came safely over and applied the torch to the bridge, the advance guard of a large force of Union cavalry appeared on the opposite bank. A shout of triumph was discharged in the direction of McClellan's troopers and Stuart's men rode briskly to their own lines, thus ending one of the most brilliant raids in history.

With the dashing General were one hundred and sixty-five prisoners and two hundred and sixty captured mules and horses. Only one follower had been killed and but one loss of equipment had been sustained: a broken limber-chest of the flying battery. For sixty hours the troopers had marched continuously, and it was with well-merited feelings of delight that the raiders galloped along the turn-pike that led through Charles City and into their own lines, where they were greeted with great demonstrations of joy and appreciation by the Southern soldiers.

Within a very few days Lee was joined by Stonewall Jackson's corps, and as Stuart had found the weak spot in the Union Army, which was the right flank, Lee ordered Jackson to fall upon this portion of McClellan's line. On the 27th Jackson attacked. The battle fought here, at Mechanicsville, was the first of seven days of bloodshed, in which the Union army was driven to the James River, badly defeated and with lost confidence in their commander. Thus the influence of Stuart's raid had a two-

fold effect: it gave the Confederates a confidence in their leaders and it made it possible for them to cripple the advancing forces. It also weakened the Union soldiers' respect for their own Commander-in-Chief.

The fighting in Virginia now shifted from the Peninsula to the Rapidan River, about sixty miles below Washington in Central Virginia. General Pope, in command of an army, entirely separate from the army of General McClellan, was camped near Cedar Mountain, where Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet fell upon him and drove him across the Rappahannock River. General Lee hastened forward from Richmond to reinforce the victorious Confederates, while General Stuart decided to make another daring raid to the rear of the Union Army. Selecting a dark night, to cloak the movements of his men, he crossed the river far above the Union camp and fell upon Catlett's Station, on the railroad behind the Northern troops.

It was now most important to find out what disposition had been made of the Union force, as in front of the Confederates were hundreds of camp fires, around which the Union soldiers were laughing and talking, preparing for a night of fancied repose. In order to do this Stuart's men occupied the roads and soon caught enough passers-by to learn what was before them. The captives thought, at first, that these were their own men, and asked what right the pickets had to arrest them, but when the officers whispered that the terrible "Jeb" Stuart was near-by, the frightened soldiers soon ceased to make an outcry and gave all the information that was desired. One portion of Stuart's command was immediately directed to obstruct the railroad track; one to cut the telegraph

wires; and one to burn the bridge. All was soon ready, and, when a shrill whistle sounded, the troopers rushed upon the unsuspecting, Union soldiers. The night was perfectly dark, the only light upon the scene being from the smouldering blaze of the fires and from the flicker of candles in the tents. A terrific yell arose, as the squadrons galloped to the attack, which was followed by the rattle of pistol shots and the occasional report of a musket as some Union soldier picked up his weapon from the ground and fired.

Stuart's cavalry immediately began to make prisoners and to destroy all that could not be safely taken away. Pope's baggage train was a particular prize. They burned his private ambulance, all his personal belongings, and captured much valuable correspondence. Four, fine, white mules for the General's personal use, were appropriated, and also some papers, giving the exact strength and disposition of the Union army. The Quartermaster was captured and his commissary safes were broken into. Many hundreds of dollars, intended to pay the northern soldiers, were divided among the Southern cavalymen, while three hundred and ninety prisoners; all of Pope's staff horses; and fully one hundred and fifty more, were captured. From the Confederate view-point the attack had been a splendid success.

After the charge was over, and, as Stuart made his way back to the river, a terrible rainstorm came up. The wind blew, the rain fell in torrents, the thunder pealed as loud as the guns of a battery. It was so dark that the troopers could see only two or three feet before them and so remained on their horses throughout the night, re-

treating to the Rappahannock at the first flush of dawn. They soon crossed and were back again with Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson, bringing such valuable information with them that it was now possible to advance against Pope and completely outwit him. It was another feather in the cap of Jeb Stuart, and it made him more beloved and respected by his own men, than ever before.

A few days later, Stonewall Jackson was sent around to the rear of Pope's army. He placed himself between his adversary and Washington, making a wide *détour* through Thoroughfare Gap, in order to do so. Pope retreated to Gainesville — just below the battlefield of First Bull Run — and there unsuccessfully fell upon Jackson. Lee and Longstreet soon came up and pounded the Union army into such shreds that the Federal commander was forced to retreat to Washington. When they saw this turn of events, the Confederates invaded western Maryland, where they were met at Antietam by General McClellan, who had brought his troops north from the battlefields before Richmond. The Southern army was defeated in the attempt to raid the North, and so retired back again into Virginia.

In all this fighting, Stuart's cavalry played an important part and was constantly engaged. But when the army had been driven back into Virginia, the daring cavalry leader thought it time for another raid around the aggressive Federals. The Northern press was loud in its praise of McClellan and congratulating itself that "the rebels" had been driven from Northern soil, when Stuart, with a force of thirteen hundred men, left the Confederate front, forded the upper waters of the Potomac, and rode for the

Union rear at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Before his men galloped into the town they were preceded by an advance guard. This had passed through, when a German Major of the Union army, with a fierce, bristling moustache, cantered up to the City Hall. Halting there, in the presence of some countrywomen, he cried out, "Vere ish de confounded repels? Vere ish de goot-for-nodings Stuart? Vere ish he mit de Cavalrie? Let me but see him unt I vill show him somedings dat de Union cavalrie can do."

"Why," said one of the women, "Some of Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry have just passed through."

"Goot, young woman," cried the Major, "Ve vill show de repels somedings."

He started down the road with his men and had not gone far before numbers of Stuart's horsemen dashed into the town. The gallant Major was flabbergasted. He swore; he yelled; he put spurs to his horse; but the nag was not fast enough to carry him away from "de repels," who soon had him securely bound to a mule and marching in the rear of their column.

Stuart's troopers took possession of the town, captured and destroyed much public property, and then mounted themselves on fresh horses. Without losing a man, and without a mishap, they again rode completely around the Union army. It was another gallant exploit. The North was astonished; the South was jubilant and at that moment, Stuart was at the zenith of his power; his men were confident in his ability; flushed with the success that had always attended their raids; and rich with the spoils of their campaigns. The Union cavalry was inefficient

and unaggressive, but in two more years the tide was to turn so that the Union force was to be the aggressive, active, combatant; while lack of horses, supplies, and men was to crush the spirit and fire of the once powerful Confederate horse.

After numerous skirmishes with the Union army, the Confederates finally retreated across the Rappahannock River at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and here fortified. In December, the Union army under Burnside — who had superseded McClellan — made an ineffectual attempt to dislodge them. In this battle Stuart was on the right of the Confederate battle line, where he directed the horse artillery and made great havoc in the left flank of the Union advance. Immediately after his bloody fight, away went Stuart and his men on another raid against the Union rear. As usual, the raid was most successful and resulted in the capture of numerous prisoners and a large amount of booty.

The Confederate cavalry leader had endeavoured to throw a number of the Generals operating against him into a state of utter confusion, by intercepting their dispatches and answering them in such a way that his pursuers would be scattered all over the country. With the raiders was always a telegraph operator who carried a portable instrument. This he would attach to the wires at a certain point, and thus he could read all the messages that were transmitted. One day a large number of mules, sent by the Union Quartermaster-General to Burnside's army, fell into Stuart's hands. Accordingly the General called his telegraph operator, told him to attach his machine to the wires, and sent this message, —

‘I am much satisfied with the transport of mules, lately sent, which I have taken possession of, and request that you send me a fresh supply.

“J. E. B. STUART.”

You can easily imagine what excitement and chagrin this produced in Washington when it was received at Headquarters.

It would have been impossible for the Confederate cavalry to have had such a bold and daring front, had they not had such an indefatigable leader. Many English officers in the wars with tribes of hostile natives in Africa and India, have been noted for their powers to resist fatigue. None, however, have a better record for great energy under trying circumstances than General Stuart. Frequently he would go for eighteen hours with lack of sleep. It was no new thing for him to ride fifty miles during the day, and to regard it as a pleasure to ride a dozen a day more miles at night, in order to dance at some Virginia, country house. With his banjo player to assist in the fun, Stuart would frequently visit every hospitable roof within ten miles of headquarters, salute all the inmates with a song, and return to his own bed long after midnight. Yet, at dawn he would be the earliest to rise, in perfect good humour with all the world. He never used tobacco, wine, or any stimulant. His good spirits were due to an iron constitution and an optimistic spirit.

Burnside was succeeded by “Fighting Joe Hooker,” and again the Union army attacked the Confederates at Fredericksburg. In April Hooker endeavoured to ma-

nœuvre the wily General Lee from his strong position. The armies met in the woods, near Chancellorsville, where Stuart's command was actively engaged in the four days of fighting that followed. When Hooker's cavalry, under Stoneman, crossed the river, the Confederate horsemen impeded them most successfully. Stuart fought Stoneman at the fords of the Rapidan River, hung on Hooker's flanks, and, after beating off the Union cavalry, fell upon the infantry in the wilderness of woods and thickets near Chancellorsville. Soon he marched to Spottsylvania Court House so as to be near Lee's army.

Hooker had securely entrenched in the wilderness so Lee decided to send Stonewall Jackson on a long détour through the woods, with orders to fall on the Union right flank. Jackson marched all day through the deep forest, his army covered by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry; commanded in person by General Stuart. Late in the afternoon, Jackson's men burst furiously through the timber upon the Eleventh Corps, far on the Union right. The troops were stampeded, and, throwing down their guns, rushed to the rear. It looked like a sure victory for the Confederates, — a total rout. But, as they pushed victoriously forward, — the great Stonewall Jackson fell. His death stopped the advance, for the Union troops were fighting gamely, and it needed the presence of Jackson to spur them on. General Stuart, in person, commanded the attack after Jackson had fallen, and how he and his staff officers, who galloped up and down the line, remained unhurt, seems almost a miracle. Several couriers sent by General Stuart were wounded, — one had his leg torn away by a cannon-ball while the General was giving him

directions. Stuart's horse was killed under him in the first half-hour of the fight. In spite of this, he secured another mount, and was all activity in the hail of shot and shell. A soldier says of him that when the fight was most severe he heard him hum the words of an old song that was most popular at the South, "Old Joe Hooker, get out of the Wilderness."

The Union army rallied from the shock of Jackson's attack and held off the victorious Confederates from new entrenchments thrown up behind their first line. But, after another day of desperate fighting, Hooker's men retreated across the river. Lee was so much elated at the success of his army that he determined to act upon the offensive and again invade the North, so he deserted his old position at Fredericksburg and moved towards the Shenandoah Mountains.

On the ninth of June, Pleasanton — who had superseded General Stoneman in command of the Union cavalry — crossed the Rappahannock River in order to reconnoitre and discover if the Confederate army were really moving. Stuart met him at Brandy Station, and here the two great bodies of cavalry came together in a desperate encounter. It was the first time in the war that a complete force of Union cavalry had met the entire Confederate cavalry brigade. Perhaps this was as large a battle between mounted men as will occur in the United States. Certainly it was a severe encounter, and, although it lasted for two days, the result was most undecided. Stuart claimed it as a victory, but Pleasanton had done as he had wished, — he had proved that the Union cavalry could fight a stubborn contest with the Confederates, and the result had

given confidence to the Northern troops. For the first time they felt that they could stand up against the invincible Virginia rangers, and Pleasanton had found that Lee was moving to the Shenandoah Valley in great force.

The Confederate army had soon passed behind the spurs of mountains that sheltered the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, and had crossed the Potomac River into Maryland. The Union troops closely followed Lee's men, always keeping between the invaders and Washington. Finally the two, great fighting machines met on the bloody field of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. Here the Confederates attacked, while the soldiers who had been on the aggressive in Virginia, were now the defenders of the advantageous positions. So vigorously was the ground contested that Lee was again forced to abandon an invasion of the North.

In this campaign Stuart again passed around the Union army — Meade's army now — for the fighting Joe Hooker had been superseded by this cautious General. Shortly after that bloody affair at Brandy Station, information received from his scouts led the Confederate cavalry leader to the belief that he could inflict very serious damage upon the opposing force should he again make one of those daring raids to the rear. It was thought that the Federal Commander would be so confused by the presence of a large cavalry command behind his own force, that he would retreat. This plan was submitted to General Lee, and, as all the roads leading northward were blocked by masses of infantry and artillery, it can be easily seen that there would be much delay before the cavalry could pass. So Lee decided to allow the adventurous Stuart to

make a wide circle around the backs of his foe and meet the head of the invading Confederate column at York, Pennsylvania, near the spot where the army was to concentrate and fight a decisive battle. But, before he separated from Lee's army, Stuart ordered a sufficient number of cavalymen to remain behind, in order to guard the advance of the infantry columns; to scout; and to bring information of the enemy's movements. As subsequently turned out, these did not do their duty in an effective manner, and the absence of Stuart made it impossible for General Lee to know the precise disposition of the troops against which he was moving. It has been often said that, had Stuart remained with Lee, the battle of Gettysburg would have turned out far differently for the South.

On the twenty-fourth of June the Confederate cavalry column crossed to the rear of the Union army and began to march through Maryland to the place in Pennsylvania where they were to meet the Confederate advance. As the head of the troop pushed towards the Potomac River, along came a magnificent, shiny carriage, in which was a gentleman dressed in a serge suit. The troopers were rather too closely massed for the carriage to pass by.

"Move aside, men, move aside!" said the gentleman in the new clothes. "I am an officer in the Seventy ninth Pennsylvania regiment on recruiting service for the United States army, and must get on."

The cavalymen moved aside very slowly and just then, General Stuart rode up.

"Are you the officer in command?" asked the Federal officer, little suspecting who he was.

"I am in charge of these soldiers," replied the General.

"Then be good enough to order your men to make way for me. I am an officer in the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania and it is very important that I get ahead as rapidly as I can."

"Very good, sir, you shall get ahead," said General Stuart, winking at one of his men, who got down from his horse and took a seat next to the well-dressed recruiting officer. The occupant of the carriage showed that he was annoyed.

"What do you mean, my man, by climbing in here!" he thundered.

The cavalryman looked at him and smiled very faintly. "Nothing," he answered.

"Who is that officer, there?"

"General Stuart, sir."

"What General Stuart?"

"Jeb. Stuart, Major-General of Cavalry in the Confederate service," replied the trooper, very slowly.

The recruiting officer for the Pennsylvania Seventy-ninth sank back upon the cushions.

"Well, I am procured," he said. "I certainly am procured."

"I rather guess that you are, pardner," answered the soldier by his side, and the carriage was turned to the rear, where the pompous officer was soon dispatched to a Southern prison.

For nine days the Confederate cavalry marched and fought on the way to rejoin the army. Canals, railroads, and telegraph lines were destroyed between Washington and the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, so that, for some time, all communication was cut off between the

Government and the army under Meade. A great many prisoners were taken while several wagon trains were captured and burned. On the thirteenth of June Stuart reached Hanover, Pennsylvania, and there stumbled across a large force of Union cavalry under Kilpatrick. A fight ensued, and though neither side was driven from the field, it detained General Stuart for a whole day. He had now been separated from Lee's army for six days, and all he knew of the movements of the troops was from Northern newspapers which fell into his hands. From these he learned that the Confederate army was at York, Pennsylvania, and so he hastened to join the infantry of his own side. For some time he searched rather aimlessly for the Confederate column and finally arrived upon the field of Gettysburg on the second day of fighting. The raid had been most successful in so far as the capture of prisoners and private property had been concerned, and Stuart had damaged the Union line of communications and spread much terror and confusion among the inhabitants of the peaceful communities through which he had passed. Yet he arrived upon the field with his horses so worn out that they could not be effectively used, and his men were so tired, from lack of sleep, that they could not fight with their usual spirit. General Lee, too, had needed the cavalry to keep him well informed of Meade's advance. But the mischief was now done, and, although the adventurous spirit of Stuart had been gratified by another dash to the rear, it would have been better for the Confederate Commander had his famous cavalryman been personally in charge of the scouts in advance of his infantry columns.

308 FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADERS

Although his men were weary and his horses worn out, on the afternoon of the third day of the battle, they were called upon to make a dash to the right and rear of Meade's position. The men responded with their usual cheerfulness, but, met by a stubborn resistance by the cavalry under Buford and Pleasanton, they were fought to a standstill. Here General Custer distinguished himself with that reckless daring which was to make him such a successful fighter of Indians in later years, and here the confidence which the Union cavalry had gained in the battle of Brandy Station made it possible for them to contend with Stuart's raiders with a far better determination than they had shown before. After a bloody assault on the Union centre that day, with the columns of Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble; General Lee withdrew his troops for a retreat, and, as he slowly marched to the South, Stuart and his men protected his rear from assault. It was hard service for the youthful cavalry leader, but he conducted himself with the greatest bravery and never urged his men forward with more cheerfulness than now. The Confederate advance was the last that the Southern army was to make. It had been a complete failure, but, in spite of this, Stuart was buoyant with the prospect of ultimate victory; a prospect which many of the officers had already begun to despair of.

Now Lee's army was once more in Virginia and the Union van confronted it with as much determination as ever. There was much skirmishing that fall near the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, but little came of these encounters. Both armies retired to winter quarters, waiting for the warmth of Spring before they would again

grapple in the field of war. In December Stuart made another of his dashing raids, this time the last, and in January he frequently captured pickets and supplies meant for the Union troops. As Spring approached the North prepared for a desperate advance on the Southern forces. General Ulysses S. Grant was now entrusted with the command of all the armies of the Union, superseding Meade, who was left still in full charge of the Army of the Potomac, but under Grant's direction. General Philip H. Sheridan was given command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

When the weather was sufficiently warm to permit the artillery to move over the dried-up roads, the Union host crept forward from its camp near Culpepper, Virginia, and attacked Lee in the forests. A terrible battle ensued. It lasted for four days and the loss of men on both sides was heavy. This struggle has been called the Battle of the Wilderness, for the troops were hurled against each other in a perfect tangle of woods and thickets where the underbrush caught fire from the exploding shells, and many poor fellows gave up their lives in the flames. It was the most desperate fighting of the war.

At this time Grant determined to adopt the cavalry tactics previously employed against him by General Stuart. Consequently he ordered Sheridan, with twelve hundred horse, to move to the rear of Lee's army as he grappled with it in the Wilderness, and if possible to get into Richmond. He was also told to damage the communications of the Confederate force, as much as possible. Sheridan was an active, aggressive fighter and was soon in the rear of Lee's troops.

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On the eleventh of May, the people of Richmond were thrown into great excitement by the advance of the Union cavalry to the outskirts of the city. Several brigades of infantry were sent forward for its defence; the militia was called out; and all the troops that could be collected were hastened to the line of earth-works that surrounded the Capital of the South. Sheridan's men, under Merritt and Custer, were pushing rapidly towards Richmond when they were overtaken by Stuart's cavalry, led by the General in person. At a small place called Yellow Tavern the two cavalry commands came together, and, with only eleven hundred men, the daring Stuart was soon engaged with eight thousand. It was nothing to him to see that the enemy so outnumbered him, for he would have attacked twice that number to save the Capital of the people whom he loved. Besides, he hoped for assistance from a column of Confederate infantry, some distance in the rear, and he knew that if he could check Sheridan's force until these reinforcements arrived, he could, no doubt, capture a large portion of the command. So he dashed in valiantly; fighting with his accustomed valour and enthusiasm.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Federal cavalry made a general charge and broke up a regiment of Confederate horse which General Stuart was attempting to rally in an open field. The Union soldiers pushed onward and were met by the First Virginia, which drove them back in confusion. The Confederate General was well in front of his men when he saw some dismounted troopers running off on the opposite side of a high fence. He immediately called out to them to surrender and fired at them with his revolver as they continued their flight.

Unfortunately he shot away his last cartridge. One of the men, who had been running away, halted, came back, ran up to the fence, and fired his revolver at the General. The ball went clear through him, and, feeling that he was mortally wounded, he wheeled his charger and galloped off to the rear of his own troops, where he fell from his horse, insensible. He was sent to Richmond in an ambulance.

As he lay upon a cot, gradually sinking in death, he was visited by the President of the Southern Confederacy. Taking the General's hand in his, President Davis asked him how he felt.

"Easy," replied Stuart, "but willing to die if God and my country think that I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty." The President was much affected by the sight of this splendid leader in his last hour, and soon left the bedside, his head bowed in the deepest grief.

As evening approached the young General grew delirious and his mind wandered to the scenes of his recent campaigns. He spoke of his men; he seemed to see them before him; he called to them and urged them on to the charge. Then his mind wandered to his wife and children, who were far away in the country and were then hastening to his bedside. About five o'clock his mind grew clear and he asked Dr. Brewer, his brother-in-law, how long he felt it possible for him to live, and if he thought that he could survive the night.

"No," replied the Doctor, tearfully, "You cannot last much longer."

"I am resigned," replied the General, "If it is God's will. I should like so much, to see my wife before I die. But God's will be done."

He then told those near him what to do with his personal belongings and official papers. He remembered a request from an admirer and said to his brother-in-law, "You will find in my hat a small, Confederate flag which a lady in Columbia, South Carolina, sent to me with the request that I should wear it upon my head in a battle and return it to her. It has been done, send it to her."

He remembered his little son whom he greatly loved. He spoke of him most affectionately, and said, "Give my sword to my dear little boy."

He presented his spurs to a lady. To his staff officers he gave his horses, and then drawing a fellow officer to him — a Prussian who had volunteered at the beginning of the war — he said, with a great show of affection,

"My dear Von, I am sinking fast now, but, before I die I want you to know that I never loved a man as much as yourself. I pray that your life may be long and happy. Look after my family when I am gone, and be the same, true friend to my wife and children that you have been to me."

He then turned to a Minister of the Episcopal Church who was near-by, and asked him to sing a hymn, beginning,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide my face in thee."

In the chanting of this well-known psalm he joined with all the strength that his weakened voice would allow. He then prayed with the Minister and the friends around him. "I am going fast now, I am resigned to God," were his last words, and thus the soul of Stuart — the gay and light-hearted Cavalier — departed to another world.



THE LAST CHARGE OF SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY AT APPOMATTOX

PHIL SHERIDAN: THE DAREDEVIL

ABOUT the year 1837, some ragged, little boys were playing on the streets of a small town in Ohio, and among them was a sturdy and grimy youngster, called Phil, whom they dared to clamber up upon the back of a stray horse that had followed his master's cart into town with only a halter upon his neck. Nothing daunted at the disparaging remarks of his companions, the youngster wormed himself up upon the back of the animal; gave him a dig with his heels; and clung to him by the mane as he ran headlong down the central street; terrifying the quiet villagers as he dashed by, and knocking down an old apple man in his flight. Mile after mile passed, as the half-wild steed sped into the open country, endeavouring to unseat his tenacious rider at every bound, — but it was useless. At last the excited horse turned suddenly into the yard of a wayside Tavern and the amused and interested guests seized the daredevil rider by the legs and lifted him to the ground. There he stood in the midst of the admiring crowd with a smile of both amusement and satisfaction upon his face.

“Who on earth taught you to ride?” asked a gentleman who had seized the child by the hand and had started to lead him to the Tavern.

“Nobody,” answered little Philip. “I just knowed

how. For Willie Seymour said that the way ter ride was ter hold on with your knees,— and I did.”

This remark was greeted with chuckles and appreciative remarks from the crowd of bystanders, and one old fellow called out,

“ I tell yew, now, gentlemen, that ere kid will be heard from some day. He’s ez sandy er young un ez I’ve ever knowed.”

And what he said was the truth, for the courageous youngster who had ridden bare-back upon the spirited horse was little Phil Sheridan, who was one day to be the commander of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and who was to be known as the hero of one of the most extraordinary rides in history.

We have seen that the noble and chivalric Jeb Stuart was the greatest cavalry leader that the South produced in the bloody conflict between the States, and that the Confederate cavalry never recovered from the shock of his untimely death. His opponent at the fight at Yellow Tavern was General Phil Sheridan, who survived the war and left a record for dash and courage that was quite equal to that of the brave leader of the Southern horse. Furthermore, he had the good fortune to continue in the field of active service for a great many years after the war between the States, and to be engaged in several Indian campaigns which added fame and lustre to his distinguished name. Sheridan is the greatest cavalryman that the country has known, and for intrepid courage, zeal, and combativeness, has seldom had an equal in the warfare between civilized people

His parents were Irish, and came from the County of

Cavan, from which they emigrated to America and settled at Albany, New York. Here Philip Henry Sheridan — their second son — was born on March 6th, 1830; and here he remained for a few years, until the family moved to Somerset, Ohio, which was a frontier village, in the “fresh, untouched, unbounded, magnificent wilderness,” as Daniel Webster has so aptly named it. John Sheridan (the father of the great cavalryman) was a hardy and industrious man who built his own house, chopping down the trees of the forest with his able hands, and plastering his cabin with mud from the fields in order to keep out the wintry blasts. Mrs. Sheridan was a woman of good sense and much practical knowledge, so that her family of five youngsters — four of whom were boys — learned much that was worthy and useful from her. Young Phil was not very different from other boys save that he was perhaps more full of fun and vitality than his companions and had a passionate love for horses. He was black-haired; red-cheeked; sturdy and pugnacious.

Just as soon as he was old enough to learn his letters he was sent to the village school — kept by an old school-master called McNanly, who was of a pepperish temper and none too easy on his pupils. This crusty, old fellow had one boy of whom he was particularly fond, whose name was Home, and with him young Phil had a royal fist-fight, one day. So furious was the affray that little Home ran into the school-room with a bloody nose, while the irate school-master seized his switch, — determined to administer a sound drubbing to the future leader of cavalry, who had given the blows which had caused the flow of so much blood. But young Phil had expected such an attack, and

was waiting on a fence to see what the school-master was going to do. So when Mr. McNanly emerged from his door — cane in hand — it was easy for him to drop over on the other side of the fence and make off as fast as his young legs would carry him.

The Tinsmith in the village was busy in making a large boiler — lying mouth down upon the floor — when he was startled by seeing young Phil running into his shop. He dropped his hammer with a bang, and, as he did so, Sheridan crept beneath the boiler and hid himself securely from all eyes. It was none too soon, for just then the school-master rushed furiously into the shop and asked where the boy had gone to.

“Ain’t seen him,” replied the Tinsmith, to his questions.

And so the school-master departed, while little Phil hid beneath the protecting boiler for an hour before he dared to venture back to the school-room. When he did so, Mr. McNanly pretended not to notice him, and so he escaped entirely from the whipping which had been surely due him for his fight with little Home. “This,” said General Sheridan, years afterwards, “was worse than being under fire at Winchester and Cedar Creek. I never suffered so much physical anguish in my life as when lying under that boiler, expecting every moment that Mr. McNanly would lift it up and find me beneath.”

After a year’s schooling, Sheridan’s father thought that he had had sufficient education and so secured him a clerkship in a dry goods store; but this life was distasteful to the future cavalryman, for it was too dry, exacting, and unexciting. He longed to have a change, and when an opportunity was offered him of entering West Point,

eagerly grasped the chance to secure an appointment; for his ambition was fired with the thought of becoming a real soldier; and night after night — with the light of a tallow candle — he sat up in the back of the store and poured over books of history, geography, and arithmetic. His efforts to gain knowledge were crowned with such success, that in 1849 he passed a splendid examination for West Point and was immediately admitted.

His record at the Academy was not an especially brilliant one, for, not only was he suspended for a year because of a fight with another cadet — his superior — but he was graduated with no particular honours. Of the class of fifty-two members who left West Point, he was thirty-fifth in point of excellence, although recognized to be the foremost horseman in the entire body of cadets. Sent immediately to Texas — with the brevet appointment of Second Lieutenant, — he saw a summer of active service in scouting; mapping the country; and in protecting the roads and different frontier outposts from the attacks of Indians, who were not only numerous, but bloodthirsty. The hardships of his life were very great and the winter was spent in comparative misery; with no fresh vegetables to ward off the scurvy, and with nothing but a hut of poles and half-rotten canvas, to keep off the wind and rain. But Sheridan enjoyed it all and never once complained of hardship and danger, — for he was by nature a lover of everything that was rough and which required a vigorous nature to withstand. “A man’s life is a life in the open,” he often remarked. “There is too much civilization for the average individual; it makes him love comfort more than a house-cat.”

In 1855 the budding General was transferred to the Fourth Infantry, and, after a brief stay at Fort Wood, in New York Harbour, he was sent to San Francisco by way of Panama, with a detachment of half-disciplined recruits. But he was not to remain long at the Golden Gate, for the Yakima Indians were on the warpath in Washington Territory, so he was hurried to the scene of action and placed in command of a detachment of mounted infantry, called dragoons, who were half-drilled, but eager and willing for an active campaign. It is said that Sheridan was thoroughly disgusted with the laziness of some of his men and one day determined to shame them. So, in the morning, at roll-call, he tried to do so.

"I have a nice, easy job," he said, "for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men stepped forward.

"Why don't you step to the front, too?" he demanded of the sixtieth.

"I'm too lazy," replied the soldier; and the laugh was decidedly upon the doughty Lieutenant.

The first battle that amounted to anything was at the falls, or cascades, of the Columbia River, where the Indians had a fortification upon an island, from which they frequently made raids upon the white settlers. Sheridan determined to capture this island, and with this end in view, loaded down an old boat with his command, and floated down the stream until his men were able to clamber out upon the shore of the ground which was held by the savages. A battle was, at once, begun, and soon the affair assumed a serious aspect for the United States troops; as

the Indians far outnumbered them. The Bluecoats began to stampede to the boat, but Sheridan cheered them on to a determined resistance of the overwhelming attack, and so conducted the retreat, that his men escaped from the island with the loss of but one of their number. The youthful Lieutenant was highly complimented by his superior officers for his conduct in this affair, and several of them predicted that he would, some day, be promoted to the rank of Colonel. Little did they think that this immature Lieutenant would become the best known General of the country, and would so surpass them in ability and reputation that they would be some day proud to have been associated with him in this small and insignificant action.

In spite of this excellent fighting which young Sheridan had done, he was still a Lieutenant at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was at an army post in the far North-West when he was made profoundly joyous by receiving a commission to a Captaincy in the Thirteenth Cavalry, with orders to report, at once, in St. Louis, for an assignment to duty. With a light heart and a beaming countenance he hastened to the scene of conflict, only to be chagrined by receiving an appointment as a Chief Quarter-master and not as an officer in active service at the front. As his duties were to care for the tents, baggage, and supplies, nothing could have been less pleasing to a man of his danger-loving temperament; yet he attended to his task with speed and cheerfulness; so that his superior officer was much pleased by his conduct, and commended him for promotion to a position of responsibility in the field. But this was hard to get, as the Governors of the separate

States appointed the officers to command the volunteer regiments, and always — as was natural — advanced those who were either well known to them, or to whom they were under obligations. Sheridan unfortunately had no friends in political office, and so, as a Quarter-Master he remained during the entire first year of the Civil War. But, at last, the longed-for opening came, and through the intercession of some friends he was electrified, one day, to receive the following telegram.

“Pittsburg Landing, May 25, 1862.

“Captain Philip H. Sheridan is hereby appointed Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He is directed to take command at once.

“AUSTIN BLAIR,
Governor of Michigan.”

The great cavalryman was at General Halleck's headquarters when this missive was handed him, and as the news of his promotion leaked out, all the officers came up and offered their congratulations. One of them suggested a complimentary toast, and said, as he raised a glass of wine,

“Here's hoping that your appointment is a step towards the star of Brigadier-General, Captain Phil.”

Sheridan blushed bright red before he replied.

“No, Gentlemen,” he answered. “I thank you for your good wishes, but I want no higher honour than this. I am now a Colonel-of-Cavalry and I have all that I expect.”

But it was not as far up, upon the rungs of the ladder

of fame, as he was to go, for by the zeal and vim which he put into his new command, the soldiers easily perceived that they were in the hands of a genius, and predicted that he would, some day, be in the highest rank obtainable. The rough fellows nicknamed their fiery officer, "Little Phil," and, when anything went amiss, were accustomed to say, "Never mind, Little Phil will be along soon, and he'll fix it up so that everything will go our way." For like all great cavalymen, Sheridan always took every precaution against surprise and possible defeat. He would study a country in which he campaigned, like a book, and would soon know the exact location of every stream, bridge, grove, hill, valley, and house, within twenty miles of the position of his command. And he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties; did not seem to know the meaning of the word fear; and exposed himself with so much recklessness when in battle, that it is a wonder that he ever came through the Civil War, alive. "I reckon dat ere feller, mus carry er rabbit foot, fer good luck," said one old Darkey who had seen the boyish-looking Captain in one of his skirmishes with the enemy. "He's got de luck of Debbil wid him, an dat only comes when you carry er rabbit's foot in yer left han' pocket. He's de mos' keerless pusson in de middle uv bullets I ever seen."

After the battle of Shiloh — in which the Union Army barely defeated the Confederates — Sheridan had several successful skirmishes with the enemy's forces, in which he showed so much ability that he quickly made a reputation as a daring and courageous cavalry leader. So when General Buell was fighting General Bragg's army in Kentucky, Sheridan was ordered to take command of a division

of the Union force and to assist Buell in defeating one of the most able of the Confederate Commanders. In the battle of Perryville — which was an undecided contest — he played a conspicuous part; but it was not until the famous struggle at Lookout Mountain, sometime later, that he had an opportunity of showing his true mettle and of making a gallant charge that won the day for the Union side. So greatly did this abound to his credit, that he was soon the most talked-of cavalryman in the North, and the most popular.

General Rosecrans succeeded General Buell and was placed in command of what was known as the Army of the Cumberland, which was opposed to the Confederate forces under Braxton Bragg in Kentucky and Tennessee, and the now well-known Sheridan was given charge of a division of the right wing. Not long after assuming this command, the two armies met in a three days' contest at Stone River, in which nearly half of Sheridan's entire force was killed and wounded in the fearful slaughter upon that bloody field of battle.

After the first day of furious fighting General Bragg determined to attack the Union force, early in the morning, and to concentrate his efforts upon the right flank of his opponents. The Confederate leader hoped to gain a victory; to capture the city of Nashville; and to drive the opposing forces eastward, so that he could advance far into the enemy's country. He therefore gave the order for a general movement of his right wing at an early hour in the morning, — and at a time when the Union troops would be ill prepared to meet the assault.

But Sheridan — with the true instinct of a born fighter —

suspected the designs of his enemy ; and so spent the entire night in examining his opponents' position ; in placing his troops in the most advantageous hillocks for repelling an assault ; and in watching the moving forms of the enemy in the half-light of a clouded moon. About two o'clock in the morning he became convinced that a large and powerful force was massed against his right flank, and so he hastily went to General McCook, who was in command of the threatened portion of the Union line, and told him to make every arrangement for repelling a furious attack. But strange as it may seem, that officer did not seem to regard the matter with much concern, and, after a long harangue with the young Captain, told him that it was not his intention to change the disposition of his forces in order to meet what he thought would be only a slight and ineffective advance.

He much regretted his error in not taking Sheridan's advice, a few hours later, for, shortly before daylight, four divisions of Confederate infantry made a terrific attack upon the extreme right of the Union line, which was only half prepared to meet the advance of the enemy. In consequence it was doubled back upon the rest of the army, and, had it not been for Captain Sheridan's quick and decisive action in turning the fire of three batteries upon the exultant Confederates, it would have gone badly with the Union troops. As it was, this concentrated fire drove the advancing enemy back in confusion, and saved the right wing of Rosecran's forces from a crushing blow. Two assaults followed this first advance, but both were so successfully repulsed that Bragg became convinced of the uselessness in attempting to break his opponents' line,

and so withdrew his worn-out men. Sheridan had conducted himself with the greatest bravery and resolution; had exposed himself continually; and had been everywhere at once. In this long and desperate struggle one-third of his command had been either killed or wounded, and the greater part of his artillery horses had been either shot or disabled. Five vigorous and determined assaults had been repulsed, and when the campaign closed on the second of January, 1863, the force under his command had been so weakened by its terrible losses, that it could not have stood another like engagement without total annihilation.

The troops were, at this time, in a limestone region, where the dust upon the roads was like whitish powder. This blew around them in whirling clouds whenever there was dry weather, and covered their uniforms with a thick coating of grayish material. Sheridan sent a vidette out to reconnoitre, one day, but the fellow trespassed too far within the enemy's lines for safety, and suddenly discovered that he had ridden into some Confederate pickets, who little suspected that he was a Union soldier, because of the gray look to his cap and uniform.

"Whar you bound, Cavalryman?" asked the Confederate sentry. "And who be ye?"

"I'm one of Forrest's boys," answered Sheridan's trooper, "an' the countersign is, 'Death to Uncle Abe and the Union.'"

At this the Confederate sentries burst out laughing.

"'Taint right," said one, "but I reckon you kin pass."

And he moved aside as the cavalryman rode by. But unfortunately for Sheridan's man the gray upon the front

of his uniform was not equally well distributed over his back, and, as he galloped joyfully away, the long, Confederate yell which rang out upon the clear air, warned him that the sentries had discovered his true identity. Immediately shots rang out and bullets whizzed so dangerously near him that one punctured the crown of his hat. When he arrived in camp and told his story, General Sheridan would not believe it, until he saw the hole in the hat crown, and then he roared with laughter at the thought of the chagrin and mortification of the two Johnny Rebs. It was the best joke upon the enemy that one of his own men ever perpetrated.

General Sheridan advanced with the Union army under Rosecrans to the vicinity of Chattanooga in Tennessee, in the autumn of 1863, and was in a bloody, three days' battle with the Confederates at Chickamauga. In this the Union army was not successful, and so the Army of the Cumberland, as it was called, retreated to Chattanooga at the foot of Lookout Mountain, to a most unfavourable position where it was hemmed in on three sides by the now exultant Confederates. As all ways of getting supplies were cut off save one, and that a difficult path through the Cumberland Mountains, it was not infrequent to see the supplies for the Union army captured by the Confederate cavalrymen. So scarce, indeed, did rations become, that Sheridan was forced to forage upon the country, and he, himself, often joined the expeditions of his men, sent out after chickens, geese, turkeys, and ducks. As he had peculiarly long arms which hung to his knees, it was easy for him to reach considerably lower than the average man; and one day, as he was riding along the road,

it is said that he leaned over his horse — with a swift clutch — and seized the neck of an unsuspecting goose that was unwary enough to venture near his mount. For this reason he was often called “the Great Goose Catcher” by those who knew of this adventure.

The Confederate position on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge was such a favourable one that they could easily throw shells into the Union camp. This they did with considerable accuracy, but it did not do much damage and few men were killed by the explosion of the missiles. Finally the Union troops were ready for an advance and determined to rout out their courageous enemy who were causing so much annoyance and the loss of so much rest. General Rosecrans had been removed from the command of the Union force and General U. S. Grant was in the position of director of the Army of the Cumberland. when the fight for the control of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain commenced, and it was one of the most picturesque and dramatic battles of history.

Missionary Ridge — a high, precipitous chain of mountains, was protected by three lines of defences. First, earthworks were thrown up near the base, which were defended by courageous and hardy troops. Then, half way up the side of the ridge, rifle-pits had been dug in broken lines, so that, if driven from the lower grounds, the retreating Confederates could find protection here. And finally, on the very summit of the ridge, itself, was a line of cannon which swept the entire field of approaches. A reserve of infantry was stationed near-by which could be moved to any portion of the line that seemed to need added strength. Truly this was an almost impossible line

of entrenchments to carry, for it is well known that one man behind an earthwork is worth three in the open; yet in spite of this fact, General Sheridan was ordered to attack, and capture the lower line of earthworks. To him it was not an impossible task, for he did not know the meaning of insurmountable obstacles, and he gladly made his preparations for the assault. But with the foresight of a leader of acute reasoning power, he asked permission from his superior officer to be allowed to carry the ridge itself, "for," he said, "if my men get into the lower breastworks, there will be no stopping them. They will want to go clear up to the summit." "Take only the lower line of entrenchments," was the order that was sent back; and so he rode out in front of his men, as they made ready for the fray, and said, "Boys, you see those earthworks in front. Take them. That's all."

When the word for advance was given, the soldiers under his immediate direction rushed upon the formidable entrenchments with so much fury that their attack was irresistible. They were shot down by regiments, but they kept on moving, and soon were over the very earthworks themselves and were clubbing with the butts of their muskets, all who did not flee to the protection of the second line of rifle-pits, half way up the mountain.

"Let me go on," said General Sheridan, to General Granger. "I can now carry the second line of redoubts. Let me go on!"

"Your orders are to remain where you are," replied Granger. "Do not advance to the attack."

But Sheridan disobeyed his orders. "Forward, men," he shouted. "You see the top of Missionary Ridge. Let's see our battle-flags on the summit!"

And with a cheer and yell of defiance the Union troops charged upon the second line of rifle-pits. The men dodged behind trees and fallen boulders; took aim and fired like Indians in Braddock's campaign, and crept on, on, until the fire of the disheartened Confederates was in their very faces. Suddenly one battle-flag was advanced to the line of earthworks itself and fluttered from the top of a yellow mound. With a yell the soldiers rushed after it and hurled themselves like a tempest, across the jagged lines of trenches. There was no stopping their furious assault. They enveloped the breaking Confederate line like an irresistible tidal wave, and although now in the range of the guns on the summit of the mountain and torn with the discharge of grape and canister, they still climbed upward to the beckoning Confederate ensigns on the top of Missionary Ridge. At last the first man in blue leaped from behind a fallen oak-stump and discharged his musket into the faces of the defenders of the once unapproachable position. Another and another followed; until the whole crest — for a mile — was blue with the coats of Sheridan's victorious men, while the gray jackets of the Confederates were hurrying confusedly into the depression on the other side. One of the most glorious infantry charges in history was over; and the broken and dispirited army fled before the exultant soldiers of the Union cause.

When General Grant saw Sheridan's men as they clambered up the side of the mountain, he was struck dumb with amazement. Finally he turned to General Thomas and said,

"General, by whose orders are those troops going up the hill?"

"By no one's orders," Thomas answered. "They're going forward on their own account."

General Grant scowled.

"Well, it's all right, if it turns out all right," he said. "But if it doesn't some one is going to suffer and going to suffer bad."

It was thus fortunate for Sheridan that he had success, or he might have been cashiered and dismissed the service, in disgrace.

Even when the crest of the ridge was taken and the broken troops had been reformed, the impetuous Sheridan did not rest on the laurels already won. Instead of this, he pushed on, without orders, and pursued the retreating Confederates on a road which led to Chickamauga Station, directly in the rear of the remaining forces of the Rebel army. Stirred with the spirit of their leader, the soldiers pressed exultantly forward, and soon came up with the boys in gray, well posted on another ridge, and determined to stem the overwhelming advance. But it was useless. Two flanking parties were ordered to the right and to the left of the Confederate line, and when a general assault was begun, the enemy again fled in confusion.

Now Sheridan found himself two miles in advance of his compatriots on Missionary Ridge, and saw that his were the only troops which followed the beaten forces of the enemy. So he galloped hastily back to a deserted house, where the commander of his corps had made his headquarters, and requested that he be allowed other divisions of infantry to press home his advance. But his request was met with a different reception than he had expected and he was, at first, refused any assistance. Only after

much pleading upon his part could he succeed in gaining permission to move his division to the crossing of Chickamauga Creek; and he was told that, if the enemy should be met, troops would be immediately ordered up to the support of his own men.

Sheridan was, of course, much dissatisfied with this delay, but he still hoped to get to the rear of the Confederates and to turn the victory into a complete rout; so, galloping back to his own camp, he reached there at midnight, and, in spite of the weary condition of his troops, urged them to press onward at two o'clock in the morning. This the soldiers did with a cheerfulness that was surprising, but it was now too late to effect the capture of a portion of the retreating enemy. They had effectually made their escape and the decisive victory had been turned to naught, by the delay of those in higher command than Sheridan, himself.

The failure to reap the full fruits of victory was, of course, a great disappointment to the fiery, Little Phil, and he had hard words to say of those who had failed to assist him in the hour of most need. When his superior officers, next day, saw that his plans had been correctly made and that if they had sent him the desired supports the left wing of the Confederate army would have been captured, or destroyed; they, too, were equally chagrined. Sheridan was the hero of the hour; his name filled the pages of the Northern press; his fame was upon every lip; and the soldiers cheered him whenever he passed by upon his charger. He had commenced to make that reputation which was soon to mark him as one of the most successful of all the Union Commanders.

The trials and exposures of the campaign had commenced to tell greatly upon his rugged constitution; he had begun to break down from constant activity, and so, when his troops had been comfortably settled in winter quarters, he applied for a short leave of absence, and was soon at his home in Ohio. Here rest and relief from ceaseless anxiety soon restored him to his usual health. In March, he returned to the army, but he was not to remain longer with the Western forces of the Government. A telegram from General Grant directed him to proceed at once to Washington and to report to the Adjutant-General of the Army of the Potomac, then confronting General Lee near Culpepper, Virginia.

At this time he was thirty-three years of age, square-shouldered, muscular, wiry to the last degree, and as nearly insensible to hardship and fatigue as it was possible to be. His face was much tanned by exposure, but it was lighted up by uncommonly, keen eyes, which showed him to be a man of force. His firm chin, high cheek-bones, and crisp moustache, gave him a military look and stamped him as a thorough soldier. He had a strangely shaped head, with a large bump — probably of combativeness — behind the ears, which inconvenienced him apparently as much as it did his enemies in the field, — for he never possessed a hat that would stay upon his head. This led him to take his hat continually in his hand, as if to cheer on the troops; an occupation that he was frequently engaged in. He was exacting on duty; hard on delinquents; and he never, under any circumstances, issued orders of encouragement or congratulation to his troops before or after a battle, as he expected each man to thor-

oughly do his duty. And to this soldierly view his troops always seemed to respond. He was self-reliant; shunned notoriety; and was abashed before the popular applause. He was reserved; hospitable; and remarkably low-voiced, particularly in the midst of battle, where every-one else would be screaming and shouting. In the field, — even in the hottest weather — he wore the uniform of his grade, in spite of its heaviness; and this consisted of a double-breasted frock coat; pantaloons inside his boots, strapped down, and touching at the heels two, small, brass spurs; one of which, broken short off at the heel, did duty for many months. He avoided the army hat for officers, and a cap of soft material was usually stuck jauntily upon one side of his head, as long as it would remain in position.

Such was the man whom President Lincoln and his War Secretary saw when he arrived in Washington, and, as he was much emaciated from illness, so that he weighed but one hundred and fifteen pounds, it is no wonder that they gazed upon the celebrated cavalryman with interest and some amusement. The President smiled, when his eyes rested upon the cheerful but determined face of his little General, and he invited him to the White House, where he interviewed him for many hours and asked no end of questions regarding his opinions on the conduct of the war. “Good-bye, and God bless you,” was his parting remark to the illustrious cavalryman, as he left him for his duties at the front. “May we soon hear good news from your horsemen, in Virginia.”

And good news soon came, for Sheridan had shortly massed his cavalry and made a raid into the enemy's country that equalled the daring exploits of the chivalric

Jeb Stuart. General Grant had taken command of the army confronting Lee, and his plan was to attack the Confederate forces in the wilderness and to keep hammering away at them, as he crept steadily on towards Richmond by a flank movement. Sheridan heard of the plan and approved it.

"But let me go out and whip Jeb Stuart," he said. "I can easily do it and it would so dishearten the Confederate troops that you will find them more easy to push towards Richmond."

General Meade was near-by, and when he heard the request, he objected.

"We need your horsemen to protect our flanks," he said. "And we cannot afford to run the risk of losing you."

"I won't be lost," replied Sheridan. "On the contrary you will hear from me very soon after I leave your front."

Grant had listened to this argument with interest.

"If you think you can whip Stuart," he said, with bluntness, "you can go out and do so." And Meade had to acquiesce to the request of the young commander.

So Sheridan made ready with six thousand horse, well equipped and well supplied; and followed by a canvas, pontoon train for bridging the rivers which they had to cross. On the 7th of June the cavalymen moved away from the main army and were soon on the road to Trevilian Station. Here they met Stuart's cavalry, in force, and a fierce battle ensued which resulted in no particular advantage for either side. Sheridan's men tore up the railroad which supplied his army, and, upon the day following, made another assault upon the Confederate position.

Again there was little advantage for either side and the Union force turned towards Richmond with the gray uniforms of Stuart's men, following them in a parallel line. There was constant skirmishing between the two commands, and many brave fellows fell from their horses, never again to rouse themselves to the blast of the bugle, and the cheer of "Onward! Onward," from their beloved commander, "Little Phil."

Sheridan drew nearer to Richmond and at Yellow Tavern another fierce encounter occurred between his men and those of the noble-hearted Stuart. The Union troops were but six miles from the Confederate Capital, and if they could have defeated the men in front they could have perhaps penetrated into the very heart of the city itself. But such was not to be the outcome of the affray, for, although the chivalric leader of the Southern cavalry was mortally wounded in the fierce encounter that here took place, Richmond had awakened to its peril, and reinforcements from every quarter hurried to the defence of the threatened point; so that Sheridan saw the uselessness of further advance and sheered off towards the north of the town. One of his men says: "We marched all night, and the halts were frequent and exasperating. It was so dark that we could only follow the cavalry by putting a bugler on a white horse directly in the rear of the regiment in front of us, with orders to move on as soon as they did. Finally, whether the bugler fell asleep while waiting, or we fell asleep while watching the white horse, it happened that we found a gap of unknown dimensions in front of us and started to trot in order to close it up. It was a swampy region; the hoofs and the wheels made

little or no sound. Once the blackness was pierced with a jet of vivid flame, and a sharp explosion on the road showed that we had sprung one of the torpedoes which had been some time planted there. While in doubt of the direction of the highway, we came upon a man wrapped in a blue overcoat, standing near a gate, who told us that General Sheridan had left him to show us the way. Of course we followed his direction and entered the gate. It was evident that we were very near the city, as we could see the lights and hear the dogs barking. The road became less plainly marked and led into extensive pleasure grounds, and finally we brought up on the edge of a large, fish pond; at that moment, half a dozen flashes came from what seemed to be an embankment, and we found that we were in a veritable trap, and immediately under the fire of one of the out-works of the city. The guide, who had given us the direction, was either a deserter or a rebel in our uniform, and had deliberately misled us. He received the reward of his treachery, for Colonel McIntosh who had, from the first, suspected him, kept him near him; and when their guns opened on our advance, blew out his brains.

As day broke, Sheridan, himself, galloped up to his command with a beaming countenance.

“Hello, Charley!” he said to a Captain Fitzhugh. “What are you doing out here? Do you know that we have only a lot of department clerks from Richmond in front of us, who have been forced into the ranks. I could capture Richmond, if I wanted to, but I can’t hold it; and the prisoners tell me that every house in the suburbs is loopholed, and the streets barricaded. It isn’t worth

the men it would cost; but I'll stay here all day to show these fellows how much I care for them, and go when I get ready. Send for your cannon and take it easy." This was the spirit of the man who turned a defeat into a victory, a few months later, because his soldiers knew that he would march into the very jaws of death, itself, rather than suffer a reverse.

But Sheridan only remained in front of Richmond long enough to buy a paper from an enterprising, Virginia newsboy, who was indifferent to the horrors of war, and crossed a bridge to the Union lines. The General eagerly exchanged a quarter for a Richmond "Inquirer," and then ordered the troops to retreat towards Malvern Hill, where an army of Union troops under General Butler was encamped. From here the wearied cavalymen rejoined Grant — with a loss of over 600 men and 300 horses. Lee's army had, for a time, been deprived of the use of its own cavalry force (its "eyes and ears," as this was called); the communications with the rear had been badly damaged; an immense quantity of supplies had been captured; "Jeb" Stuart, — the gallant leader of Southern cavalry, — had been killed; and the spirit of the Union cavalry corps had been much benefited by this long, arduous, and severe campaign. Sheridan said, "It was good fun," and it had been.

But now there was need of an energetic man in the Shenandoah Valley — the garden spot of Virginia — to stem the advance of General Early; in command of a large body of Confederate troops near Winchester. This soldier had made a raid upon Washington in August and had marched as near the Capital as Sheridan had been

near Richmond in his Trevilian raid; so Grant felt that Sheridan should take charge of a body of troops collected to give him battle, and, if possible, to defeat the courageous Southerner. Early had thirty thousand veterans and he was in the midst of friends and acquaintances; in a country which he knew thoroughly well; and with an abundance of supplies and forage for both men and horses. He was a leader quite worthy of the mettle of the gallant Sheridan, and a shrewd and far-seeing campaigner. The old warrior was of middle-age; tall and heavy; with an energetic and sturdy disposition; while in the ranks of his command were many of the bravest and most intelligent of the Southern Generals. Sheridan had troops from Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, and New England, and he, too, had able subordinates in the ranks. William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes — both destined to be Presidents of the United States — were holding minor positions among his troops; while Crook, Custer, Wright, and Torbet: warriors who have left bright names in the annals of the army, were also with his men. In after years Crook was acknowledged to be the ablest, Indian fighter in the West; while the impetuous Custer lost his gallant life in a reckless and ill-judged charge upon the followers of Sitting Bull — many years later — in the Valley of the Little Big Horn, of far western Wyoming.

When operations were begun against the Confederate position the following order was sent to General Sheridan:

“In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, as it is expected you will have to go there first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return.

Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for your command. Such as cannot be consumed; destroy. It is not desirable that buildings should be destroyed — they should rather be protected — but the people should be informed that so long as an army can subsist among them, recurrences of these raids must be expected, and we are determined to put a stop to them at all hazards. Bear in mind the object is to drive the enemy South.

“ U. S. GRANT,

“ *Lieutenant-General.*”

This whole country was magnificently watered by the Shenandoah River, and was so well adapted to raising grain and rearing live stock, that there was an abundance of subsistence for the Confederate troops. Was it a wonder, then, that Grant wished to cripple the enemy? For with this bountiful valley to supply the troops, Early could keep up the fight for all time. So, — relentless and hard as it must be to the peaceful inhabitants, — Sheridan had to burn, pillage, and destroy, until a locust winging its flight across the once fruitful vale would find it difficult to subsist upon what he found. It was hard, indeed, but war is a terrible curse and its ways are not gentle.

Sheridan found out through a Quaker schoolmistress of Winchester, one day, that a portion of the Confederate army had been ordered away to join General Lee, who was battling with Grant before Richmond, so he decided to attack, and to attack at once. For months he and Early had been watching each other and neither had dared to bring on an engagement, for each had too much respect for the ability of the other. On September 19th, 1864,

the peaceful valley of the Shenandoah echoed with the boom of cannon; the crack of the rifle; and the cheers of the soldiers, as the Union troops advanced against the lines of Confederate veterans, two miles east of Winchester. It was a sanguinary contest and it raged all day; but, as the sun sank behind the dark thunder clouds; Sheridan had won, and the troops in gray retreated through the town to take up another strong defensive position near Fisher's Hill. Here they threw up formidable earth-works and awaited, with eagerness, the attack which they knew would shortly come.

The restless and relentless Sheridan did not long leave them in peace, for he believed in following up one severe blow, with another; and that as soon as he was able to administer it. He therefore reformed his army with alacrity and sent his disabled and crippled soldiers to the rear. The troops were ordered to march at once upon the enemy, and, after two days of manœuvring, faced the Confederate entrenchments on the plateau of Fisher's Hill, where rows of well-planted artillery made it evident that an attack in front would be as foolhardy as the advance of the British troops up Bunker Hill. So Sheridan determined to out-flank the position at once, and, with this end in view, ordered General Crook's command to defile up the western side of the valley — through some dense woods — and to attack the rear of Early's troops at the break of day, if they could get in position without being discovered.

All night the Union soldiers crept stealthily through the forest, and in the morning were well to the right of the Confederate position and hidden in the dense

timber. At daylight they moved to the rear of Early's troops; and, late in the afternoon, were in a position to attack. They wheeled to the Eastward; advanced upon the lines of the enemy; and so completely routed the men of the South, that, as evening fell, the whole of Early's army was driven in confusion from its strong position at Fisher's Hill; abandoning its artillery and entrenching tools to their fate. All discipline and organization were lost, as the retreating mass rushed aimlessly from the field of battle; pursued for ten miles by the exultant and victorious Federals.

The condition of Early's army was now deplorable, for not only had over twelve hundred prisoners been captured, but twenty pieces of artillery had been taken by Sheridan's men. The Southern troops were shattered; the men were much exhausted; and many of them were without shoes. On the other hand, the Union soldiers were exultant with success and flushed with the confidence which two brilliant triumphs could alone create; while the effect of this second, decisive victory was most encouraging to the North, and the belief became general that the end of this bloody war was, at last, in sight. But there was yet to come a rude awakening, a few months later, when the joy of these victories was to be turned into despair; and when the whole success of Sheridan's operations in the Valley were nearly overturned and brought to nothing by the incidents of a single day.

Although pursued by the Union cavalry, Early was not beaten, and soon had reorganized his half-equipped army and marched it up the Valley again to ~~once~~ more retard the progress of Sheridan's men. He had been reinforced by

a considerable body of cavalry under General Rosser (called "the Saviour of the Valley") and these became so bold and aggressive, that Sheridan sent his own horsemen, under Crook, Merritt, and Custer, to put an end to their aggressive tactics. The two bodies of horse met at Tom's Brook, and here a brilliant, cavalry battle took place, which near equalled that famous fight of Brandy Station between Stuart and Pleasanton. A chronicler of the period thus describes the situation :

"The country was level and open, and the fighting on both sides was done in the saddle, while sabres were the weapons mainly used. For two hours the result of the conflict was in doubt; charges and countercharges on both sides, sometimes succeeding, and again being repulsed; but, at last, while the Confederate centre held firm, the flanks began to waver, and, as these receded, a general charge along the whole front was made by the Northern troopers. This resulted in a complete breaking up of the Confederate line, and, in a few moments afterward, in a complete rout, when every Southern trooper put spurs to his horse and strove to save himself as best he could. Our men pursued them hotly; and for more than twenty miles this wild stampede continued without a single effort on the part of the enemy to rally their force, or check the pursuit. Three hundred prisoners; eleven pieces of artillery; and every ambulance and wagon that the enemy possessed, were captured and brought into our lines, and, this action — known as the 'Woodstock Races' — effectually checked the aggressive tendencies of the Confederate cavalry, and cost them the good opinion of General Early to such a degree, that he reported to General Lee that his horse-

men were so badly demoralized that they should be immediately dismounted."

Shortly after this magnificent, cavalry battle General Sheridan decided to go to Washington in order to consult with the President and Secretary of War concerning the future conduct of the campaign. So he bade farewell to his troops for a few days, and hastened to the Capital with two military aids. He left his army at Cedar Creek camped on high ground, flanked on the east by a branch of the Shenandoah River, and a steep bluff, which rose high above the beautiful stream at its base. It was densely wooded, and, as not even a bridle path could be seen, it was thought that no troops could possibly approach the Union position from this point. The Confederate army, too, had been so badly whipped, that it was hardly expected that another attack could come. But there was an officer among the Southern troops — General Gordon — who searched every inch of the Union position with a field-glass and conceived the idea of carrying his own corps around the densely wooded bluff on the Union left, during the night, and of falling upon Sheridan's sleeping troops at daybreak. He disclosed his plan to General Early, and, although this officer disapproved of it, at first, he finally consented to allow the movement to proceed.

In speaking of the battle that ensued, General Gordon has written in his Memoirs, "While I was watching Sheridan's position through my glass, it flashed upon me instantly that the expectation of General Sheridan was that we would attack him on his right, which was the only place supposed possible for the advance of an army. His left was protected by the Shenandoah; at this point

the mountain was very precipitous; and the river ran around it. There was no road at all, and the point was guarded only by a mere cavalry picket.

“There was a back road running from our position on Fisher’s Hill and I intended to send a large force under Lomax to attack Sheridan’s right, which would make him believe that all our troops were there. This, I felt sure, would leave me free to fall upon his left, where there would be little resistance. My plan was to dismount our cavalry, attack Sheridan’s cavalymen when on foot, and keep them moving. I knew that we could gain a great victory, and although General Early and his staff were incredulous, I told them that if I were allowed to carry out my plan, we could annihilate Sheridan’s army and drive him pell-mell out of the Valley.

“General Early acted promptly after he once understood my project. The plan was submitted; talked over; and finally agreed upon. I took my command, having ordered the men to leave their canteens, sabres, and everything that could make a noise, behind; for I knew that our only dependence was on absolute secrecy and in complete surprise. I found that I could get my soldiers around the mountain, by putting them in single file, and that the horses could be led along, although the venture would be exceedingly dangerous. The movement took all night. All through the hours of darkness, the silent figures crept to their position near the sleeping enemy, and I instructed my men that, as soon as they got around the mountain, they were to rush upon Sheridan’s cavalry pickets and capture them, if possible. They were to then put their horses to full speed; ride right through the Federal camp; firing

their pistols to the right and to the left as they passed; and make directly for Sheridan's headquarters to capture him. I did not know that he was absent when I gave the order.

"My plan carried out to a nicety, and, just about daylight, we were upon the Union cavalry pickets. Away they went, and I rushed across the river with my whole corps of infantry on the double-quick. The Union army broke into shreds; it doubled up; it snapped; it melted into nothingness. I was making every effort to get a mass of artillery into position when General Early rode up. He was wild with joy and beamed upon me. I exclaimed, 'General Early, give me thirty pieces of cannon right here and we will destroy that army and send the fragments over the Potomac, for I know that the supreme moment has arrived.'

" 'No, No,' he said. 'We've won a great victory; we've done enough for one day. We'll stop here.'

" 'But,' I answered, 'let us finish the job. It is true we have won a great victory; let us complete it. We can do it in an hour and so destroy Sheridan's army that it will never show its head in the Valley again.'

"But General Early said, no; that the men had seen fighting enough and that we had won glory enough for one day.

" 'Very well, sir,' I replied, 'then I will return to my command.'

"And I did so; while we followed up the Federals as they retreated: our men jubilant and tremendously elated at their victory."

Meanwhile what had happened to General Sheridan? He

had left Washington at twelve o'clock two days before on a special train for Martinsburg and had reached there that evening with two Engineer Officers. On the following morning — accompanied by a cavalry escort — he started to ride to Winchester — about fifteen miles north of the battle-field at Cedar Creek — and he reached there at four in the afternoon. About sunset a courier arrived from the camp saying that all was well with the army and that there were no signs of any movement on the part of the Confederates. So Sheridan retired to well-merited slumber; much reassured about the condition of his beloved command.

At about six o'clock on the following morning, faint sounds of firing came from the direction of the troops, but the General supposed them to arise from a reconnoitering party which he had been told was to be sent out on that day.

But later, the firing continued, and the deep boom of the cannon became so distinct that Sheridan determined to be at once to horse, and on his way towards the noise of battle. About nine o'clock he galloped in the direction of Cedar Creek; mounted on his favourite, black charger; Rienzi, and, as he went slowly onward, he bent his head over the saddle bow and listened intently to the sound of cannonading, which increased with such volume, that he became firmly convinced that a great battle was in progress; and that the Union army — his own army — was retreating before the onslaughts of Early's men.

About two miles south of Winchester he came across a number of wounded soldiers, stragglers, and several baggage wagons; all making their way toward Winchester on the double-quick.

"What's the matter, boys?" called Sheridan. "What are you running for?"

"We're licked, General," replied a straggler. "And the hull, blamed army is on the dead run. Early's getting even with us for the two drubbings you've given him."

What a terrible blow this must have been for Sheridan — Sheridan, the man who had never met defeat before in his life — Sheridan, whose orders were never "go on," but "come on" and "follow me" — Sheridan, who had scaled the bristling sides of Missionary Ridge — who had almost ridden into Richmond — and who had torn the very heart out of the once peerless squadrons of Jeb Stuart. His face grew scarlet; his eyes blazed with the light of intense anger; and he dug his spurs hard into Rienzi's flanks, while the black charger thundered down the macadamized road which led towards the furious firing.

"Go back to Winchester, immediately," he shouted to one of his aids. "Order all the forces there to spread across the valley and stop these cowards. We've got to turn them and turn them fast."

Then he pushed onward and the road became so blocked with wagons, artillery, and retreating infantry, that he was obliged to ride into the fields in order to get to the front. The soldiers all recognized him, and every group that he met, cheered wildly as the black charger — now flecked with white foam — sped by their panic-stricken columns.

"Come back," shouted Sheridan, with his cap in hand. "This would never have happened if J had been here. Come back, boys. Let us go and recover our camp. Let us go back."

As he spoke the soldiers faced about and turned their steps towards the advancing foe. The whole current of retreat was changed, and the army, invigorated by the confidence which was felt in his leadership, was, by an almost spontaneous impulse, ready and eager to resume the conflict of the morning. Cheer after cheer rose from the men in blue: they were infused with new life and determination.

Dashing along the pike, Sheridan came upon the line of battle.

"What troops are these?" he shouted.

"The Sixth Corps," was the response from a hundred voices.

"We're all right," answered the General, swinging his hat as he thundered along the line towards the right. "Never mind, boys, we'll whip them yet, we'll whip them yet. We shall sleep in our quarters to-night."

Marengo; one of Napoleon the First's greatest victories, would have been an utter defeat, had not Marshal Desaix come upon the bloody field when the French were wilting before the Austrian attack. Shiloh would have been a Confederate victory, had not Grant hurried to the rescue of Sherman's beaten forces. Fontenoy would have been a rout for the French, had not the Brigade of Exiles arrived fresh upon the field at the moment of direst distress. Wellington's shot-riddled squares at Waterloo would have been crushed by Ney's cuirassiers, had not Blücher's stubborn Prussians thrown themselves upon Napoleon's bleeding right-flank at the close of that awful day. But never in the annals of warfare among civilized people has a retreating army ever braced itself at the sight of

its beloved leader, as did the Army of the Shenandoah; and never has a force of troops, crushed, broken, and confused, as were these, ever turned an utter defeat into a glorious victory, as did the men of Sheridan's command by the rippling waters of the blue Shenandoah. The battle of Cedar Creek, on October the 19th, 1864, was unique, original; magnificently bold. Its story will go down to the ages as the most thrilling in all history.

It was half-past ten o'clock when Sheridan reached the front, and quick as thought, he comprehended the whole scene. A small division of infantry was all that was holding its ground against the Confederate attack, and its commanding officer rode out to meet the General. "Thank God. You have come!" he said with fervour. "I'm glad, myself, that I am here," Sheridan replied, and jumping his horse over a line of fence rails, he galloped to the crest of a hill and waved his hat. The men of the Sixth Corps sprang up from behind some stone fences, with which they had been protecting themselves, with cheers of recognition, and, as their leader went onward, a number of regimental flags rose up from the ground, as it seemed, and around them the troops quickly gathered. They were now cool, and, as the Confederates did not press their attack, there was opportunity to reform the lines in regular order. When this was done, the gallant Sheridan galloped in front of all his troops, with hat in hand, and told them to advance and retrieve their lost laurels.

But the soldiers had no need of exhortations to push them onward. When all was ready — about four in the afternoon — they swept down upon Early's troops with a determination that was irresistible. The Southerners

were behind stone walls, which afforded them good protection, but nothing could stop the onrush of Sheridan's men. The cavalry in the flanks charged home; the soldiers were beyond restraint; and, with hoarse cheers of defiance, the once, victorious veterans of the Southern army, were overwhelmed and thrown into utter confusion. It was a greater rout than that of the morning; the guns and the ambulances which had been captured were all retaken; twelve hundred prisoners fell into the hands of Sheridan's veterans, and, the cavalry pushed back the now dispirited, Confederate host, until the disorganized mass of fugitives found a temporary shelter behind the fortified lines at Fisher's Hill. The most badly whipped army of the war had, in turn, thrashed the victors with a vengeance that was terrific.

So ended the famous battle of Cedar Creek, which has made the name of Sheridan one of the most famous of all history. The ragged troops of General Early were so badly broken by the series of disasters that had overtaken them, that they never again presented a formidable front to their victors. The Valley had been swept clean of all subsistence, and they could no longer live bountifully, as they had done before. So, by degrees the Southern force melted away; some of the men returning to their farms; the rest rejoining the army of General Lee before Richmond. Within a period of six months the intrepid Sheridan had defeated, broken, and driven for one hundred and fifty miles; an army which had burned towns in Maryland and Pennsylvania; had threatened Washington; spread consternation and dismay throughout the North; and had seemed to be fully equal in numbers and courage

to his own troops. Fully satisfied with the result of his untiring efforts, he now rejoined General Grant, and was soon engaged in pressing the army of General Lee to a point where it, too, had to abandon its lines of defence and seek safety in flight.

General Lee was at Petersburg with the right of his line at Dinwiddie Court House, when Sheridan was ordered to endeavour to break his extended defences. He attacked with so much fury that the position of the Confederates was shaken, and their earthworks were abandoned to the Union advance. The artillery was of great assistance in this affair, and poured in a hot fire upon the enemy, while the cavalry did excellent service with repeating carbines. General Sheridan rode along the front of his lines and exposed himself so freely that it is remarkable that he escaped without a wound, and, his men, animated by his presence, fought with a splendid courage. At the close of the day, one of the severest actions in which his cavalry had been engaged was brought to an end; it had lasted from dawn until nightfall, and the loss in men and horses was great.

This contest was soon followed by a more severe affair at Five Forks, which so shattered the lines of General Lee that he decided to retreat towards the west and south, and to endeavour to join his army with that of General Johnston in North Carolina. So on April the 3rd, 1865, the Army of Virginia evacuated Richmond, and the half-fed and badly equipped men in gray, began a dispirited retreat toward the Southwest. Sheridan was now the incarnation of energy and action. He hurried forward with his cavalry corps, and hastened, with all possible speed, to place him-

self in the rear of General Lee, so that he would be hemmed in between his troops and those of General Grant. It was a discouraging march for Lee. Wherever he looked he saw the oncoming and exultant crowds of Union soldiers, and whenever he stopped to rest, Sheridan's men would be in front of his advance guard. Like a hornet, Sheridan, buzzed about the disintegrating mass of Southern soldiers; he captured the supplies that were expected to reach the army from the South; he threw himself directly in the path of the now disheartened troops; and finally, on the eighth of April, the gallant leader of the army of the South saw that all avenues of escape were closed to him; that his men were weary, foot-sore; half dead with fatigue and hunger; and so, at the little village of Appomattox, he capitulated to General Grant. The great War of the Rebellion was over.

As a matter of fact General Sheridan came near not surviving the war at all, and the reason for it was as follows. When General Lee had decided to surrender, he ordered General Gordon to send out an Orderly with a flag of truce and to inform General Grant that he was ready to treat with him for terms of peace. General Gordon told one of his men to take a flag of truce into the Union lines, but his soldier said, "I have no flag of truce, sir, as I have never supposed that I would need one. How can I go with such a thing?"

"Well, take your handkerchief and tie it on a stick and go," replied Gordon.

The soldier felt in his pockets, and answered: "General, I have no handkerchief."

"Then, tear your shirt and tie that to a stick, sir."

The soldier looked at his shirt, and then at General Gordon.

"General, I have on a flannel shirt," he replied, "and I see that you have also. I don't believe that there's a white shirt in the army."

"Get something, sir," answered Gordon. "Get something and go!"

So the fellow secured a rag of some sort and rode rapidly away towards the Union lines. He soon found General Sheridan and returned to General Gordon with an officer of strikingly, picturesque appearance, who was slender, graceful, and apparently a superior rider. His hair was long and fell almost to his shoulders. Guided by the Confederate soldier, this cavalier rode up to the Southern leader of infantry and with faultless grace and courtesy, saluted him with his sabre, and said:

"I am General Custer and bear a message to you from General Sheridan. The General desires me to present to you his compliments, and to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the troops under your command."

Gordon thundered, "You will please, General, return my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender my command."

"He directs me to say to you, General," answered Custer, "that he has you surrounded and can annihilate your command in an hour."

To this General Gordon thundered that he was as well aware of the situation as was General Sheridan, and that if General Sheridan decided to continue the fighting in the face of the flag of truce, the responsibility

for the blood shed, would be his, and not the Confederates.

In a short time thereafter a white flag was seen approaching, and under it was Philip Sheridan, accompanied by a mounted escort. He was riding an enormous horse, which was the spirited Rienzi, his famous animal. He rode in front of his escort, and an orderly was beside him, carrying a flag. Around General Gordon were his faithful sharpshooters, and as General Sheridan came up, and was within range of the rifles, a half-witted fellow raised his gun as if to fire. The Confederate leader ordered him to lower his gun and told him that he must not fire on a flag of truce; but the soldier did not obey his order cheerfully and held his rifle in a position for shooting. He had raised his rifle again, and had his hand upon the trigger, when Gordon caught the gun and said, with emphasis,

“Put that gun down, sir. Did I not tell you not to fire upon a flag of truce, sir?”

At this the soldier protestingly obeyed.

“Well, General, let him stay on his own side if he doesn’t want to get hurt,” he answered.

General Sheridan never knew how close he had come to death, and how a half-witted fellow had nearly ended his days.

A truce was soon decided upon by Lee and Grant and the Southern army was disbanded. Some of the soldiers found temporary employment near the place of surrender, with an old farmer who was uneducated, but loyal to the South. A soldier in Sheridan’s army inquired about some squads of men which he saw working in the fields.

"Who are those men working over there?" he asked.

"Them are privates, sir, in Lee's army," was the rejoinder.

"Well, how do they work?"

"Very fine, sir; first-rate workers."

"Who are those in the second group?"

"Them is Lieutenants and Captains, and they work fairly well, but not as good workers as the privates."

"I see you have a third squad: Who are they?"

"Them is Colonels."

"Well, what about the Colonels? How do they work?"

"Now, neighbour," was the answer. "You'll never hear me say one word ag'in any man who fit in the Southern army; but I ain't a gwine to hire no Generals!"

Soon after the surrender, Sheridan was ordered to Washington, and immediately dispatched to Texas in order to take command of the troops West of the Mississippi river. He departed with a heavy heart, for he had hoped to take part in a grand review of the army in Washington, and to march up the Avenue at the head of his men. But a man of his calibre was sorely needed in Texas; for Maximilian, with a French army, occupied Mexico, and it was well known that he had intentions of no friendly nature towards the United States. So, with a large force, Sheridan marched to the border line between Mexico and the United States, which so sobered the French, that their army was immediately withdrawn from the frontier and home-rule was shortly afterwards established. Maximilian was shot, and thus ended a brilliant career, — ignominiously.

After some years in New Orleans, the General was

ordered to take charge of the Department of the Missouri — with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas — for there was constant trouble with the Indians, and settlers were frequently attacked. His headquarters were moved to Fort Hays, and later to Camp Supply, in Kansas: a place quite near the hostile Indians, and from which his troops could be easily marched against them. Of the fight against Black Kettle in the snow-storm, when gallant Custer and his Seventh Cavalry won a decisive victory, we have given an account in the Essay upon General Custer. Sheridan took no active part in the attack, but directed the movements of the troops from the base of supplies, with such success, that the Indian disturbances were soon a thing of the past, and peace reigned upon the plains of Kansas and Missouri.

While stationed at New Orleans, Sheridan had an old fellow attached to his command who was in a most unfortunate condition. One arm was in a sling; his nose was disfigured by powder; and both his legs were so badly crippled that he was forced to hobble along with two crutches. As pensions had not then been provided for the Union troops, he aided his scanty purse, by receiving such sums as passers-by were kind enough to give him.

One day he was surprised by a dignified-looking Gentleman, well-dressed and apparently a man of means, who came across the street and placed a twenty dollar gold piece in his hat.

“Wh-y, th-a-nk you!” stammered the cut-up private.
“This is very k-i-nd!”

“Oh, that’s all right,” replied the Southerner. “You deserve it all, for you’re the first Yankee I’ve ever seen alive, who was carved up to suit me.”

War was now in progress between Prussia and France, and as Sheridan greatly desired to see the furious fighting which he knew would soon be going on, he applied for leave to witness the campaign. It was granted him, and he was soon with the German army in their march into France. He was received with great courtesy by Count Bismarck and given every opportunity to view the great struggle which soon took place; he was an interested spectator of the battles of Beaumont and Sedan, and saw the first interview between the French Emperor and Bismarck, which led to the capitulation of the French army. At the battle of Gravelotte the doughty "Little Phil" was returning alone from the battle-field, dressed in the fatigue uniform of the Union cause, when he was mistaken for a Frenchman by a group of Prussians. They levelled their muskets at him, and for a moment the venturesome American was in a critical situation, but, calling a German officer forward, he soon explained his nationality and was allowed to go on. From the viewpoint of a competent judge, the ex-leader of the Union Cavalry was disgusted with the mistakes of the French Generals in this great struggle, and freely criticized them in his memoirs; attributing the German victories to the splendid roads over which the armies campaigned; to the open country; and to woeful lack of sense and strategy of the French.

Not long after his return to the United States, the now famous General was sent to take command of the troops in Chicago, during the great fire which destroyed a considerable portion of the city. This was his last duty of a strenuous nature; although in 1876 he had direction of the cavalry in the Sioux Campaign of Montana and

Wyoming, where Custer lost his life at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. In February, 1884, he was created Lieutenant-General in charge of all the forces of the United States; succeeding General Sherman, who was retired at the age of sixty-four. His new duties required his residence in Washington and here he lived until his death, August 5th, 1888, at the age of fifty-seven years.

Sheridan's life had been an active one; he had seen much service; and he had conducted himself with honour and discretion. Differing from General Grant, who was a calm, thoughtful man; this hero was quick; impulsive; and active. He entered upon every duty with earnestness and intensity; engaged in it with unflagging industry and perseverance until it was accomplished; and this trait did not seem to lessen as he grew older. He was not ambitious for political preferment; and when a number of admirers asked him to become a candidate for President of the United States, he jokingly remarked: "No man could make me a present of that office. The place-hunters and office-seekers would kill me in thirty days. I could not stand it. I have never cared for politics." He despised councils of war and had as few as he could; had the ability to think and act promptly; and so held the affection and respect of his troops; that they would follow him to the last ditch. To his subordinate officers he was considerate and just; and to those whose failures resulted from want of energy and effort, he was most severe; and neither personal friendship nor previous good record would prevent the consequences of a lapse in strict attention to duty. He was an excellent shot and a skilled huntsman. So highly did the people value his services, that in June, 1888,

when he was sinking in his last illness; Congress by a special act, raised him to the rank of General of the Army of the United States; a title which had never been conferred, except on Grant and Sherman; and no officer has since received this honour.

Sheridan was buried at Arlington — the military cemetery opposite the city of Washington — in a tomb which overlooks the curving Potomac, as it sweeps lazily along at the feet of the high cliffs. Here lie sixteen thousand of his comrades in the great war between the North and the South; and here a solid shaft of granite marks where the bones of the courageous warrior have been laid to rest. His spirit hovers over the fields of Virginia, which echoed with the shout of contending armies: the clarion of the bugle; the roll of the drum; and the shock of the bursting shell. He sleeps in soil which once thundered to the hoofs of his cavalry, and where his voice cheered on the Union soldiers to attack and victory. Peace at last rests over the remains of Philip Sheridan — the brave and dashing leader of light horse — his soul has sunk to that slumber from which there is no awakening.



GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER: INDIAN FIGHTER

THERE is no more vigorous or gallant figure in the history of the civilization and development of the United States than that of George Armstrong Custer. He was, by nature, a lover of all that appeals to the imagination and interest of every manly man. He was fond of horses, hounds, and the pleasures of the chase. As an officer he was in love with his profession and threw into his work the zeal and fervour of a buoyant and courageous spirit. Associated with the great struggle for the preservation of the Union between the States in America and with the onward march of the white settlers into the virgin country of the West, his name is linked with two of the greatest race conflicts in the history of our country. He knew the swamp-land of the Chickahominy River in Virginia; he had campaigned through the beautiful fields of the Shenandoah Valley; he had roughed it on the wide plains of Texas when outlaws and desperados infested the land; he had spent nights upon the treeless wastes of alkalai in the far West; he had passed through every experience that comes to an adventurous and hardy man-of-action in the United States, and he went down to his death fighting under the flag of his country in order that the advance of the emigrants to the fertile lands held by the Indians might be secure.

During Custer's life there were many men who had hard words to say for this dashing cavalryman so prominently in the public eye. Enemies attributed his success to luck, and "Custer's luck" was an oft-heard expression among brother officers in the army and individuals in public and civil life. Much of his success was laid to the door of good-fortune, for men envied him his fame. But his achievements were really the result of a remarkable capacity for severe and energetic labour, and a rapidity of forming estimates and plans which is seldom found lacking in military commanders of recognized merit.

The popular idea was that he was a mere poseur and lover of the picturesque; that he gave no careful attention to his plans and actions. He was associated in people's minds with men like Murat, who served under Napoleon, and Prince Rupert: as a tempestuous leader who was carried onward by foolhardy courage and reckless bravery. He was lauded by the war correspondents who wished to write soul-stirring letters, and, as he dressed with a certain, rakish carelessness, he was constantly pictured by artists on the leading papers. This led to the opinion that he was only an overgrown boy, and a man of shallow and injudicious mind. Yet the history of his life — as we know it to-day — proves this to be an erroneous conception. He was certainly dashing and impetuous, but his actions were not for effect alone. His life would not have been sacrificed at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, had not his well-made plans miscarried through the incompetency of subordinates, and had certain officers in his command laboured with half his zeal and bravery.

Although the Colonists who fought so nobly for America Independence had nothing but the harshest words for the Hessian Soldiers who had hired themselves to the British Government; the father of General Custer was a direct descendant of one of these self-same Hessian grenadiers. In 1778; General Burgoyne had ignominiously surrendered to the Americans at Saratoga, many of the Hessians, who had been captured, were paroled and set at liberty. Among them was a soldier by the name of Küster who had settled in the State of Pennsylvania; married the bright eyed daughter of a frontiersman, and afterwards had moved to New Rumly, Ohio. There he turned farmer and was twice married. George Armstrong Custer was the eldest child by this hardy frontiersman's second wife. He was born December fifth, 1839, and had one sister and three brothers; two of whom — Thomas and Boston — subsequently served with him in the United States service. The early life of the future leader of cavalry was spent upon his father's farm, and here he not only obtained the health and strength that come with country life, but also he learned to be a manly and hard-working boy.

Every account that we have of General Custer shows him to have been a youth of overabundant health and animal spirits. He was sturdy, flaxen-haired, and always in mischief. Not a single instance of the display of ill-temper during his boyhood has been recorded, and his loving and gentle disposition has been commented upon by all who knew him at this period of his life. As a matter of course he was sent to the District School, and together with other rollicking youngsters, learned those three great

trials of early boyhood, — reading, writing, and arithmetic. We hear that, as a scholar he was bright enough and intelligent, but, like many another boy we know, hated to study. An old schoolmate of his says that he never looked at a lesson when away from school, but would skim over his work in the few moments before the recitation period, and trust to his quick memory to successfully pilot him through the dreadful hour.

Custer was a great lover of novels and would smuggle many a thrilling tale into the school-room, carefully hidden among his other books. During the geography-hour he would leave his book wide open and beneath it would place an interesting novel of military life — also wide open. The teacher of the District School was named Stebbins — known as “Old Stebbins” by the boys — and with a pair of felt slippers to deaden his footsteps, he would creep cautiously and noiselessly around the room. Should he discover any pupil with eyes and mind not intent upon his task, down would pounce the sly, old fellow, and the truant would receive a goodly spanking. But foxy as was “Old Stebbins,” he met his match in the mischievous Custer, for, as he would glide stealthily about, he would find his youthful charge busily engaged in tracing the course of some river or chain of mountains, with his forefinger, in the Geography. With a smile of satisfaction to see such a diligent pupil, “Old Stebbins” would pass on, but no sooner was his back turned, than with the quickness of an Indian — up would be lifted the end of the book of Geography, and soon young Custer would be deep in the stirring scenes of war and adventure in the hidden novel, beneath. He was never caught.

As one would expect from a boy who loved tales of spirited adventure, Custer was very fond of rough-and-tumble games. He was a fine wrestler and swift runner. He delighted in practical jokes and was always in the midst of some dangerous undertaking, such as robbing a hawk's nest in a lofty tree, or making a moonlight raid upon the melon patch of some crusty farmer. Although he became the leader of most athletic sports, he could not and would not learn to swim. He disliked the water and would not even try to sail a boat; for the land, and things on the land alone, appealed to him. Of great tenderness of feeling, he was much beloved by his mother on account of his kindness and willingness to obey her every wish. A sturdy boy was this future fighter of Indians; kind, devoted to his father and mother; working at his books only by fits and starts; very obstinate when treated harshly; always ready to meet the shrewd tricks of his schoolmaster with those still more shrewd; and a leader in every branch of sport that called for an exhibition of fortitude and courage. The man was to retain these same qualities to a marked degree.

Even during his boyhood Custer seems to have had a longing for a military life, although at sixteen years of age he began to teach school in order to help out the meagre finances of his family. Soon the opportunity offered itself for securing an appointment to West Point, and through the kind assistance of the member of Congress from his district, he entered the Academy, as a cadet, in 1857. Curiously enough the official notification of his appointment was signed by one against whom he was soon to take up arms, — Jefferson Davis: President

Buchanan's Secretary of War, and afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy. His career as a cadet was not marked by any brilliant achievement. It is on record that he spent sixty-six Saturdays in doing extra guard duty in punishment for various offences against discipline, and, when the time for graduation arrived, it was found that he had received lower marks than any other member of the class. His term at the Academy certainly ended inauspiciously, for, at the outbreak of the Civil War, he was under sentence for punishment and was to be tried by Court Martial.

The manner in which he had come to grief was as characteristic as it was reprehensible. As officer of the guard, he was one day making the rounds of inspection, and came across two cadets who had fallen out and were angrily talking. From words, they soon came to blows, and had begun to have a preliminary, sparring match. A crowd collected and a few endeavoured to stop the fighting. It was plainly Custer's duty, as officer of the guard, to arrest the two angry cadets. But instead of doing this, he pushed his way through the crowd, and, seizing one of those who was endeavouring to put an end to the bout, called out:

"Stand back, boys! Let's have a fair fight!"

This remark was heard by Lieutenants Hazen and Meritt — both of whom were afterwards associated with him in the Army of the Potomac — and he was immediately placed under arrest for breach of discipline. Thus he was kept at West Point while all the other members of his class — except those who had resigned to join the Southern army — were sent to Washington in order to

take positions of responsibility in the force gathered to the defence of the Northern states. To Washington he was summoned — only after the intervention of his friends — and it was certainly a rapid change for the prisoner of West Point, when, in three days' time, he found himself commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the army under General McDowell (then near Centreville, Virginia) and riding from Washington with dispatches for the General in Command. These he carried safely to the Northern Army arriving just in time to participate in the First Battle of Bull Run. Here the Union cavalry had little part, and, although not active in the actual fighting of that day; in the rush and the *melée* of the frantic retreat that followed; Custer's company was one of the last to retire.

In the four years of conflict that followed the first clash of arms near the slow-moving and muddy water of Bull Run, Custer conducted himself with great bravery and distinction. Although his name is prominent in this great war, it is rather with the frontier and with the advance of the white settlers into the West, that we associate him. But his record during the Civil War is one that alone would have made him distinguished, for here it was that he made a great reputation as a daring but somewhat reckless horseman. Like "Jeb" Stuart, the Southern leader of cavalry, it was his delight to dress in gay colours. A great, red scarf was usually wound about his neck; he wore a broad, felt hat beneath which his yellow hair hung down upon his shoulders; his uniform was frequently adorned by a prodigious amount of gold braid; and once he was rash enough to wear a red flannel

shirt. No one was more impetuous than he in the charge, and, although he risked himself with perfect abandon in every engagement, he seemed to bear a charmed life, for no bullet ever harmed him.

Transferred to Grant's army in the last year of the war, Custer was with Sheridan at Five Forks and was active in the pursuit of Lee's army to Appomattox. He was present at the surrender of the Confederate forces, and, with his devoted followers, was allowed to participate in the grand review of the Army of the Potomac on the 23rd and 24th of May, 1865, in the city of Washington. It was a proud moment for the Boy General when, with the Third Division of Cavalry, he passed the Grand Stand; for in six months, he and his command had taken one hundred and eleven Confederate cannon, sixty-five battle flags, and over ten thousand prisoners of war; while not one of their own flags had been captured, nor had a single gun fallen permanently into the hands of the enemy.

An incident which occurred on the afternoon of that day will illustrate the great regard with which General Custer was held by his soldiers. The Third Cavalry Division had camped on the outskirts of Washington, where the troopers were drawn up in a proper alignment in order to take a last farewell of their flaxen-haired Commander, and his staff. In him they had perfect confidence. He had led them to victory in many a hard fought contest, he had cared for them in adversity and he had cheered them on in time of victory. Often he had risked himself in the charge at their head, and there was no danger and privation they had endured of which he had not had

his share. No wonder, then, that as he rode down the line of veteran troops, he was greeted with a great cheer of enthusiastic approbation. Before the hurrahing was finished a fresh voice shouted out: "A tiger for Old Curley!" The cheer that arose was so loud that the spirited steed which the General rode became excited and almost unmanageable, while the commander of this splendid body of horse tried ineffectually to check the tears that welled to his eyes. The Officers then gathered around their leader and sorrowfully wrung his hand, while again the troopers sent up a cheer, this time for the wife of General Custer. He had married her during the winter that preceded the surrender of Lee's army and she had devotedly followed him through the closing campaign of the war.

Although the battles were now at an end and the Northern soldiers, who had returned to their homes, were receiving every honour which the grateful citizens could confer upon them, there was to be no rest for the leader of the disbanded Third Division of Cavalry. The Powers of Europe had looked with envious eyes at the growing might of the new Republic across the seas, for, hoping to build up a rival country to the south of the reunited states, they had placed an Austrian Prince, Maximilian of name, upon the throne of Mexico. It was agreed that this country should be ceded to France in order that a competing power might counterbalance the might of the United States in the Western Hemisphere. So Custer was ordered to Texas, at once, where he was placed in command of a large force of cavalry, whose presence was sufficient warning to Maximilian to keep

his hands off the southern boundary of the United States, or else to expect war. Here Custer's duties were light and rough pleasures were many. The planters were fond of hunting and many a good day's sport was shared by the young officer and his friendly neighbours, in coursing jack-rabbits and deer with huge, shaggy, stag-hounds. These were bred for hunting in that sparsely settled country, where there was an abundance of game to try the skill of both horseman and hound.

The anticipated trouble with Mexico was soon over. The civil authorities in the great State of Texas began to be perfectly able to carry out the laws of the land with justice and lack of friction, so it was considered unwise to keep such a large force of cavalry in the State. General Custer was therefore ordered north, and, after a few months of idleness he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, then a frontier post within ten miles of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, which was being constructed as far as Denver, Colorado. It was to be the duty of the General and his troopers to guard the engineers from attacks of Indians while laying the road-bed of the steel rails which were to stretch as far as the Rocky Mountains and ultimately to the Pacific coast.

This was in October, 1866. Certainly the wheel of fortune had turned swiftly with this youthful leader of cavalry. Already, when still under thirty years of age, he had witnessed the sanguinary and bloody fighting in the great Civil War in America: he had been present at more fatal engagements than most men of his age: he had escaped injury by many a hair-breadth, and now he

was to enter a life of incessant danger, a life more exacting, and filled with far greater peril than these earlier years. The West was then a wild land into which few settlers had penetrated. Savage bands of Indians ranged over the prairie lands of the central portion of the United States. They were rich in ponies and buffalo robes and hated the white settlers who came to spoil them of what they considered to be their rightful hunting grounds. The buffalo ranged upon the prairie in enormous herds. According to the statement of competent authorities, there were over ten millions which wandered as far north as the Dakotas and Montana in summer, and in winter, as far south as Texas. All the wide prairie-land of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado was covered with traces of the American bison. Their trails — or ruts — made by thousands of their number walking behind one another in single file, crossed the prairies in every direction. Wherever water was to be found these trails (often so deep that a rider had to jump his horse in order to get across) led away for miles on every side. The white and bleached skulls of dead buffalo covered the plain, for the wolves and skin-hunters made great havoc among their numbers, and, as the railroad advanced and white settlers poured in upon the land to take up dwellings, the lumbering beasts were slaughtered by the thousands. They were essentially made for a time when the ruder arts of the Indian tribes held sway over America and before the plough and the rifle brought Eastern civilization to the fertile plains. From the buffalo the Sioux, the Cheyennes and the other Indian tribes made their dress and the coverings for their tepees. Their flesh was the Indians'

food, their bones furnished him with household utensils, and their skin was his covering from the elements.

To a man as full of life and exuberant health as Custer, the wild life on the plains was most enjoyable. The wide sweep of the prairie, the strange beasts and birds with which the land was populated, and the constant danger from attacks of hostile Indians was sufficient to keep a person of his war-like and danger-loving temperment continually on his mettle. At the post were his stag-hounds and grey hounds used for coursing coyotes and jack-rabbits, a sport which both he and his officers greatly enjoyed when not engaged in active operations against the unfriendly savages. There were many bands of elk and antelope upon the prairie, and these — with the wild buffalo — furnished ample sport for the rifle. Custer thoroughly enjoyed the hunting, and, although seemingly brutal and fond of the dangers incident to a warlike and sporting life, the following incident bears ample testimony to the kindly spirit that shone beneath the apparently hardened exterior of the General. One day, when riding at the head of the column, he saw the nest of a meadow-lark with the small nestlings inside, hidden below him in the grass. Without a word of comment, or without giving a single command to those about him, he carefully guided his horse around the brood and again resumed the straight path of the march. There were several hundred cavalrymen in the command, and when each detachment came to the place where their general had swerved, the soldiers made a *détour*, for, looking upon the ground, the troopers saw the reason for their leader's action. It was no wonder that the men loved this courageous and tender-hearted chieftain.

During the five years that followed General Custer's appointment to the command of troops in the West, he was many times engaged in fights with the Indians, in all of which he came off victorious. His greatest battle was that fought at the Washita River, near Antelope Hills, in the Indian Territory, on November 27th, 1868, against the combined fighting men of the Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Arapahoe tribes. Satana, Black Kettle, and Little Raven, the Indian leaders — had been instrumental in stirring up their followers to commit outrages against the white settlers of Kansas. They had made many depredations, burned many homes, and murdered a great number of women and children. To punish them, a winter campaign against the hostiles was commenced early in November, 1868, in which Custer, with his "Fighting Seventh," was attached to General Sheridan's command. With a considerable body of infantry and a large amount of supplies, Sheridan marched to the borders of the country ravaged by the Indians and established a post which he named Camp Supply. In the midst of a severe storm, orders were issued to Custer to move against the Indians at five o'clock in the morning. It was the twenty-seventh of November, and, as the Seventh Cavalry cheerfully turned out in the early morn, General Sheridan — who was to remain behind with the infantry and wagons — called out to General Custer and asked him what he thought of the snow and the storm. "It's all the better for us," said Custer, cheerily. "We can move in it, and the Indians cannot." So leaving all superfluous baggage and ammunition behind, the half-frozen band of nine hundred men started out in a blinding snowstorm to find the Indians and attack

them before they were aware of the presence of the United States soldiers. All day they floundered through the snow, and at night-fall, made camp in some timber near the bed of a creek. The officers and men scraped away holes in the snow in which to sleep. They dined on the carcass of a half frozen buffalo which they had discovered hidden in a clump of bushes near the spot, and, stumbling across the quicksands of a river, found the Indian trail on the other side. The few wagons that the soldiers had with them were ordered to remain here, and only such rations and forage that could be carried was taken along; including one hundred rounds of ammunition for each trooper.

Guided by two trusty Indian scouts, next day, the soldiers floundered through the heavy snow, and, as every mile was passed, the Indian sign became more plain. By hiding under the banks of a stream, fires were lighted which could not be seen by the hostiles, and here the troopers spent a cold and comfortless, second night. But next day the ashes of an Indian fire were discovered, and, shortly afterwards, one of the scouts — who was well in the front — heard the bark of a dog. Then through the drifting snow came the cry of a small, Indian child and they knew that the Indian camp was near. The command crept stealthily onward and that night the soldiers posted themselves silently in a circle around the village, where they snatched a few moments of slumber in the snow. At dawn the band struck up Custer's favourite tune, "Garry O Wan," and, with a cheer, the soldiers dashed in upon the sleeping village. The Indians were taken completely by surprise. The warriors fled to the woods where they defended themselves with great

stubbornness and courage behind trees, logs, and the banks of a stream. Many of the squaws and children fought like the warriors, and, running in and out between the tepees, fired with deliberate aim from the openings in the wigwams. While the fighting was going on, some gathered in groups and sang dirges with a slow, monotonous wail, for they were sure that their last hour had come.

But resistance was useless. The village; fifty squaws and children that had remained in the lodge during the fight; and eight hundred horses; were captured. After they had been secured it was deemed advisable to burn the village and shoot all the ponies except those which were absolutely needed for the captives to ride on, and, as it was Custer's wish to cripple the Savages as far as he was able, fire was applied to the tepees. But before they were entirely consumed, the soldiers were furiously attacked by a band of Cheyennes from a village near-by. They stood these off handsomely, and next morning made a feint to the rear of this fresh enemy which was most successful, for, believing that they were to be surrounded, the Cheyennes fled and the victorious Seventh Cavalry marched back unmolested to their joyful comrades at Camp Supply. Thus ended the battle of the Washita, one of the bravest and most daring fights in the history of Indian warfare and a credit to the courageous soldiers who wore the blue uniform of the Government service. It was by far the most vigorous blow struck against the Indians of the south-western frontier and was of such beneficial effect, that the Cheyennes and allied tribes looked upon the white man in a new light. Never again did they show the same warlike disposition towards the settlers of their hunting grounds.

The Seventh Cavalrymen remained on the Kansas frontier for five years and were frequently engaged in small conflicts with the Indians, who now seemed to be well frightened by the summary punishment that had been inflicted upon them. After a portion of ground had been allotted to these savages for a reservation, they took up a life of a semi-civilization without causing any further disturbance of a serious nature. So quiet were they that Custer was ordered to Kentucky for two years, where he spent some time in writing a series of articles about his experiences, for an Eastern magazine. In the spring of 1873 he was billeted to Dakota and again put in command of the Seventh Cavalry. This was joyful news to him, for the true cavalryman feels that his life should be in the open and in constant action, and he was restless under the restraint of barrack-duty, in spite of the fact that constantly with him was his devoted wife, who shared the privations, hardships, and rough pleasures of a frontier existence. To her we are indebted for a most truthful picture of the life of a cavalry regiment in camp and in active service. A series of volumes from her pen will ever remain to posterity as a truthful picture of the perils and suffering that had to be endured before the middle West was safe for civilized people. To a man, the officers who served under General Custer (now Lieutenant-Colonel, but always spoken of with the brevet title conferred upon him in the Civil War) admired and respected her. She did much to attach the soldiers of her husband's command to him, and to inspire them with that *esprit-de-corps*, without which, no body of troops, no citizen, or nation, can properly fight the battles of civilization.

In May the Seventh Cavalry was encamped at Fort Rice far up the Missouri River in North Dakota. Here it was joined by other detachments, until a body of sufficient strength was assembled to escort and protect the engineers and surveyors of the Northern Pacific Railroad who were spanning the Continent with a line parallel to the Union Pacific in the centre of the United States. Curiously enough among the members of this surveying party was a General Rosser, who had fought against Custer years before in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Rosser had been in the same class with Custer at West Point and had resigned at the outbreak of the war to join the Confederate Army. He and the Boy General had often got possession of each other's wagons and private baggage in the varying fortunes of war. In fact so frequently did these two soldiers meet in the campaigns of the Shenandoah Valley, that they became accustomed to write short notes to one another. These they would leave at the house of some Southern farmer along the road of march. "Dear Friend," one would write, "You made my boys hustle to-day, but wait until next week and I will square up the account. Please give my best wishes to your sharpshooters for putting a ball through my hat." Once Custer captured Rosser's coat. He left a note for him in an apple tree which read, "Direct your tailor to make your coat-tails shorter, next time, for they get in my way when I gallop my horse." Yet here, in the far West, the old enemies met again and talked over the Valley campaigns with great enjoyment and friendly interest.

The march of the Yellowstone Expedition was westward, up the valley of the river. As the country was so

rough and hilly that it afforded full protection to hostile Indians, Custer would go ahead of the surveying column with a small detachment of cavalry, in order to fight off any foes, and in the endeavour to find the most suitable road for the train. The land was wild, picturesque, and the air dry and stimulating. Bands of antelope were frequently encountered as they grazed upon the sweet grass in the valleys, and now again the tracks of bear, elk, and buffalo were seen. All progressed in a favourable manner until August 4th, when Custer and an advance party of a hundred men were fired upon by a small band of Indians after they had stopped at a grove of trees, near the mouth of the Tongue River. The savages had first endeavoured to stampede the horses which were grazing on the prairie near-by, but their designs were frustrated by two troopers who rode out in time to drive the animals towards the grove of trees; well out of harm's way.

With twenty men Custer now made a charge upon the hostiles, who speedily retreated and rode beyond range of the well-directed rifle shots. Thus a running fight was kept up for about two-and-a-half miles, when the Indians halted behind an embankment, and awaited the advance of the rest of the command. Custer led his men on with a cheer, when suddenly, three hundred mounted savages — who had been hidden in a thick wood — rode out into view and began to circle around the small bunch of cavalrymen, shouting their war cries and discharging their rifles from the backs of their small ponies. Custer's men dismounted immediately and gave the Indians several volleys from their carbines. The fire was too hot for the savages, who retreated into the woods, while the United States cavalrymen anxiously awaited reinforcements.

Soon the rest of the party came up, and, as the ground upon which they stood was decidedly unfavourable for fighting, Custer ordered a retreat into the woods near the Tongue River. Here the horses were hidden in the dense cover, while the troopers formed a semi-circular line around them, utilizing a natural hillock as a breast-work and fortifying it with fallen trees and bushes. The Indians came up with much courage, but several of their numbers were killed. They apparently did not relish the position of their foe and retired to a safe distance, where the grass was set on fire in order to burn out the troops; but fortunately the underbrush was too green to get alight, and their design was unsuccessful. Shortly afterwards the main column arrived. With fresh horses and a larger force, Custer now led a charge upon the Indians, who recognized the inequality of the contest and galloped away. They were hotly pursued for miles, but their superior knowledge of the country enabled them to escape capture.

There were two citizens attached to this expedition who were allowed much greater liberty than the soldiers, for they were not enlisted men. It was their custom to ride much alone. Again and again they were warned that some day they would come dangerously near being killed and scalped if they thus recklessly exposed themselves. One was the Veterinary Surgeon and the other the Sutler, and, as had been prophesied, when well in advance of the column, one day, and while stopping to water their horses; they were shot at by some Indians concealed in a gully. The Sutler's horse was pierced by a well-directed bullet and carried him some distance before he fell to the ground, where he pinned his rider in such a position that he could

not get up. He was not quite dead when a cruel savage, called Rain-in-the-Face, galloped up to him and beat out his last breath with a stone mallet. The Indian then shot his body full of arrows and rode over to the Surgeon, who had hidden in some bushes, and who held up his hands, indicating that he wished peace. As Rain-in-the-Face rode up to him, the young man gave his hat to the Savage, as a token of submission. But the relentless Indian paid no attention to this, but shot him with his rifle and pierced his dead body with arrows.

A week after this horrible affair a large Indian trail was discovered, which led up the Yellowstone River. Anxious to wreak summary vengeance on the Indians, Custer started in hot pursuit of the war-like Sioux and followed their tracks, which led to the Big Horn River, and there crossed to the opposite bank, where the Indians had made camp. The river was too deep for fording, so Custer was forced to remain upon his own side of the water-course during the night. In the morning the Sioux could be seen preparing for battle. Their leader, Sitting Bull, was not at all afraid of the white soldiers, and crossed the river with five hundred warriors in canoes to strike the hostile column; while the squaws and children climbed upon the high bluffs to see the complete triumph of their fathers, brothers, and husbands. They expected to annihilate the white men.

A skirmish was carried on for some time, which held the Indians in check, in spite of their superiority in numbers. Custer finally ordered his men to charge, and, as they galloped forward, the Sioux fled precipitously to the river. Custer's horse was shot under him and four troopers

were killed, which bore evidence of the poor marksmanship of the braves. These, for the most part, escaped to their own camp and made off, but, their losses in dead and wounded were considerable; so considerable, in fact, that they were frightened into peace and no longer molested the advancing whites. The expedition continued on its way; made a rough map of the country; and then returned to Fort Rice, where General Custer found an order assigning him to the command of Fort Lincoln, on the Missouri River, opposite the town of Bismarck, North Dakota.

There was very little active campaigning with the Indians during the next year. In the summer of 1874 the Seventh Cavalry formed a portion of a column of twelve hundred troops that escorted a corps of Scientists into the Black Hills, Dakota. This was then an unexplored country and thought to be far richer in silver and gold than has since been discovered. The Indians did not molest the troops, and, after a considerable part of these wilds had been explored and mapped, the Expedition returned to Fort Lincoln.

During the winter a scout by the name of Charley Reynolds was at the Standing Rock Indian Agency, near-by. There he heard an Indian, who was drawing his ammunition, blankets, and rations from the United States Government, openly boasting of the murder of the Sutler and Veterinary Surgeon of the Yellowstone Expedition. It was the cruel Rain-in-the-Face; one of the craftiest and most heartless of the Uncapapa Sioux. This intelligence was brought to Custer's men, where it created such great indignation, that it was decided to capture the dangerous

Savage. With this object in view a command of cavalry was dispatched to the Agency with orders to arrest the murderer of the two defenceless men. The detail, consisting of a hundred troopers, arrived just as the Indians were drawing their rations of beef. As five hundred of them were at the Agency, armed with long-range rifles, it was important that the object of this visit should not be known to the warriors.

The soldiers were in charge of Captain Yates and Lieutenant Tom Custer — the General's brother — and, in order to avert any suspicions of their real intention, fifty men were dispatched to another camp, near-by, in order to inquire for three Indians who had attacked some citizens, during the past year, at a place called Red River. Lieutenant Tom Custer was ordered to go to the Trader's Store with five picked men. Their delicate task was to find and capture Rain-in-the-Face among the crowd of Sioux who congregated there. When they arrived, they could not find their man, but, after a while, one of the Indians lowered his blanket from his eyes, and Tom Custer saw the features of the warrior for whom he searched. Advancing upon him, from the rear, he suddenly made a spring; threw his arms around him; and seized the Winchester rifle that he carried. Bitter hatred and revenge showed itself in the eyes of the savage as he struggled to free himself, while the other Indians crowded about him, gesticulating wildly, and threatening the soldiers with their guns and knives. But they could not frighten the cavalymen, who held on to him until a Captain appeared with more soldiers, and persuaded the Indians — by means of an interpreter — to let him

take Rain-in-the-Face away in peace, for he told them that he was the murderer of defenceless men and that he would receive the same treatment as a white murderer. They were eventually persuaded that he would receive kind treatment until brought to trial, and so they departed to their camps, without attacking the captors of this savage warrior.

Rain-in-the-Face was taken to Fort Lincoln and kept in confinement in a stockade with a citizen who had been caught stealing grain in the store-house. As the soldiers gradually relaxed their careful watch on the prisoners, one night the white man and Indian escaped. They were attached together with a chain, which they broke, and then cut their way out through the wooden wall. Rain-in-the-Face made his way to the camp of Sitting Bull: the famous Sioux Chieftain who had sworn that he and his followers would never go to a Reservation. In the Spring of 1874 he sent word — through an Agency Indian — that he was waiting for his revenge on Lieutenant Tom Custer, and he swore that, when they next met, he would cut out his heart.

The Government again and again endeavoured to make a treaty with Sitting Bull, with whom Rain-in-the-Face had allied himself. But the self-reliant Chief was defiant in his attitude towards all the envoys who came to him, and constantly attacked the white settlers who were beginning to take ranches on the frontier. Besides this, he frequently trespassed on the land of the peaceable Crows; attacked their villages; and stole their ponies and cattle. These Indians appealed to the Government to aid them in driving off the marauders, and were so

persistent in their request, that in 1876 a Spring campaign was inaugurated against the Sioux. The troops were to be directed by General Terry, who was to be aided by separate detachments under Gibbon, Crook, and Custer.

With his beloved Seventh Cavalry, General Custer marched from Rosebud Landing on the Yellowstone River, Montana, on June the twenty-second, and with him bore instructions from General Terry of a very unspecific character. He was ordered to proceed up the Rosebud River in pursuit of the Sioux Indians, whose trail had recently been discovered by Major Reno of Custer's command; to follow the tracks until he found out definitely where the trail led; and then bear over to the left, if he found that the Indians had travelled towards the Little Big Horn Mountains, so that they could not escape Southward. He was to be followed by Gibbon's column of infantry, which was to move to the forks of the Big and Little Horn rivers, and from this point co-operate with Custer's cavalry in an attempt to surround the Indian camp. The supply steamer was to be sent to the forks of the two rivers, and to this point Custer was to return when his rations gave out.

On June 22nd, 1876, General Custer marched his column twelve miles up the Rosebud River, and on the day following, made thirty-three miles. At the close of this march Indian signs began to be discovered and the soldiers knew, by the pony-tracks in the soil, that a great number of Indians had recently gone by. As it looked as if there were at least two-thousand, every-one in the command became greatly excited, for now a battle with the hostiles became a question, not of days, but of hours. On

June the 24th the column was marched twenty-eight miles and then was halted while scouts were sent out in advance to try and find the Indian village. This was discovered in the valley of the Little Big Horn, on the left bank of the river, where the lodges of the Sioux were stretched along the stream for five miles. Custer called his officers together and told them of the discovery, saying that in order to attack the village it would be necessary to cross the range of hills between the Rosebud Valley, in which they now were, and the valley of the Little Big Horn. He stated that this he intended to do at night-fall in order that he would not be discovered by the vigilant Sioux.

There had been some question as to the advisability of attacking the Indians at all, for Custer knew that they were in greatly superior numbers and were well-armed. He had no definite instructions to attack, for his orders read that: "the Department Commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy, and ability, to wish to impose upon you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy." It must be acknowledged, however, that a fight was expected of him, if, in his judgment, he could be successful. At this time he was not in high favour with the authorities at Washington, for he was smarting under restrictions that had been put upon his movements by those in high, military position. He had even had some difficulty with General U. S. Grant: then President and Commander-in-Chief of the army, and was, doubtless, delighted to have the opportunity of fighting the Indians alone, without the aid of Gibbon's infantry column three days' march behind. It is apparent that he was stimulated by the anticipation

of a victory which would illuminate his already brilliant career and reinstate him, once more, in the favour of those with whom he was in disfavour. Undoubtedly a more careful officer would have waited for reinforcements, but Custer was impetuous and daring. In spite of the great numbers of Indians (and he believed that there were three thousand in all) he considered the Seventh Cavalry to be invincible, as they had never yet been defeated in an Indian battle. The man's impulsive nature led him on to his doom.

The Seventh Cavalry resumed its march and began to cross the divide at eleven o'clock that night. Three hours later the Indian scouts came back and reported that it was too dark to find the trail and that the pass could not be crossed until daylight. So the soldiers were halted; coffee was boiled; and, at five in the early morning, the march was resumed. About eight o'clock some Sioux horsemen were discovered, who galloped towards the hostile camp. Thus, all hope of a surprise was at an end.

Without further consultation with his officers, Custer determined to march, at once, upon the village. At the battle of the Washita — in the snow-storm — he had divided his force and been successful. Why not here? Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because he divided his army and sent General Grouchy to chase Blücher, who eluded him, but General Lee had divided his forces at Chancellorsville and been successful. Even here it might have been a successful method of attack, had Major Reno, with troops M, A, and G, been more aggressive in his advance.

The plan of the battle was as follows. Major Reno,

with his three companies, was to separate from Custer and move down the left bank of the Little Big Horn River. The Indian camp was on that side, and he was to fight his way, if possible, right into the heart of the village, while Custer, with five troops — in all about two hundred and fifty men — was to fall upon the village from the right bank of the river, after fording the stream. Colonel Benteen, with three troops, was to swing far to the left of Reno and beat off any Indian in that direction, while Captain McDougall — with one troop — was left behind to escort the pack train. By this plan of action Custer hoped not only to defeat the Indians, but to capture the whole band; for it was a duplicate of his attack at the Battle of the Washita. Let us see how well his designs were carried out.

Major Reno moved, with the companies assigned to him, over to the left of the valley. Benteen's column galloped away, out of sight, and parted with Custer, as he swung over to the right of the Little Big Horn. Accompanied by some of the scouts, Reno forded the stream, and charged forward upon the gallop in the direction of the Indian village. As he came in sight of the lodges, the Sioux appeared to be taken by surprise, at first; then ran to their tepees; massed themselves in his front; and began to pour a hot fire into his command. Had Reno pressed forward, all would have been well, for he found out, long afterwards, that the savages were greatly surprised at his appearance, as the Sioux horsemen, seen that morning, had just come into camp. As a matter of fact, the Indians were decidedly demoralized by the charge, and, had he kept on and furiously assaulted the village,

he could, no doubt, have stampeded the camp, while Custer, on the right bank, would have united with him. But Reno did not press the attack. On the contrary, he dismounted his men to fight on foot and stood the Indians off at long range. With this show of apparent fear, the Sioux and Cheyenne warriors became much bolder; they advanced to close quarters with his command; kept up a vigorous firing, and crept around upon his flanks. Reno said afterwards that the Indians outnumbered him five to one, and, seeing no signs of Custer's support, at the time, he was afraid to go ahead, as he feared that he would be surrounded and annihilated.

The fire of the Sioux now became more accurate, as they worked around to Reno's rear, so he decided to withdraw before they could cut him off from some tall bluffs behind him. Ordering a retreat to these; the soldiers fell back in good form; and, as is always the case when white men retreat before Indians, the savages became very bold. They pulled more than one trooper from his horse before they reached the bluffs, with a loss of three officers and twenty-nine men. Here the troops stood off the Indians very successfully until joined by Benteen's three companies and McDougall, with the pack train; when the savages lessened their fire, Benteen had given up his flanking movement on the left, as he had seen no Indians there, and had begun to return to the spot where he left Custer, when he was met by two orderlies with messages for himself and McDougall, which read, "Come on. Be quick. Bring Packs," written and signed by Lieutenant Cook, Adjutant of the Regiment. This was the last order sent by General Custer.

Reno grew more courageous after he had been joined by Benteen, and, hearing nothing of Custer, he moved his men down the river in the direction of the village, keeping to the top of the bluffs. The troops now heard firing in the direction of the camp and knew it must be Custer. So the command was shifted to a high bluff, in the endeavour to see what was happening below in the valley. This was the time for Reno to have again charged, for, although the Indians were keeping up a steady fire from the underbrush, and appeared to be in considerable numbers; they really were not. Reno did attempt to break through to the column, and sent Captain Weir, with his company, to open communications with Custer; but the brave Captain, although making a bold advance, soon came back, and stated that he could not proceed into the valley as the Indians surrounded him with overwhelming numbers. Reno then ordered the whole command back to the first position on the bluffs, which seemed to be the best for defence. The men were told to dismount; the horses and mules of the pack train were driven into a depression; and the soldiers were stationed on the crests of the hills. Hardly had this been done when they were furiously attacked by large numbers of the Indians. This was about six in the evening, and a battle — in which eighteen troops were killed and forty-six wounded — waged until nine o'clock.

By this time Reno was well aware of the overwhelming numbers of the Sioux, and had given up all hope of hearing from Custer. He thought that his Commander must have retreated towards Gibbon's column and would hardly risk a decisive fight with such great odds against him. So

he decided not to advance but to stay where he was and defend himself. The men were therefore ordered to dig rifle pits, which were barricaded with dead horses, mules, and boxes of hard-bread; while every exertion was made to repel the assault which the soldiers knew would come in the morning. During the night the Indians could be heard holding a scalp dance, below, in the valley.

Meanwhile; what had happened to Custer? When Reno's men heard several rolls of musketry in the direction of the Indian camp, they should have pushed forward. The dreadful fate which befell Custer's gallant band might thus have been averted, for the majority of the Indians were then annihilating Custer's men, and only a thin fringe of savages were besieging Reno. By their rapid fire the Indians purposely made the impression that they were in far greater numbers than they really were.

Custer had moved around the point of the range, which had hidden him from the enemy, when he separated from Reno in the early morning. After fording a small tributary of the river, he swept down the right bank of the Little Big Horn. The valley is, at this point, from half a mile to a mile and a half wide; the river is full of dangerous quicksands, so Custer galloped to a dry water-course, which formed a narrow ravine towards the river's edge; and made a dash to get across. I have said that he expected to find at least two thousand savages. Instead of attacking such a number, there were, at least, five thousand in the camp, and he was soon in a death grapple with three thousand Sioux and Cheyenne warriors. Met by a tremendous fire from the repeating rifles of the Indians, the head of the column was doubled back



DEATH OF GENERAL CUSTER

towards some high bluffs in the rear. Several soldiers, in advance, fell headlong into the water and were swallowed up by the quicksands.

Seeing that it was impossible to cross the river, Custer dismounted his men and led them up to the bluffs by a diagonal movement; while they protected themselves by firing at the Indians over the backs of their horses. But the savages followed with speed, closed in upon the doomed command from all sides, and cut off the retreat to the high land. Surrounded on all sides by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, the troops fought gamely; but the deadly fire mowed them down like chaff before the wind. They and their horses fell in rapid succession. A great many Indians were also struck, as they dashed in at close range, and near enough to be hit by revolver bullets. Down fell Boston Custer: the General's brother. Down among the reeling cavalymen went the gallant Tom Custer: the General's other kinsman. Mark Kellog — a newspaper correspondent — nearly succeeded in making his escape, but the animal he rode was too slow for the Indian ponies, so he was overtaken; shot; and scalped. Captain Keogh: a gallant and noble-hearted gentleman, fell in a last rally upon a hill-top. Finally, General Custer, himself, was struck in the body by a ball. He dropped upon his side and fired a few shots into the yelling savages with his revolver. Another bullet struck him, and he sank in death. Soon the last cavalryman had ceased to breathe, — it was all over with Custer and his courageous men.

Of that terrible carnage in the Valley of the Little Big Horn, only two living things escaped. One was Curly:

General Custer's Indian scout, and the other was Comanche: Captain Keogh's war horse. The former's escape was most fortunate, for, when he saw that things were hopeless he watched his opportunity; got hold of a Sioux blanket; held it to his eyes; and worked himself up a ravine. As the Indians charged, he mingled among them, and, in the excitement of battle, they did not notice that he was not one of their own men. Some of the Sioux were mounted; Curly saw one of them fall. He ran to him, jumped upon his pony, and galloped away in the direction of Custer's men. Then he suddenly veered off, made up a ravine, and so escaped. He said afterwards that, as he looked back, he saw a dozen or more soldiers in a ravine, a mile from the battle-field, who were fighting Sioux all around them, and were outnumbered five to one.

So much for Custer. He fought a game fight and had been crushed by overwhelming numbers. There were still the men under Reno; anxiously waiting for what the morning would bring, and determined to sell their lives dear. They expected to be attacked, and, in this, they were not to be disappointed, for, at day-break, the crack of two rifles announced the signal for an onslaught on the entrenched command. After the annihilation of Custer the Indians were confident that Reno would share the same fate and so came on with much vigour. A terrific force was poured into the fortified camp, and, as the day brightened, countless hordes of warriors poured up the Valley from the village. They scampered to the high points shown them by their chiefs, and completely surrounded Reno's position. The battle raged from day-light until about 9.30 in the morning, when the troopers saw that the Indians were to

make a last desperate assault. Soon they came on and charged close enough to use their bows and arrows, which they discharged with great inaccuracy. This assault was gallantly repulsed by the men under Captain Ben-teen.

The fury of the Indian attack now seemed to have spent itself, and, to the astonishment of all, the savages were seen going back to the village. They moved away from this in the afternoon, having split into small bands. About two o'clock in the afternoon the grass was set on fire in the Big Horn Valley, and behind this protecting screen of smoke, the Indians made their retreat with their wives, children, and belongings. The hostile tribes filed off towards the Big Horn Mountains in perfect military alignment.

Reno felt sure that they would return to the attack — as they greatly outnumbered his command — and he therefore determined to await reinforcements. The position of his men was changed so as to get an unlimited supply of water and every preparation was made to renew the fighting. The soldiers were cheerful, for the fate that had befallen General Custer was not dreamed of, as it was believed that he had been driven towards the mouth of the Little Big Horn where he had united with Terry's infantry column.

Early the next morning, when on the sharp look-out for Indians, Reno saw a cloud of dust far down the valley of the Little Big Horn. He looked at it carefully with his glass and decided that it must be Custer. Volunteers were therefore called for, to find out what the column was; and the men were told to push on to General Terry and

solicit his aid, if they found the advancing cloud to be hostile Indians. There was no difficulty in getting men enough to advance upon the moving body in the valley.

In a very short time the scouts returned in a great state of happiness, announcing that the dust was from Gibbon's Infantry column with General Terry in command. About half past ten, that morning, the worn-out defenders of the cliffs on the Little Big Horn were overjoyed to see the fresh troops of the infantry column come marching up the valley. Cheer after cheer arose for Terry and his dust-stained Regulars. Strong men cried like little children when they knew that their danger was over.

Soon Captain Benteen and General Terry rode down to the spot where the Indian village had been standing, and it was not long before they discovered the fate that had befallen General Custer and his men. There, across the river, and strewn over the bluffs in their last sleep, lay the bodies of two hundred and four brave soldiers. Each had been stripped of his clothing; the heads had been scalped, and the bodies horribly mutilated. General Custer, alone, had not been touched, for the Indians, no doubt recognized him and respected the dead body of one whose fighting qualities they had good reason to respect. By the side of the General lay the remains of his brother Tom, who had once seized the savage Rain-in-the-Face, and, true to his promise to cut out the heart of his capturer, the cruel Indian had made good his oath. Here lie to-day, the bodies of these members of the Seventh Cavalry, just as they fell. Each soldier's grave is marked with a slab of stone, save that of General Custer, whose remains have

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